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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

EVERY YEAR SHOULD HAVE ONE

DEPECHE MODE

Interview by Chris Bohn

KURT VONNEGUT

Nick Cave, man! Pic Peter Anderson

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
	1	TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART — Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	4	1
2	3	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS) — Eurythmics (RCA)	4	2
3	4	ROCK THE BOAT — Forrest (CBS)	4	3
4	18	SPEAK LIKE A CHILD — Style Council (Polydor)	2	4
5	5	NA NA HEY HEY — Bananarama (London)	4	5
6	2	BILLY JEAN — Michael Jackson (Epic)	8	1
7	15	HIGH LIFE — Modern Romance (WEA)	3	7
8	22	RIP IT UP — Orange Juice (Polydor)	2	8
9	10	SHE MEANS NOTHING TO ME — Phil Everly/Cliff Richard (Capitol)	5	9
10	6	AFRICA — Toto (CBS)	7	3
11	(—)	IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW — Duran Duran (EMI)	1	11
12	7	LOVE ON YOUR SIDE — Thompson Twins (Arista)	6	7
13	11	BABY COME TO ME — Patti Austin & James Ingram (Qwest)	4	11
14	25	RUN FOR YOUR LIFE — Bucks Fizz (RCA)	2	14
15	9	TOMORROW'S (JUST ANOTHER DAY) — Madness (Stiff)	5	5
16	20	YOU CAN'T HIDE YOUR LOVE FROM ME — David Joseph (Island)	2	16
17	(—)	LET'S DANCE — David Bowie (EMI)	1	17
18	(—)	VISIONS IN BLUE — Ultravox (Chrysalis)	1	18
19	21	WAVES — Blancmange (London)	4	19
20	12	COMMUNICATION — Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	6	10
21	16	NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP — Musical Youth (MCA)	5	7
22	(—)	JOY — The Band A.K.A. (Epic)	1	22
23	13	TUNNEL OF LOVE — Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	7	8
24	(—)	BLUE MONDAY — New Order (Factory)	1	24
25	19	HEY LITTLE GIRL — Ice House (Chrysalis)	4	14
26	27	DROP THE PILOT — Joan Armatrading (A & M)	2	26
27	8	TOO SHY — Kajagoogoo (EMI)	9	1
28	(—)	DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT LOVE — Altered Images (Epic)	1	28
29	(—)	GARDEN PARTY — Mezzoforte (Steinar)	1	29
30	14	GENETIC ENGINEERING — Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Telegraph)	6	14

Duran Duran in the know at No 11 *Pic Robert Sharp*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
	1	THRILLER — Michael Jackson (Epic)	14	1
2	4	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS) — Eurythmics (RCA)	6	2
3	17	THE HURTING — Tears For Fears (Mercury)	2	3
4	3	WAR — U2 (Island)	3	3
5	18	RICHARD CLAYDERMAN — Richard Clayderman (Delphine)	14	4
6	2	THUNDER & LIGHTNING — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	3	2
7	7	HOTLINE — Various (K-Tel)	3	6
8	6	DAZZLE SHIPS — Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Telegraph)	2	6
9	27	DEEP SEA SKIVING — Bananarama (London)	2	9
9	9	THE KEY — Joan Armatrading (A & M)	2	9
11	5	TRUE — Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	2	5
12	11	QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK — Thompson Twins (Arista)	4	2
13	13	WORKOUT — Jane Fonda (CBS)	4	10
14	8	TOTO IV — Toto (CBS)	4	3
15	(—)	LIONEL RICHIE — Lionel Richie (Motown)	12	9
16	12	VISIONS — Various (K-Tel)	7	10
17	30	RIO — Duran Duran (EMI)	39	2
18	20	HELLO I MUST BE GOING — Phil Collins (Virgin)	19	2
19	22	HEARTBREAKER — Dionne Warwick (Arista)	20	2
20	(—)	CHARTRUNNERS — Various (Ronco)	1	20
21	(—)	HAND CUT — Bucks Fizz (RCA)	1	21
22	21	NIGHT & DAY — Joe Jackson (A & M)	9	3
23	24	THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION — John Lennon (Parlophone)	17	1
24	(—)	THE SIN OF PRIDE — Undertones (Ardeck)	1	24
25	10	BUSINESS AS USUAL — Men At Work (Epic)	11	1
26	(—)	THE HIGH ROAD — Roxy Music (EG)	1	26
27	(—)	THE VERY BEST OF CILLA BLACK — Cilla Black (Parlophone)	3	15
28	15	ANOTHER PAGE — Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	5	3
29	(—)	DIFFICULT SHAPES & PASSIVE RHYTHMS — China Crisis (Virgin)	7	15
30	25	SHOW PEOPLE — Mari Wilson (Compact)	4	20

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	8	**Blue Monday**	New Order (Factory)
2	(4)	**Somewhere/Hide**	Danse Society (Society)
3	(2)	**Oblivious**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
4	(5)	**Bad Seed**	Birthday Party (4AD)
5	(7)	**Mexican Radio**	Wall Of Voodoo (Illegal)
6	(3)	**Get The Balance Right**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
7	(1)	**Fat Man**	Southern Death Cult (Situation 2)
8	(21)	**Anaconda**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
9	(9)	**Lined Up**	Shriekback (Y)
10	(6)	**Johnny Remember Me**	Meteors (ID)
11	(13)	**In Nomini Patri**	Alternative (Crass)
12	(25)	**Crazy About Love**	Wire (Rough Trade)
13	(10)	**People EP**	Action Pact (Fall Out)
14	(14)	**Mental Disorder EP**	Disorder (Disorder)
15	(20)	**Wessex 82**	Various (Bluurg)
16	(15)	**Shoot You Down**	APB (Oily)
17	(—)	**Garden Party**	Mezzoforte (Steinar)
18	(16)	**Plain Sailing**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
19	(18)	**Alice**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
20	(—)	**Hold Me**	Punilux (Red Rhino)
21	(23)	**Limo Life**	Urban Dogs (Fall Out)
22	(17)	**As High As You Can Go**	Chameleons (Statik)
23	(27)	**Reptiles For Tea EP**	Reptiles (Volume)
24	(11)	**New Age**	Blitz (Future)
25	(22)	**They've Got It All Wrong EP**	Anthrax (Small Wonder)
26	(—)	**Cattle And Cane**	The Go-Betweens (Rough Trade)
27	(29)	**Into The Abyss**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
28	(19)	**Hit The O Deck**	Pigbag (Y)
29	(28)	**Out On The Floor**	Dobie Gray (Inferno)
30	(—)	**Bring Out Your Dead EP**	Rabid (Fallout)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Song And Legend**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
2	(2)	**Pillows And Prayers**	Various (Cherry Red)
3	(3)	**Wreckin' Crew**	Meteors (ID)
4	(6)	**A Distant Shore**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
5	(10)	**Seduction**	Danse Society (Society)
6	(4)	**Strive To Survive**	Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)
7	(5)	**Partisans**	Partisans (No Future)
8	(15)	**Upstairs At Eric's**	Yazoo (Mute)
9	(8)	**Lend An Ear**	Pigbag (Y)
10	(12)	**The Culling Is Coming**	23 Skidoo (Operation Twilight)
11	(9)	**North Marine Drive**	Ben Watt (Cherry Red)
12	(11)	**1981-82 The Mini Album**	New Order (Factory)
13	(13)	**Earth**	Misty In Roots (People Unite)
14	(—)	**Let The Tribe Increase**	The Mob (All The Madmen)
15	(7)	**What's Words Worth**	Motorhead (Big Beat)
16	(19)	**Gang Wars**	Prince Charles And The City Band (Solid Platinum)
17	(24)	**Surprise, Surprise**	Mezzoforte (Steinar)
18	(14)	**The Maverick Years**	Wah (White Label)
19	(23)	**Lower Technology**	Pink Industry (Zulu)
20	(21)	**The Day The Country Died**	Subhumans (Spiderleg)
21	(22)	**Call Of The West**	Wall Of Voodoo (Illegal)
22	(18)	**Never Mind The Dirt**	Dirt (Crass)
23	(—)	**All Systems Go**	One Way System (Anagram)
24	(—)	**Urban Dogs**	Urban Dogs (Fallout)
25	(20)	**Plastic Surgery Disasters**	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
26	(16)	**Pissed And Proud**	Peter And The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
27	(26)	**La Variete**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
28	(17)	**Embrace The Herd**	The Gist (Rough Trade)
29	(27)	**If I Die, I Die**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
30	(25)	**Garlands**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Trouble You A Trouble Me**	Ma Kamoze (Taxi)
2	**Pass The Chalice**	Ranking Delton (All Nations)
3	**Dedicated To You**	Peter Metro (Volcano)
4	**Bad Boy Possee**	Robert French (Ganja Farm)
5	**Oh Yes**	Slaughter & Tipper Lee (Afro Eagle)
6	**Come Inna Dance**	Tristan Palmer (Music Ism)
7	**Mek We Rock**	Moja (Penumbra)
8	**Your Step**	Pad Anthony (Hitbound)
9	**Neutron Bomb**	Eek A Mouse (Gorgon)
10	**Horesman**	Buru (Gog)
11	**True Confession**	Little John (Powerhouse)
12	**Come We Fe Mash**	Tony Tuff (Gorgon)
13	**Conqueror**	Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
14	**Pirates**	Jim Brown (Studio 1)
15	**Big Iron**	Nigger Kojak (Joe Gibbs)

REGGAE LPs

1	**Check It**	Mutabaruka (Alligator)
2	**Live At Skateland**	Gemini Sound (DHS)
3	**Live**	King Stergraph v King Atauras (Rusty Int)
4	**Earth**	Misty In Roots (People Unite)
5	**Everything Crash**	Ethiopians (Studio 1)
6	**Brethren & Sistren**	Viceroys (CSA)
7	**For Your Eyes Only**	Yellowman (Sonic Sounds)
8	**In The Light**	Horace Andy (Calanor)
9	**Interviews**	Bob Marley (Tuff Gong)
10	**Songs For I**	Bob Andy (High Note)

Chart compiled by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean St, W1.

US SINGLES

1	**Billie Jean**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	**Shame On The Moon**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
3	**Do You Really Want To Hurt Me**	Culture Club (Epic)
4	**Hungry Like The Wolf**	Duran Duran (Capitol)
5	**Back On The Chain Gang**	The Pretenders (Sire)
6	**You Are**	Lionel Richie (Motown)
7	**We've Got Tonight**	Kenny Rogers & Sheena Easton (Liberty)
8	**Separate Ways**	Journey (Columbia)
9	**One On One**	Daryl Hall and John Oates (RCA)
10	**Mr. Roboto**	Styx (A & M)

US LPs

1	**Thriller**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	**Frontiers**	Journey (CBS)
3	**H_2O**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
4	**Business As Usual**	Men At Work (Columbia)
5	**The Distance**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
6	**Rio**	Duran Duran (Capitol)
7	**Lionel Richie**	Lionel Richie (Motown)
8	**Toto IV**	Toto (Columbia)
9	**Pyromania**	Def Leppard (Mercury)
10	**Kilroy Was Here**	Styx (A & M)

Courtesy Billboard Publications

ITALY LPs

1	**Tutto San Remo**	Various (Ricordi)
2	**The John Lennon Collection**	John Lennon (EMI)
3	**Arca Di Noe**	Franco Battiato (EMI)
4	**Ale'-OO'**	Claudio Baglioni (CBS)
5	**Mamma Maria**	Ricchi E. Poveri (Baby/CGD-MM)
6	**Another Page**	Christopher Cross (WEA)
7	**Studio 54 Vol.5**	Various (CGD-MM)
8	**Classic 35 MM**	Various (Five/CGD-MM)
9	**Fragole Infinite**	Alberto Fortis (Polygram)
10	**16 Fiocchi Di Neve**	Various (CGD/MM)

Courtesy Germano Ruscitto/Billboard.

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Wuthering Heights**	Kate Bush (EMI)
2	**Denis**	Blondie (Chrysalis)
3	**Baker Street**	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)
4	**I Can't Stand The Rain**	Eruption (Atlantic)
5	**Come Back My Love**	Darts (Magnet)
6	**Wishing On A Star**	Rose Royce (Warner Bros)
7	**Is This Love**	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)
8	**Take a Chance On Me**	Abba (Epic)
9	**Matchstalk Men And Matchstalk Cats And Dogs**	Brian & Michael (Pye)
10	**Mr. Blue Sky**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Cum On Feel The Noize**	Slade (Polydor)
2	**20th Century Boy**	T.Rex (T.Rex)
3	**The Twelfth Of Never**	Donny Osmond (MGM)
4	**Feel The Need In Me**	Detroit Emeralds (Janus)
5	**Killing Me Softly With His Song**	Roberta Flack (Atlantic)
6	**Hello Hurray**	Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)
7	**Gonna Make You An Offer You Can't Refuse**	Jimmy Helms (Cube)
8	**Power To All Our Friends**	Cliff Richard (EMI)
9	**Cindy Incidentally**	Faces (Warner Bros)
10	**Why Can't We Live Together**	Timmy Thomas (Mojo)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Cinderella Rockerfella**	Esther & Abi Ofarim (Philips)
2	**Legend Of Xanadu**	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
3	**Delilah**	Tom Jones (Decca)
4	**Rosie**	Don Partridge (Columbia)
5	**Dock Of The Bay**	Otis Redding (Stax)
6	**Lady Madonna**	Beatles (Parlophone)
7	**Jennifer Juniper**	Donovan (Pye)
8	**Fire Brigade**	Move (Regal Zonophone)
9	**Me The Peaceful Heart**	Lulu (Columbia)
10	**Green Tambourine**	Lemon Pipers (Pye Int)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Summer Holiday**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2	**Foot Tapper**	Shadows (Columbia)
3	**Like I've Never Been Gone**	Billy Fury (Decca)
4	**Please Please Me**	Beatles (Parlophone)
5	**That's What Love Will Do**	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
6	**Charmaine**	Bachelors (Decca)
7	**From A Jack To A King**	Ned Miller (London)
8	**Island Of Dreams**	Springfields (Philips)
9	**The Night Has A Thousand Eyes**	Bobby Vee (Liberty)
10	**One Broken Heart For Sale**	Elvis Presley (RCA)

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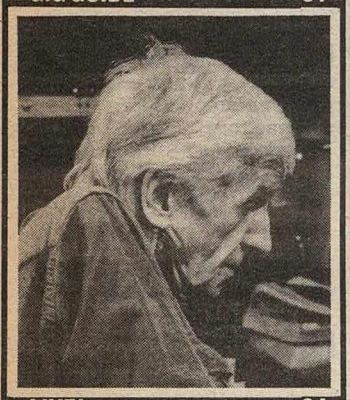

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UK dates, ticket details

BOWIE'S FIVE-NIGHT MOONLIGHT FLIT

DAVID BOWIE'S eagerly-awaited British concert appearances were unveiled at his Press Conference in London last week, and immediately created a major surprise when it was learned that his promised "full-scale UK tour" was restricted to just five shows — London Wembley Arena (June 2, 3 and 4) and Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (5 and 6).

It's already abundantly clear that these will be totally inadequate to cater for the huge volume of ticket applications expected. In fact, with these five shows accommodating 60,000 people *NME's* guess is that at least nine applicants out of ten wil be unsuccessful.

But *NME* also understands that the possibility of further Bowie dates cannot be ruled out. His European tour begins officially in Frankfurt on May 20, and there is a chance of UK warm-up dates beforehand, as was the case with the Stones last year. But more likely is the prospect of extra dates in mid-June before his continental schedule resumes in Berlin on June 20.

Another alternative would be a big open-air show, and Bowie himself did not discount this option at the Press Conference, saying: "I don't normally like performing outdoors, but I will do if the need arises." And a source close to Bowie was adamant that there would be further Bowie dates in Britain, not necessarily in midsummer, but perhaps even at the tail end of his world tour in late autumn.

Meanwhile, as far as his confirmed shows are concerned, he'll be appearing with a ten-piece band comprising Stevie Ray Vaughan (lead guitar), Carlos Alomar (guitar), Carmine Rojas (bass), Tony Thompson (drums) and Fred Mandell (keyboards), plus a horn section and back-up vocalists. Besides his established repertoire, he'll be performing material from his new album 'Let's Dance', set for worldwide release by EMI America on April 11.

The European leg of his tour takes him to Germany, France, Scandinavia, Belgium and Holland, though several of these concerts haven't yet been finalised. Then later in the summer, he's off to America. And as already reported, the Bowie bandwagon will continue rolling with the release this year of his two feature films, *The Hunger* and *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence.*

Bowie's world trek goes under the banner of 'The Serious Moonlight Tour 1983', and for those wishing to try their luck at obtaining tickets, here are the details. Booking is by post only, and tickets are £10.30 and £9.30 (Wembley) and £9.80 and £8.80 (Birmingham), all inclusive of 30p booking fee.

Cheques and POs should be made payable to "Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Limited" and sent to S & G Promotions, P.O. Box 4NZ, London W1A 4NZ, enclosing SAE. Tickets are restricted to four per applicant. Write the venue and preferred date on the back of your application envelope, and allow up to five weeks for delivery.

DB. Red shoes do make it? Pic Peter Anderson

Chris Bohn hears about the new Bowie positivism, and an odyssey back to his roots

DAVID — NEVER FELT MORE LIKE DANCING THE BLUES

EVERY DUMB thing you always wanted to know about David Bowie but were too cool to ask inevitably arose at the press conference that marked his return to recording after three years devoted to acting.

You can't beat a gathering of Fleet Street hacks, magazine reporters, foreign correspondents and so on for asking the obvious by proxy. For example: What's the favourite aspect of your work?

"Up to the present? Oh press conferences like this . . . it's really gear," answers David, grateful for the opportunity to flex his famed John Lennon in *A Hard Day's Night* impression. "I dunno, changing I suppose. I've now arrived at a state where I've given myself that much freedom that I can quite easily move into any kind of music I want without letting anyone down . . ."

Or, what time do you go to bed?

"About 10 . . ."

The one persistent line, however, is a provincial one. Why aren't you playing Scotland, Spain (substitute your own locality)?

"We're doing as many as we can in England considering that we've only got a couple of weeks here before we go to Europe and to the US. The whole thing is something like a 90 city tour, so we're doing as much as we can in each country where there seems to be an audience for what I do."

The *Kidderminster Shuttle* reporter in me wants to ask whether he'll be doing 'Black Country Rock', but that same reporter is too shy to show himself; whatever, someone else almost gets there: How far back will he go in his set?

"I go back as far as 'The Man Who Sold The World', so I go quite a long way back. I think I've represented bits of pieces from all 19 albums."

Despite the inevitably wolf-like nature of such conferences, much concern is expressed for David's health and psyche; considering his publicised distaste for touring,

● *continues over*

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"And I found the shoes in a skip down Bromley."

DAVID MEETS THE PRESS CONT.

● *from previous page*

how come he's undertaking such a rigorous one?

"I don't know what this is going to be like. At the moment I'm very excited about it. It would be awful if after a month of it I realised I hated it again, but I wouldn't have been bothered to start the tour if I didn't think I was going to enjoy every minute of it."

Concern for David's present condition is unfounded. He has never looked fitter: vibrant, tanned a deep orange-brown, his hair bleached blond by a South Pacific sun. Though he has arrived at this lavish Claridge's reception almost direct from a flight from Australia, he is both good humoured and quick witted, deftly directing the barrage of questions towards his new positivism, neatly deflecting anything that veers away from it. Charles Shaar Murray receives the accolade of asking the one sensible question that went begging. "Nine years ago you said you thought the people of this country should prepare for civil war. Do you think Thatcher has brought that closer?"

Eyeing the pack ready to pounce on any easily twisted word, Bowie paused and sidestepped: "Working with Oshima was really quite an experience. Hahaha. next question."

Sure it was, David, sure it was. Then, Nagisa Oshima is only one of the world's greatest living directors. Bowie acknowledges that the part given him (in *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*) is the first one that allows him a chance to "interpret the character. I had a lot of freedom in that and hopefully that's the best piece of work I've done yet."

Otherwise he wasn't too interested in discussing the two films he's completed, whose release dates are still some way off. He described them thus: *"The Hunger* with Catherine Deneuve and Susan Sarandon is sexy and bloody and the second one *Merry Christmas* with Tom Conti and Jack Thompson is, er, more intellectual. Hahaha. It's a longer film."

Recalling from his dim, dirty memory some salacious gossip regarding *The Hunger* and the censor's scissors, a Fleet Street hack is inevitably disappointed to learn the offending sex scenes do not include Bowie.

"Yeah, I heard about that, too. There were a lot of shots between Deneuve and Sarandon that I wasn't in and were done in New York while I wasn't there. So I have never actually seen those."

Thereby keeping the conference on the straight and narrow, well in tune with the positive Bowie he promises will be on show in 'Let's Dance' (the album's released on April 12). The positivism, it transpires, springs from two sources.

"I think there is a strange, albeit romantic, quality to music which I think is overshadowing everything at the moment, style over content or whatever. I think it is being accepted as the value of music at the moment, more so in Europe than in America, but for me I want to get more into the guts of the lyrics . . ."

And:

"When I wasn't making music over the past couple of years it occurred to me that the music I was listening to — while I was doing the movie in the South Pacific — was stuff like Arthur Red Prysock, Elmore James, Albert King, stuff like that. So I thought 'Why?', you know, and the reason was that there's more enthusiasm and positive drive to that music than anything I've been making or listening to for some time, and that's the enthusiasm I started with. So I want to try and recapture that myself, otherwise it's not worth working onstage . . ."

As he was implying that the new positive attitude went with guitars, did he equate a lack of emotion with electronics?

"No, no. It's not so. It's a displaced kind of emotionalism, there's definitely an emotionalism in synthetic music, but it doesn't work in a linear fashion. It touches recesses that are unusual, and I didn't want to again touch the unusual because it's too obvious to do that. At the moment the unusual is being touched so prolifically that I wanted to get something a lot more grass roots, down to earth. I can only talk in cliches about it, but the record should say more than I can say about it . . ."

What else to say but 'Let's Dance'? Here's hoping you can count 12 beats to the bar.

CHRIS BOHN

Tintin's Last Adventure

HE GAVE The Thompson Twins their name and invented the Kirk Brandon haircut. In his native France he occupied a position of esteem somewhere above Picasso and below God (although even that was a close run thing). Mention the name Herge to the average Englishman, though, and you'll be met by a blank stare. But try the same thing with *Herge's Adventures Of Tintin* and you'll probably find yourself pulled along a lengthy nostalgia voyage.

"Remember Captain Haddock? Bianca Castafiore, the shrill opera singer with the accident prone jewel collection! Professor Calculus and his pendulum! Snowy! The opium in the cans of crab meat!"

In Britain, like our own cartoon masterpiece Rupert The Bear, Tintin, the perpetually panic stricken reporter and his accompanying cast of vivid eccentrics have always been larger than their real life creator. Thus the news of Herge's death last week has been greeted by a more honest appreciation of the man's talents than the typical "how sad that the world should be deprived of such a man" reaction. Grief at his death is for his family and friends to feel, the rest of us are left with his works — and those sparkle as brightly now as they always have.

Like all great cartoonists Herge was primarily a story teller, but one with a superb sense of timing and a sharp eye for the absurd. If you want to be analytic he was also a fine artist, but it's never easy to stand back from Tintin long enough to notice. What is impossible to miss is Herge's killer ability to combine verbal and visual humour into a sophisticated form of slapstick which perpetually teeters on the brink of the surreal.

The Tintin books are classics of boundless imagination which are well worth rediscovering. It's just a shame that it takes the death of their creator to bring them into the limelight again.

DON WATSON

Above: Tintin sees stars. Below: The original Thompson Twins. All from the master strokes of Herge.

Venues: a promise and a threat

It was a case of 'first the good news, then the bad' for London music venues last week. The Hammersmith Odeon has just had its music licence renewed by the GLC. The owners, Rank Leisure, have promised to look into the local residents' complaints about crowds, noise and traffic, and it's likely there will be a reduction in the number of concerts held there per year. Meanwhile in The Strand, the Lyceum faces trouble when the building's GLC lease comes up for renewal shortly. It's thought the GLC would like to see the venue turned over to non-rock events. But Mecca, who rent the Lyceum from the GLC, are expected to fight to retain control.

Sun 17/3/83

Loneliness Of The Long Distance Strummer

Has it really come to this? Joe Strummer: the boy that supports the paper that supports our boys? Joe Strummer, the man who won't do *Top Of The Pops* on principle? Whatever happened to the revolution? Whatever happened to posing in front of brick walls? Is *this* what we all bit our ear-lobes off for in '77?

Yes, comrades, it's come to this. Tired, perhaps, of carrying the cross of credibility up the Calvary of life, The Clash's own Mister Integrity joins a gaggle of "personalities" in a *Sun*-sponsored charity stunt. In the distinguished company of Lenny Bennet, Kenny Lynch and others, Joe will run next month's London Marathon under *Sun* colours, raising money for Leukemia Research.

UK Subs become UK Subs

Charlie Harper has disbanded UK Subs, but has wasted no time in getting together a new band which will continue to operate under the same name. He's brought back original Subs bassist Steve Slack and one-time Subs drummer Steve Jones, and introduces a new guitarist who goes under the name of Captain Scarlet. They'll have a new single titled 'Another Typical City' out on the Flicknife label in the near future.

At the moment, Harper seems more involved with his other band Urban Dogs, whose line-up remains constant. They'll be touring next month to support their self-named debut album and new single 'Limo Life' — their full schedule will be announced next week, but three dates already confirmed are London Victoria The Venue (April 8), Brentwood Hermit Club (14) and London Oxford St. 100 Club (19).

Slapp Happy reform, gasp

Slapp Happy have re-formed with their original line-up after a six-year separation. The trio of New Yorker Peter Blegvad (piano and vocals), Britain's Anthony Moore (guitar, clarinet and vocals) and German-born Dagmar Krause (piano and vocals) originally came together in 1971, and quickly gained a reputation for their refreshing and idiosyncratic work, drawing upon European musical and literary heritage — leading to one critic describing their material as "unclassifiable". They are also remembered for their alliance with Henry Cow, recording two albums with that group.

The trio's first release following the reunion is the single 'Everybody's Slimming Including Men & Women', out this week on the Recommended label. They'll be recording a new album during the spring, and are planning a European tour — including selected dates in Britain — to coincide with its release. Meanwhile, Recommended are reissuing their earlier albums 'Casablanca Moon', 'Sort Of' and 'Desperate Straights'.

note oilskin base lowry

MONTY LEE MONTGOMERY, THE WORLDS GREATEST ROCKABILLY SINGER SINCE JOHNNY ROTTEN, IS SURROUNDED BY HALLUCINATING DRUNKS..
SORRY NO IRISH BAR
I HEAR THE ENGINES OF THE PLANE QUITE DISTINCTLY.
IT'S ALMOST DIRECTLY OVERHEAD BUT I CAN'T SEE A THING!
PISTON BROKE
I'LL TRY TO GET SOME MORE DRINK, OR IT'S THE RAJAH SHAKES, BOYS!!
FUNDAMENTE BORACHO!!
AS MONTY LIES IN A POOL OF FROZEN URINE, HIS FIRST ALBUM HITS A JADED POP WORLD LIKE A THUNDERBOLT!!
MONTY LEE MONTGOMERY
AND THE MONASTIC NUNS OF THE HOLY BLOOD OF THE LAMB ART SCHOOL BAND.
WITH THE MONOGAMOUS MOUNTAIN MEN.
INCLUDES ALL THE HITS — LOOKING UP THE POPE'S DRESS. ON THE TRAIL OF THE GUSSET. AND MORE...
HOW MANY POP STARS DO YOU SEE ON THE ALBUM COVER? WE SEE ELVIS LEE PRESLEY, KARL LEE MARX, JOHNNY LEE ROTTEN, JERRY LEE LEWIS, BOB LEE DYLAN ETC...
DART BOARD RECORDS
NEXT - A HIT ALBUM, NME, FACE, & SMASH HITS COVER STORIES!! CAN MONTY DRY HIS TROUSERS IN TIME?
SEARCH ME, I'VE HAD AN OFFER FROM VOGUE..

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

GASPER LAWAL

FAVOURITE RECORDS
Alhadji Haruna Ishola And His Apala Group 'Ogun Loni Ile Aro'
Fela Anikulapo-Kuti 'Zombie'
Roberta Flack 'Killing Me Softly'
Bob Marley 'Kaya'
Miler Davis 'Round The Corner'
Manu Dibango 'Soul Makossa'
Stevie Wonder 'Hotter Than July'

FAVOURITE BOOKS
Drums Of Africa
Ogboju-Ode
Kongi Harvest
The Godfather

FAVOURITE FILMS
Aye
The Harder They Come
Night At The Opera
Kongi Harvest
Roots Rockers
The Godfather
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest

FAVOURITE PLACES
Nigeria
Las Palmas
Cannes-France
Amsterdam-Holland

FAVOURITE FOOD
Gari
Ogi
Rice & Beans
Plantain
Escargot
Fruits
Fresh vegetables

FAVOURITE DRINKS
Water
Natural fruit juices
Guinness
Wine
Palm Wine

FAVOURITE PEOPLE
Rasaki, (Gasper's drum maker)
Aidan, the milkman
Mohammed Ali
Stevie Wonder
Roberta Flack

FAVOURITE TV PROGRAMMES
The World About Us
Match Of The Day
Skin
Nature programmes

THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE TAPED

C30-C60-C90 going...going...gone. Comes to something, doesn't it, when even Bow Wow Wow LPs come complete with anti-taping propaganda. Keeping the faith, though, is Dutch group The Ex, whose new box-set of singles comes with a slightly different logo.

CRYSTAL GAZING

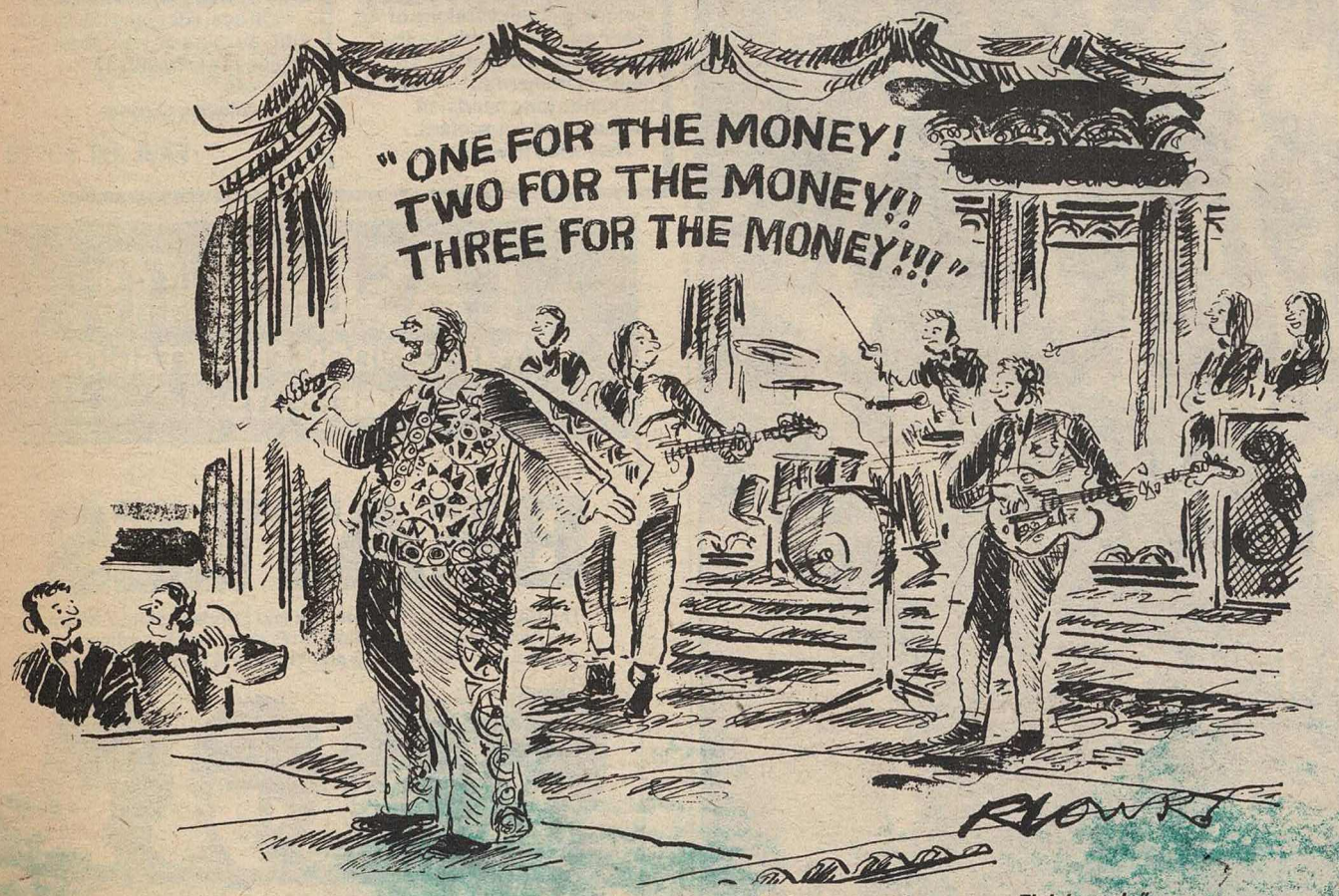
CRYSTAL PALACE Concert Bowl in South London is to play host to Britain's first international black music festival set for Saturday, August 27, during Bank Holiday weekend.
The all-star bill is still being finalised, but among those already included are Taj Mahal, Gil Scott-Heron, Aswad and Musical Youth, plus David Grant and Sketch getting together again for a one-off Linx reunion.

Further acts will be added and ticket price and booking arrangements are not yet available.

The open-air Crystal Palace Bowl, with a permitted capacity of 15,000, is best-known for the Garden Party events it has staged in previous summers.

● NEWS HAS just reached us that young Bolshie guns The Redskins have landed a co-headlining spot on Gil Scott-Heron's only provincial bash on April 17th at Sheffield Top Rank. Promoted by the city's Leadmill Centre, the event will be preceded by a jazz-funk all-dayer at the Leadmill itself. Admission to the preliminaries will be a cool nothing with a Redskin/Heron ticket.

lowry



"Perhaps a little unwisely, Colonel Parker has decided to try and carry on Elvis' work."

LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆ LIVE

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DAVID BOWIE

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DAVID BOWIE SKIPPER

LIVE IN ROTTERDAM 25th JUNE
Leave midnight 24th June, Return morning 26th June £48 includes ● Best tickets for concert ● Cross-channel ferry ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets ☐2

RUSH

LIVE IN BRUSSELS 12th MAY
Leave morning 11th May, Return morning 13th May £60 includes ● Cross-channel ferry ● 4 Star Hotel ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets ☐3

RUSH SKIPPER

LIVE IN BRUSSELS 12th MAY
Leave midnight 11th May, Return morning 13th May £48 includes ● Best tickets for concert ● Cross-channel ferry ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets ☐4

SUPERTRAMP

+ SUPPORT (OPEN AIR CONCERT)
LIVE IN WERCHTER, BELGIUM 10TH JUNE
Leave 9th June. Return 11th June.
£58 includes ● best tickets for concert ● Cross-channel ferry ● 4 Star Hotel ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets ● ☐5

ROD STEWART

LIVE IN ROTTERDAM FRIDAY 10th JUNE
£58 includes ticket for concert ● Cross-Channel Ferry ● 4 Star Hotel ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets. Depart morning 9th June, Return evening of 11th June. ☐6

BUMPER PACKAGE in HOLLAND

SANTANA

April 22nd

ERIC CLAPTON

April 23rd
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Pic Alan Proudfoot

Trail blazers: (left to right) Fraser Sutherland, Alan McDowall, Annie Foy, Ali Patterson

TOUGHEST BAND OF COWBOYS IN THE NORTH!

YOU REALLY know times are hard when a country'n'western group tells you they can only afford one cowboy hat between them. They have to take turns at wearing it.

Happily for Edinburgh's So You Think You're A Cowboy, the group's fortunes should take an upturn soon — just as soon as the world cottons on to their sassy sound. With only a demo tape and a spate of Scottish dates under their holsters, the cowboys' line in toughened-up country punk is already corralling a giant posse of admirers.

The band is Annie Foy (vocals), Alan McDowall (guitar and vocals), Ali Patterson (drums) and Fraser Sutherland (bass), with an additional fiddle-player (not "violinist", *please)* called Kenny as occasional guest. Formed from the fall-out of assorted local bands (like TV21, Revillos, Flowers), So You Think You're A Cowboy go back about a year and a half — after Annie saw Alan at a party, joined him in a spot of well-lubricated country crooning, married him, "got a scruffy wee thing together" and took it on the road.

Apart from being a Crystal Gayle song, says Annie, the group's name "came out of that cowboy thing that was just coming up, people wearing all the gear, so it was: Well, you think *you're* a fucking cowboy, pal — watch us! We're *real* cowboys."

Clearly a feisty gal, as we redneck sorts say, Annie supplies the lyrics for SYTYAC's small, but perfectly-formed, stock of original songs. A Patsy Cline/Loretta Lynn fan, she has little time for simpering 'Stand By Your Man' style ditties, and tries "to reverse the usual trend of C&W songs, the woman living for her man no matter how bad he is to her. It's more 'You can do what you like, pal, but here *I* am."

Although the group were worried, at first, that nobody would take them seriously (why ever not?), they've even supported The Clash and come out unscathed. Audiences warm to the Cowboys' unabashed love for country music, played fresh and gutsy, including cover versions of '16 Tons' and 'Mule Train' — the latter leading directly to the death of numerous tin trays, at the hands (and heads) of over-excited supporters.

They want to work more of their own stuff into their set, but Annie confesses herself overwhelmed at the rich choice of old songs, all ripe for ripping off. At the same time, as she sagely observes, "there's an awful lot of shite as well". Imaginatively, they also perform a brilliant re-working of Roxy Music's 'Prairie Rose'. When Annie sings it, you get homesick for a place you've never been...even if her singing voice *is* a curious hybrid of Tennessee drawl and Scottish vowel-sounds. "Well, you couldnae sing a country song in a Glasgow accent. You've got to make the effort."

Their lack of finance has so far stopped them venturing into England, but it'll happen. Bass player Fraser admits he's getting impatient at doing the rounds of "central Scotland's toilets", but the group won't rush into recording deals, they say, until they've perfected their music.

So, the question must be posed: are we in a country'n'western revival situation? Many's the lonesome night I've sat back at the ranch, sand-papering my neck and tapping a snakeskin boot or two to Jimmie Rodgers' 'T for Texas Blue Yodel Number One', while pondering this very question — with more than a hint of unease.

Well, checked work shirts and shoelace ties do seem to be *de rigeur* for every young group coming out of Scotland this week. And over in Glasgow, assorted local muso's (Lone Wolves, Sophisticated Boom Boom, Recognitions) get together on their nights off and whoop it up in a casual combo, splendidly named The Hank Williams Memorial Band.

Cowboy Fraser, however, is more sanguine in his assessment: 'Inevitably, if we were to become popular there'd be lots of bandwagon jumpers, as there always is with any new trend. And I abhor that kind of carry-on".

Mind you, this is a man who says, in the same breath: "I even go out to the pub dressed as a cowboy now, so I feel I've become accepted socially as well as musically!"

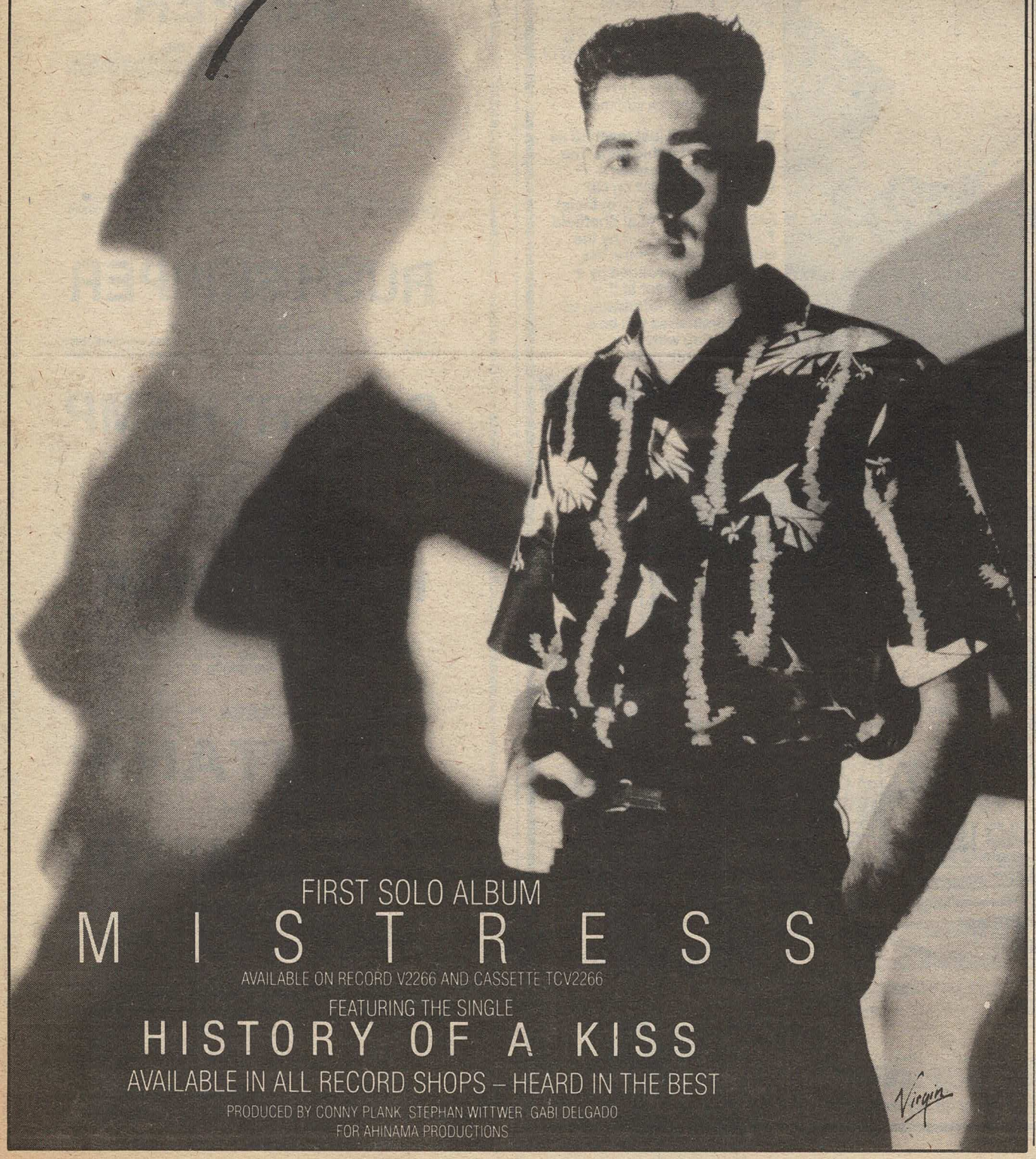
But surely, I probe, there's more to it than clothes; is there not a cowboy attitude as well?

"Oh aye, I daresay there's an attitude there as well. Most cowboys are basically bastards..."

Put it there, pardner.

PAUL DU NOYER

Gabi DELGADO



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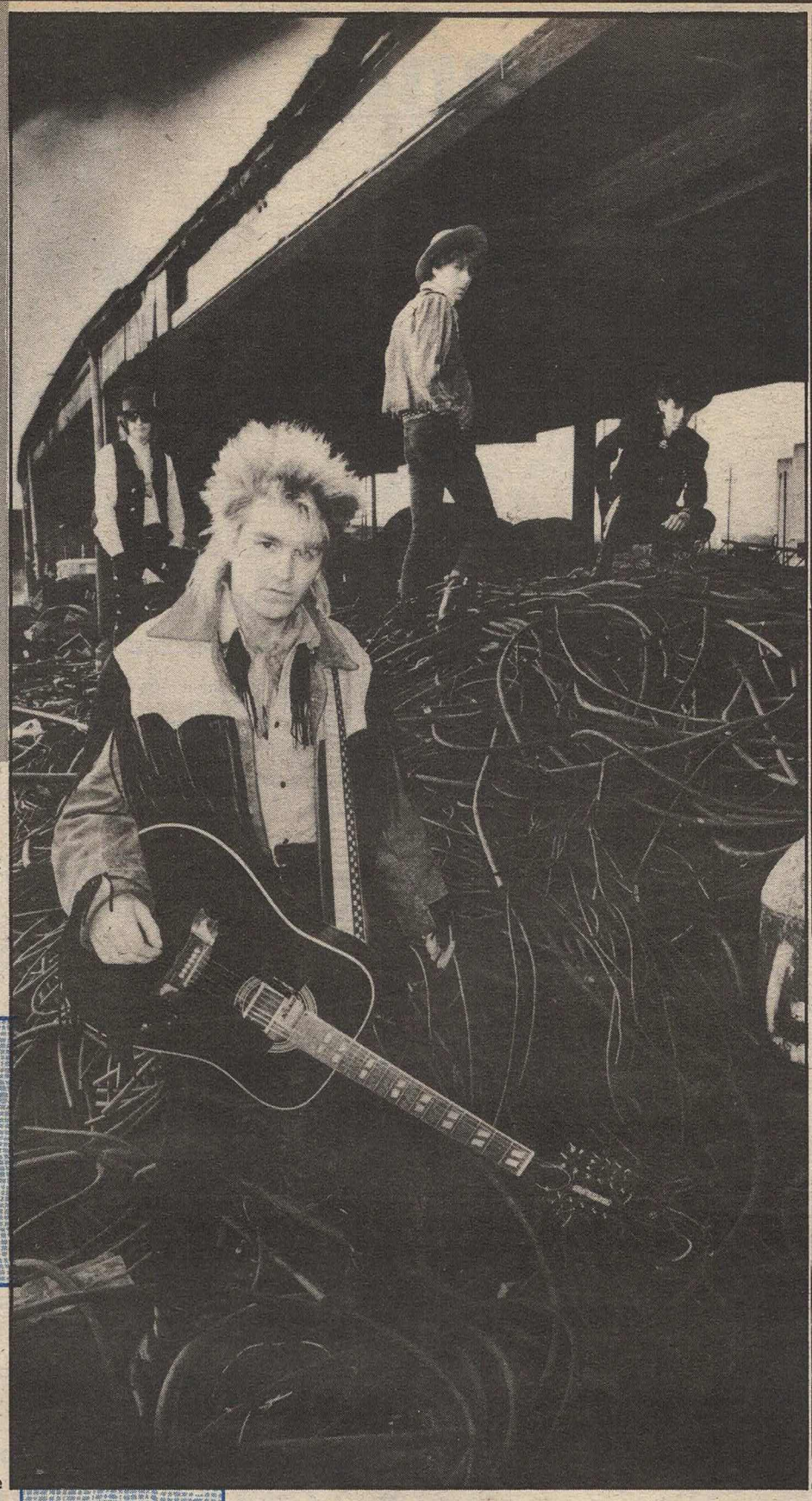
1963 20 Years 1983

As Peter Blake and David Bowie both loom back into pop's field of sound and vision, Liverpool's Bluecoat Gallery launches a rather appropriate exhibition of Derek Boshier's from '60-'82. Boshier studied at London's Royal College of Art with the likes of Blake, Hockney and Allen Jones in the Pop '60s and his work has always retained a musical connection. (He designed the 'Lodger' LP sleeve for Bowie and painted him as The Elephant Man besides contributing illustrations to the likes of the Clash songbook).

As Boshier, like Bowie, currently spends most of his time in America this is a good moment to catch his output. The Liverpool Bluecoat Gallery, School Lane, until 2 April. After that, it moves to the New 57 Gallery in Edinburgh (16 April-7 May), then the Cleveland Gallery, Middlesbrough (27 August-24 September).

Left: David Bowie as The Elephant Man.



Along the soapy road to chart success...

LATE IN the summer of '81 Patti Austin released an album on Quincey Jones' Qwest label, called 'Every Home Should Have One'. The LP was an example of technical perfection — both Ms Austin and Jones being masters of their respective crafts — rather than anything wildly innovative. Not surprisingly, after a brief flurry of promotional interest it disappeared.

As Louis Armstrong said in *The Philadelphia Story:* "End of song, end of story."

Indeed it was. But now, some 18 months later a song from that very set, 'Baby Come To Me' sung in duet with James Ingram, is topping the US charts and has leapt into a healthy position in our own top twenty.

The reason for this belated success is not that the tune was so ahead of its time that folks couldn't deal with it in '81 or that James Ingram had achieved cult status due to his writing, singing and arranging on the Michael Jackson album 'Thriller' — but the influence of an afternoon soap opera on the American people.

The song was picked up by the wildly popular serial *General Hospital,* and used for "underscoring" — Californian for "incidental music". The silky smooth portrayal of tender, prospective love fitted perfectly with the programme's doctors and nurses playing 'doctors and nurses'. And *GH* fans, normally a mild mannered bunch, went beserk. To own this record was to wear a badge saying "I waste my afternoons watching banal television", and seige was set around record shops to be lifted only when the ballad reached the top slot.

"Only in America" I hear you say, with more than a trace of scorn, "could a soap opera have such far flung repercussions". But cast your minds back to when a ditty entitled 'More Than In Love', by Kate Robbins, topped the charts after humble beginnings in the hastily constructed recording studio beneath the *Crossroads* motel. So successful was this venture, that prior to the Great Fire Of Kings Oak there were schemes to turn the motel into a kind of Midlands Motown.

The trend is continuing with a single from *Coronation Street's* own jean genie Mike Baldwin, on release at the moment under his legal name of Johnny Briggs.

The forthcoming year could well see The Kids From Grange Hill Roadshow, Dynasty In Dub, Miz Ellie's Rap and a new dance craze called The Brookside — where dancers either squabble or stay well away from each other.

KEN BARLOW

SOUNDING THE ALARM

WITH U2, Echo and Wah making an impression on the charts, The Alarm are confident of finding their niche as part of the present upsurging generation of '76 born-too-lates.

Nigel Twist, Dave Sharp, Eddie McDonald and Mike Peters met in Rhyl and were weaned pm support slots with The Clash and The Buzzcocks at Liverpool's Eric's.

Their efforts to liven up their home town, by running a small venue, were eventually quashed by a Discharge audience unappreciative on their "no bouncers" policy. Disillusioned with the moronic destructive turn that marked the final collapse of punk, they adopted a more hopeful positive approach.

In mid 1982 The Alarm released their first single, a double 'a' side featuring two spirited songs marred only by fuzzy sound, on their own Red Cross label, 'Unsafe Building/Up For Murder' attracted little press attention but was taken on by Rough Trade who managed to shift all 2,000 copies.

Since then they have based themselves in London, securing a deal with Illegal Records and playing more support slots to back the release of their second single, a rousing anthem 'Marching On'.

Mike Peters, vocalist and bass player, eagerly substantiates his predictions of a musically exciting year ahead.

'A lot of people are looking for more than just music from the bands they go to see. Now's the time for us to inject our enthusiasm through the pages of interviews and the songs we write to get things moving again. We're the ones with the power to lift people up, and they can go forward."

The confidence gained over the last few months, coupled with a general exuberance that's topped by Sharp's thrashing accoustic guitar work, lifts the band's sound above the Clash copyist tag which could otherwise apply. The Alarm now deliver a tight set, supplying the perfect backdrop for their emotionally fervent, almost religious lyrics.

"Throw back the covers and make all your dreams come true/Rebuild your life rebuild your home rethink your values/Rethink yourself right through" from 'Unsafe Building' states an optimistic theme that's recurrent throughout their set. Though recorded a year ago, the song still receives the best response live.

"You see, it doesn't matter if you're on the dole," says Peters, "it's important that you do something, anything, learn a musical instrument, start a fanzine, a pirate radio station."

The Alarm's third single, characteristically titled 'The Stand' is due for release in early April by which time they plan to play some major gigs.

Peters remains adamant that, in the wake of last year's untouchable bands such as ABC and Soft Cell, young bands currently charting mark a shift in the direction of the record-buying public.

"They're bands who've built up a following. With so many tribes out there, all possibly afraid of being tolerant of each other, music can unite us. We're all on the same side, the government hasn't got anything real to offer. None of us are of any political party, we just get on with the politics of youth."

Spaghetti Western?

Pic: Nick Knight

Interview: Regine Moylett

the lone groover benyon

IN AMERICA Y'CAN SELL YOUR BLOOD TO BLOOD BANKS .....
....FOR ABOUT 800 PINTS I'D HAVE ENOUGH CASH TO PUT OUT A SINGLE .....
I WILL ALSO DONATE AN EXTRA 250 PINTS TO REPAY YOU TH' AIR FARE YOU LEND ME T'GET OVER THERE.....
DO YOU THINK I LOOK MAD?
SIGH!
BANK
MANAGERS OFFICE
THESE DAYS EVERYONE WANTS TO DISCUSS THEIR OWN PROBLEMS.

Poorly Two Shoes

ADAM ANT's current tour of America has been temporarily scuppered, thanks to a painful leg injury. Disaster struck at his show in Cleveland, Ohio, when he launched into 'Goody Two Shoes', promptly tore a cartilage and fell over.

Like a true warrior brave, however, he resumed the set after 20 minutes emergency medical treatment, but has since had to re-schedule the remaining 28 dates. Ant fans may wish to cheer up their cheiftain's convalescence by sending him some suitably tribal reading matter — say, *Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee?*

Next week . . . *the little articles with the big, big heart*

ICICLE WORKS • **DONAL LUNNY** • **CARROLL THOMPSON**

Sharp and cool, or warm and drippy? **Non-bearded Irish folk megastar** **First lady of Lovers Rock**

SHRINK WRAPPED

SEX, ORGONES, REICH AND ROLL: Who said Wilhelm's dead? We present conclusive proof that Herr Reich didn't die in an American jail. On the contrary he was exiled to Iceland where he has spent the last 30 years lying low, working on a rock opera version of his bestseller *Mysteries Of The Orgasm.* Here it is presented in compact EP form by his Icelandic collaborators Theyr.

Jealous of Reich's new found friends, Sigmund Freud has taken to calling him "Little Willie". Petty, we think, but such is the nature of the company Siggy is currently keeping. Poor fellow is suffering delusions of grandeur hanging around with towering intellect Mayo Thompson, aka Red Crayola. On the evidence of the German release 'Sigmund Freud: 6 Jokes And Their Relation To The Unconscious', stand up comedy is neither Siggy nor Mayo's forte. ***D.M. Thomas, c/o The White Hotel, Brighton.***

Madonna:

In time with the Perfect Beat

THE WEEK Madonna arrived in London was the same week that the winter we thought had forgotten us called in. In circumstances like this, most Americans I meet have "just flown in from LA" and spend their time either shopping for or shivering in expensive furs, while they whinge about how "grey" London is.

This girl, born in Detroit and now living in New York, didn't seem too bothered.

Her crew sauntered in the office decked out in hard times chic, the leader herself flaunting a *Wabo Gal* (what a Buffalo Gal would be, were she tough enough) jacket like street gang colours. Coats undone, no gloves and hats pushed well back...and we bystanders felt like wimps for moaning about the cold. Just as Madonna's hard edged single 'Everybody' is the sound of young New York's graffiti sensibilities, this is the stance.

She's a disciple of the scratch'n'rap'n'break dance sessions held up and down the city, gathering with the faithful every Friday night at the Roxy as part of Afrikaa Bambaataa's much publicised 'Zulu Nation'. However, more than being a mere camp follower, Madonna could be throwing this culture a much needed lifeline.

Her current release, and forthcoming work, prove that since pestering the DJ at Danceteria to listen to her demo tape about a year ago, she has refined the rudiments of the style without ever losing sight of her mentors' visions. Teflon-coated electronic backing, strong on the repetitive computerised drumbeats, scratched and dubbed, yet through her impassioned vocals it becomes accessible to even the most mild mannered disco fan.

Madonna has recognized the need for commercial viability a concession that has to be made before Bambaataa's nation can move from its street corner origins into accepted pop culture. The ease with which she makes this step has much to do with her being a native of Detroit, a city that is artistically stimulating but also short-sightedly insular.

"I lived in Detroit for 17 years of my life, and grew up in an almost totally black neighbourhood. It was the middle of the Motown era, and the jazz scene was very strong — both my older brothers were jazz musicians. *That* most definitely had a strong influence on the sort of music I do now.

"Music was that area's only expression of self-assurance or escape. The music of the time was everything to almost everybody — listening and dancing to music, or aspiring to be this or that, was all people were interested in. All my family were studying music, and my girlfriends and I had all these *pretend* girl groups we used to be in after school — stuff like The Supremes ...really silly."

The dance training Madonna had done before leaving Detroit led to jobs in New York, where she was noticed by the people in charge of international disco star Patrick Hernandez (he of brief 'Born To Be Alive' fame), and taken to France as part of his troupe. "When I got there, nobody would let me do anything — every time I complained they'd give me some money and forget about me for a little longer!"

Back in America, New York was the place where everybody had a chance. The city's thriving avant garde scene allowed Madonna to try the sort of music that might have been frowned on elsewhere.

"The artistic freedom of New York intimidated me a little at first. It's very intense, and very enclosed — like a world within the city — and I just had to spend a bit of time breaking into it.

"Once you're in, it's probably the most stimulating cultural environment possible — definitely the only city I could work in in America."

Culturally, The Big Apple is closer to the UK than it is to the rest of America. So that could explain why her single 'Everybody', complete with a Rusty Egan clubland re-mix, got a better reception in British clubs than it did in most of its country of origin.

Madonna's record company, Sire, have put her under the care of Reggie Lucas (half of the disco production team Mtume and Lucas) to record her album, and presumably improve domestic sales figures.

After hearing a cassette of finished material (Madonna never once called it 'product') due for release this spring, they seem an ideal combination. The tough kid from Motor City has retained enough control over the mixes to keep it sharp, and Lucas' touches are right to sneak it past those who find the hard line hard to handle.

It is respectable enough to get back to Bambaataa and show him the way to turn the Zulu Nation into a world power, and so live up to the boastful closing rap of 'Looking For The Perfect Beat' — *"We are your future/They are the past/We are the future/They are the past..."*

LLOYD BRADLEY

mercury

the Celtic soul BROTHERS

NEW SINGLE

INITIAL COPIES WITH FREE COLOUR POSTER

SEB shelton

Where do we begin, "Polish Sid," "Sid the Polak", "The Sergeant" are but three of the many titles applied to this drummer's many faceted personna.

Seb, a resident of this country for many years, has adapted well to British ways, but even now occasionally finds himself queueing outside the local bread shop at five in the morning. Says hard-working Seb: "Leisure is only sweet after work well done".

KEVIN ROWLAND and

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Ornery critic FRED DELLAR buckles on his holster, slaps on a stetson, and moseys along for a showdown with the latest guide to C&W

THE GRAND OLE SOAP OPRY

YOU'RE SO COLD I'M TURNIN' BLUE

by Martha Hume *(Penguin, £3.50)*

THOUGH COUNTRY music magazines are generally so bland that they make party political broadcasts seem exciting by comparison, country music books, by some strange whim of chance, often manage to excel their rock counterparts.

Certainly Chet Flippo's book on Hank Williams puts to shame just about every rock biography that's surfaced in recent times while, in the more academic field, Bill C Malone's *Country Music USA* is as invaluable as, say, Charlie Gillett's *Sound Of The City* or, in another area, Tony Heilbut's *The Gospel Sound.* There are others too — Peter Guralnick's *Lost Highway* and Paul Hemphill's *Bright Lights And Country Music,* superior samples of writing, whatever your musical taste.

Martha Hume's *You're So Cold,* which comes subtitled *A Guide To The Greatest In Country Music,* doesn't rank among these minor masterpieces. But, as an unpretentious book of lists, it still lassos most of its rock'n'roll rivals. For Hume realises that it's possible to send up the music that you love yet still hug it to your heart. So, apart from the tallies of recommended albums, the lists of CMA and Grammy Award winners, the roster of nicknames and the other obvious things that spring instantly to the mind of anyone compiling such a factual scrapbook, there are also scores of fun things, entertaining snippets that aim for the odd giggle, the occasional gurgle.

Among these guffaw-gainers are such items as 'Are You A Country Star?' which requires the reader to answer such questions as "If you were the world's first Polish country singer, would you (A) change your name and hide your ethnic origin? Or(B) capitalise on your origins by calling yourself 'The Singing Pole'? Chris Bohn is not required to answer.

Equally wonderful in its complete dispensability is 'The Roadhog's Rules To Being A Country Star', a list of rules (and unusual spellings!) which includes the instruction: "Keep yourself up and be clean. Nobody can play and sing country music with long hair. Waylen Jenkins has got long hair and you can't hear all of his words sometimes and his band is all beatniks and rock and roll. Kris Krisjefferson has longer hair and you can't hear any of his words at all. Eddie Arnull ain't got long hair."

Not everything is of a throwaway nature. An intriguing Carter family tree is included, one that spans from ol' Alvin Pleasant Delaney Carter (born 1891) through to Carlene Carter's third hubby, snappy young upstart Nick Lowe. A layman's guide to Nashville and other places of country interest are worth hanging onto, along with a list of useful addresses. Then there are the straightforward lists themselves ('The Best Train Songs', 'The Best Gospel Songs', 'The Best Prison Songs' etc.), thankfully all accompanied by explanatory pieces and not purely left out to dry as they are in many other books of this type.

If one goes nitpicking, faults do surface. Surely, for instance, 'King Of The Road' can hardly be considered as a trucking song? But that's just me being finnicky. Within the limits that she's set herself, Martha Hume has turned in a highly amusing and often informative book.

Country's funniest faces — one of the few lists not included in You're So Cold. *L-R Cousin Jody; Lonzo; and Hank Snow, sporting the Nashville Hairline Crown Topper*

Patsy Cline, the great country singer killed in an air crash in 1963. Her hits included 'Crazy' and 'I Fall To Pieces'

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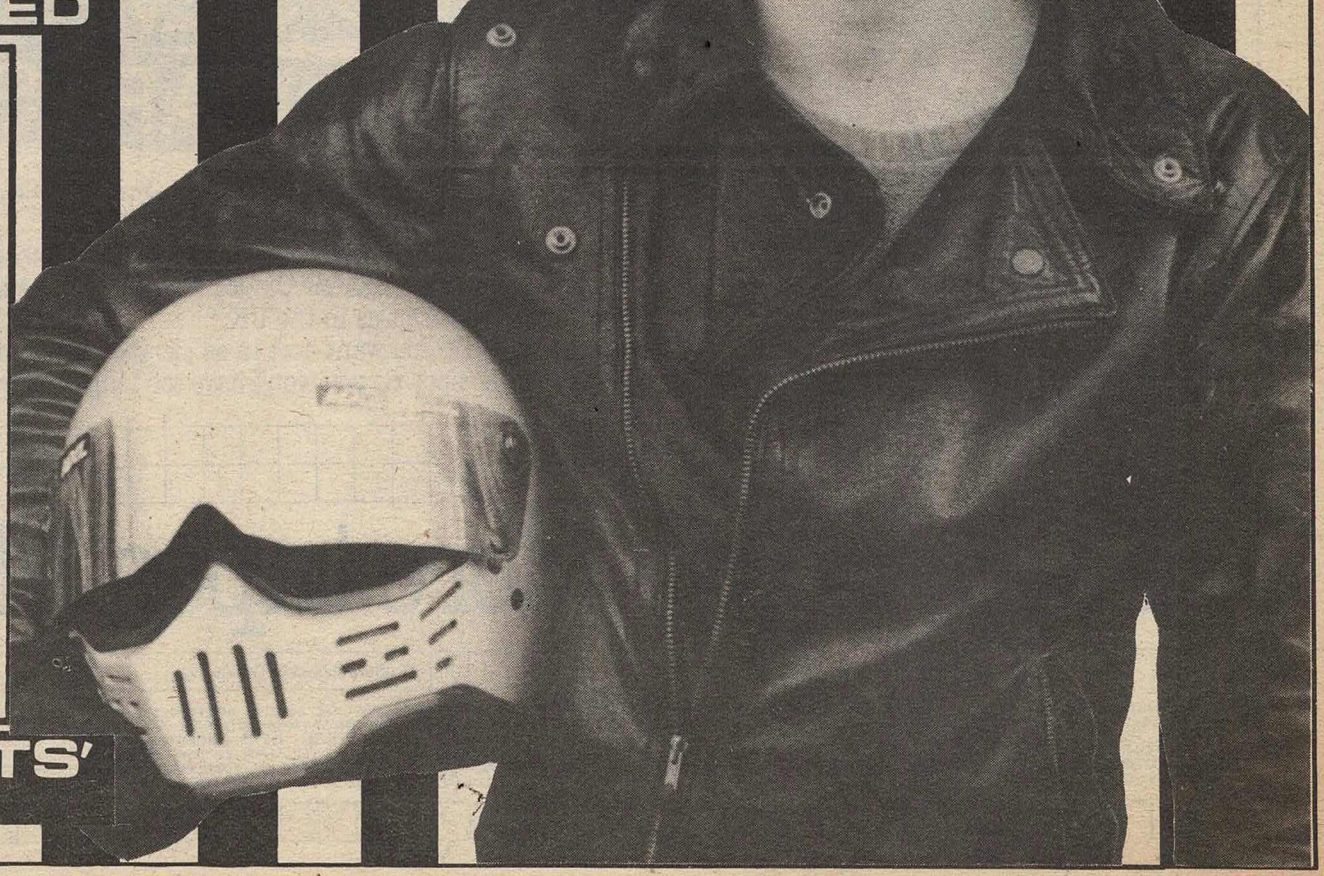

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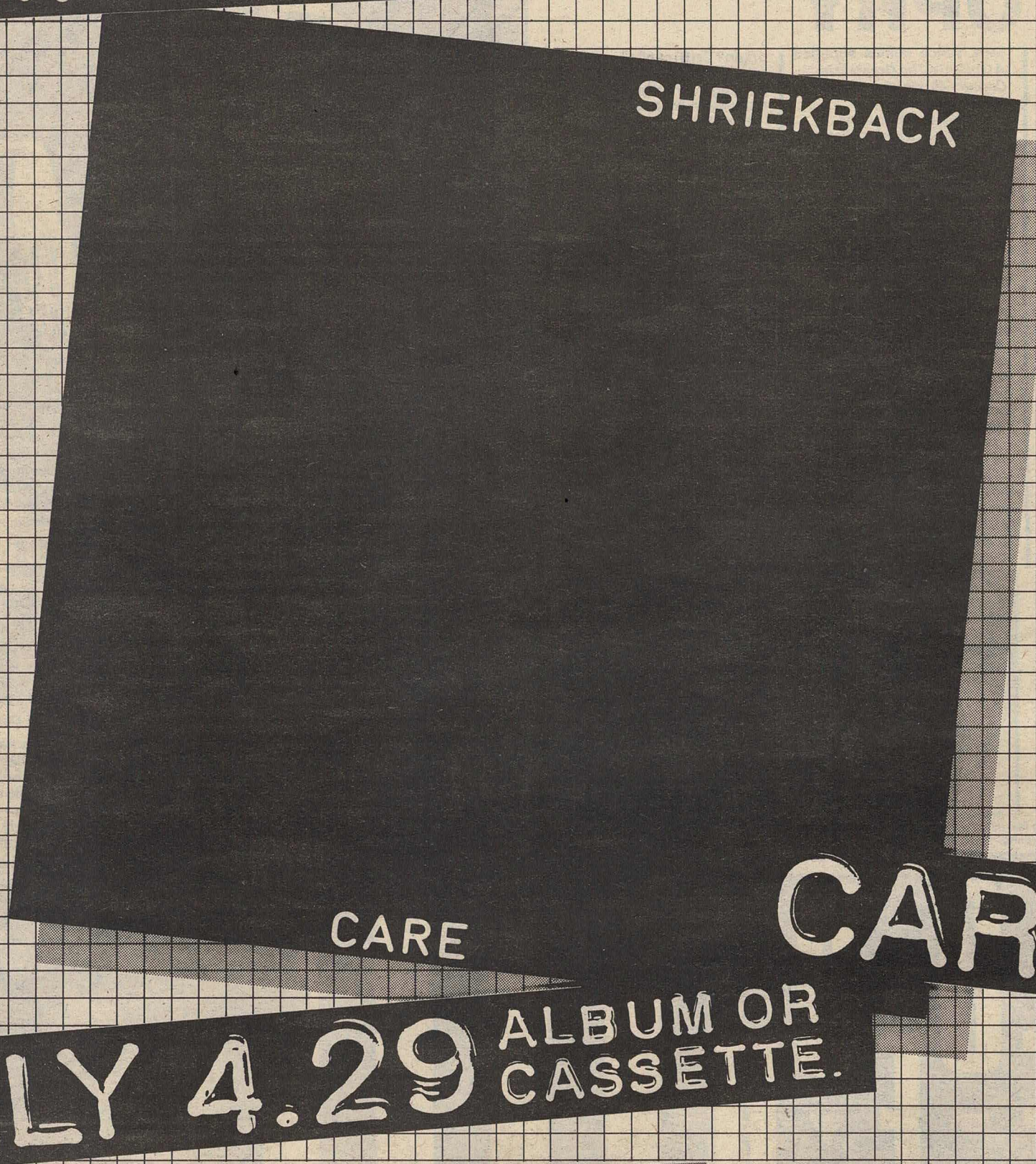

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Jools Holland tells Adrian Thrills he's happy to remain a simple honky tonk piano man — with a TV contract in his back pocket of course. Photo: Peter Anderson.

WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE?

AND SO *The Tube* turns itself off at the end of its first series, letting in *The Switch* to continue Channel Four's barrage of Friday night screen pop and leaving Jools Holland to retire to the wilds of south London with plenty of food for thought.

For Holland — who hosted 20 editions of the programme with co-presenter Paula Yates and a cast of untried youngbloods — the summer recess will mean a welcome break from a weekly routine that has seen him make a 6am start every Thursday morning for the last five months: a cab from Blackheath to King's Cross and an Inter City to Newcastle meant he was always in a Tyne-Tees studio by noon on Thursday for the live broadcast the following evening.

"Considering the programme lasted less than two hours, it certainly took a massive chunk out of my week," he reflects.

"It was a lot of fun and the people were good to work with, but I never realised it was going to take up so much time when it began back in November. But I think I'll still be there when the second series begins in September."

In his anchorman role, Holland was a cornerstone of *The Tube's* success, giving the programme continuity, accessibility and a smattering of wit. And despite its flaws, *The Tube* was relatively successful, attracting a regular audience of over a million, engineering a number of prestigious 'scoops' and presenting live music in a far more conducive context than any of its feeble rivals — an erratic but energetic format that saw it finish top televised music show in last month's *NME* reader's poll.

"Overall, I think *The Tube* was the best music programme on TV. Once the programme found its feet, I think my role was to keep things running along. I'm not setting out to be a great comic or journalist. I just try and be myself. The person you see on the screen is the real Jools Holland. He's the real Jools Holland plus a bit more, a bit of an exaggerated version of the bloke you'll find at home."

Of course, the show did have its limitations, one that Holland pinpoints being the current dearth of interesting and varied live bands available.

"The hardest thing was to get a really good live band in the studio every week. It would have been nice if we could have varied the type of act we showcased a bit more. When someone like BB King is in the country we should go for them on the programme."

"On the other hand, I think the programme would benefit from one really aggressive interviewer, a Robin Day type. We need someone fast enough to catch people out. If I'm interviewing someone and they get stroppy, all I can do is take the piss out of them, but I'm no Robin Day."

Holland landed his *Tube* slot following his one-off television special on The Police in Monserrat, but is otherwise best known for his musical exploits — first as the original keyboard player in Squeeze and latterly as skipper of his own band The Millionaires.

He has been playing piano since the age of six and became a founder member of Squeeze with his schoolmate Glenn Tilbrook at 15, remaining a part of the band up to their third album 'Argybargy' before electing to pursue a solo career.

With the Difford-Tilbrook songwriting axis giving the band much of its character and clearly-defined creative core, Holland's musical interests — rooted unashamedly in traditional boogie-woogie — surfaced only spasmodically. When Holland songs such as 'Wrong Side Of The Moon', 'Hop Skip And Jump' and 'Numerous' did crop up on Squeeze records, they seemed little more than token gestures and the pianist was forced to give vent to musical frustration first with a solo EP on the Deptford Fun City label and eventually by leaving the band.

But the solo career got off to a slow start. Holland originally intended The Millionaires to be something of a glorified boogie-woogie garage band, but his record label A&M had other ideas, financing an American tour and roping in rock producer Glyn Johns (Who, Stones etc) for an album which failed to capture the loose, bar-room R&B feel the band were striving for.

Now that *The Tube* has run its first lap, however, Jools plans to rebuild his musical career on a more modest base, recording tracks for an album in a small ground-floor studio beneath his Blackheath flat.

"The way that I'm working now is more relaxed. It's the opposite extreme to the big studio number. It's more fun. If you get bored you can nip upstairs for a cuppa or shoot out to the pub for a couple of hours. The sound might not be as perfect as you'd get in a plusher studio, but the *feel* you get more than makes up for that."

The songs Holland is currently recording will appear on A&M in the summer with some live shows lined up to coincide with their release. Whether his *Tube* infamy will be enough to ensure some commercial success remains to be seen — there is hardly a massive market for honest, unpretentious R&B right now — although that won't bother him.

With his television career paying the rent, Jools says he would be happy enough just tinkling the ivories in his local pub, but deep down it is as a musician rather than as a TV personality that he seeks respect.

"Some of the songs themselves might be a bit silly, but playing the piano is always something that I'll take seriously. All the television stuff is just bluff. It's the music that's important.

Playing piano for profit just wouldn't be the forte of an improvident Millionaire.

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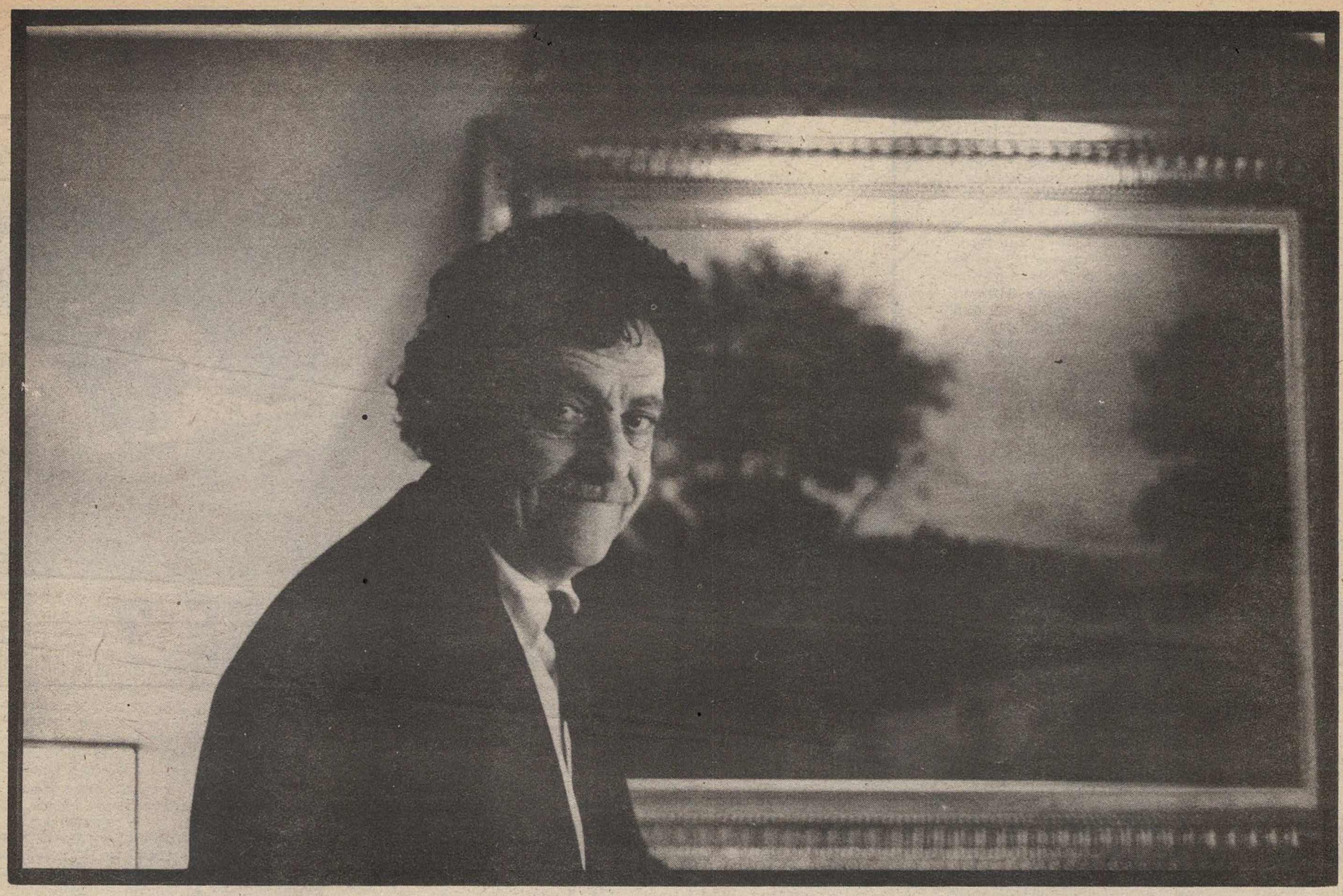

UGH! UGH! UGGLE-UGGLE-UGGLE!...

IF ANYONE ever plays the part of Kurt Vonnegut in a movie, it would probably have to be Walter Matthau.

It could quite easily be Matthau's sourmashed features crouching behind Vonnegut's tobacco-bleached moustache, Matthau's towering height contorted into an apologetic slouch in order not to embarrass or slight his more stunted brethren, Matthau's drily nasal tones emerging as if through an intensely convoluted series of pipes and tubes.

Matthau would probably have a field day with Kurt Vonnegut's laugh. When some aspect of the ironies of human existence tickles him beyond endurance, his body literally creases up and his face begins to resemble a large, moustachioed grape. Each paroxysm of laughter is separated from the next by a racking, rattling cough which makes you want to count the cigarette butts in his ashtray and wonder surreptitiously if he's going to have a heart attack or cough himself to death right there and then.

Saying something funny to Kurt Vonnegut, therefore, carries with it an awesome responsibility. Who would wish on their conscience that this most thoroughly likeable man of American letters keeled over on them without even so much as a "So it goes"?

So it goes.

Kurt Vonnegut is an American writer in his early sixties who, starting out from a background in engineering and anthropology, made an early reputation in science fiction before becoming one of the very few authors in that field who create a genuine reputation outside it. For sentimental reasons, specialist shops like London's 'Forbidden Planet' still carry complete sets of Vonnegut's work even though their SF content over the last dozen years has been negligible.

A humourist whose principal subject is tragedy, Vonnegut made his first major impression on the literary mainstream with *Slaughterhouse-5*, a fictionalisation of his experience as a prisoner of war in the bombing of Dresden during World War II, an event in which 135,000 people died.

Dresden had no military significance whatsoever, and its destruction did not shorten the war or hasten Hitler's defeat by so much as a millisecond. With a few science-fiction interruptions fulfilling the same function as the clowns in Shakespearean tragedy, *Slaughterhouse-5* made Vonnegut's reputation.

"The Dresden atrocity, tremendously expensive and meticulously planned, was so meaningless, finally, that only one person on the entire planet got any benefit from it," he wrote when the book was reissued in a deluxe edition in 1976. "I wrote this book, which earned a lot of money for me and made my reputation, such as it is. One way or another, I got two or three dollars for every person killed. Some business I'm in."

He was once accused of selling sugar pills with a bitter coating: sentimentality disguised as tragedy. In Vonnegut's novels, the characters are almost invariably helpless; they are in thrall to history, to their culture to the chemical activities of their metabolisms. They are the victims of accidents; they are as helpless as the 135,000 who died in Dresden. Vonnegut himself only survived because a collapsing building served to protect him from further injuries.

In his new novel *Deadeye Dick*, his protagonist's life is utterly dominated by the fact that — at the age of 12 — he was cleaning a gun which he impulsively fired, killing a pregnant woman miles away. This character's father was the man who befriended Adolf Hitler in Vienna when the little shithead was a starving painter, and by giving him a coat and buying one of his paintings enabled him to survive long enough to screw up the lives of millions.

So it goes.

The universe, says Vonnegut, is like that. More and more people fall over bigger and slipperier banana skins: no blame.

At the same time, his essays, speeches, interviews and reviews — as collected in his two anthologies of miscellania *Wampeters, Foma And Granfalloons* (1975) and *Palm Sunday* (1981) — have relentlessly demanded from those in authority the kind of responsibility for their actions that they so patently fail to show. His opposition to Nixon during that worthy's term of office was — in true Vonnegutian fashion — both admirable and pointless.

As Vonnegut himself ruefully pointed out, every major literary figure in America was on the record against Nixon, and — until Watergate broke — it didn't do a damn bit of good.

Still, as one of Vonnegut's most celebrated recurring characters, Eliot Rosewater, stated in *God Bless You, Mr Rosewater*, "Goddamit, you gotta be kind." Vonnegut's entire body of work, fiction and non-fiction, is dedicated to the proposition that we must recognise and respect the dignity of our fellow humans, and — in doing so — create an end to loneliness.

THIS TALL, rumpled, chainsmoking humanist does not like doing interviews.

"An interview is 180 degrees away from what a writer customarily does, and it quite often depends on the attitude of the interviewer. If some very young person attempts to perform surgery on me and get out of me quickly something that I am having difficulty getting out slowly, then I'm in trouble. I'm used to preparing my words very carefully before they go into print, having them pass through several hands: an editor, my wife and all that, to get it exactly right.

"I've said all *sorts* of things with cameras and tape recorders running that I don't believe at *all*. . . this whole trip to England is completely uncharacteristic. I don't do interviews any more in the United States, and I don't lecture either. Here I'm doing both at the behest of Tom Maschler, who's head of Jonathan Cape (Vonnegut's UK publishers) and a very good friend of mine. With someone like that, any reasonable request becomes a categorical imperative. I have no such friendship with any publisher in New York." A shrug.

In one of his essays, Vonnegut casually referred to George Orwell as "a man I admire more than almost any other," but he has written no longer and more elaborate testament to Orwell than that, and neither does he intend to.

"He has been so well represented by himself that there is almost nothing that I could add. If he had been a dramatist, say, then there would have been some point to writing an essay on him, but it would be very hard to bring anything new from the outside to what a journalist is able to say about himself. There is very little more to say about him, except by his wife or maybe by some very close friends. I appreciate him tremendously, I would love to have written what he had written, I would love to have been him . . . I wouldn't like to die as he died, though."

What does Vonnegut feel that his appreciation of Orwell has contributed to his own work?

"A natural harmony . . . I am from fairly well-to-do circumstances, marginally well-to-do circumstances and grew up with the same puritanical beliefs that he had, that people with advantages should serve the less fortunate . . . " he launches into a preliminary splutter of laughter, catches himself and continues . . . "if I had been eight years older I would have been old enough to go to the Spanish Civil War, and I hope that I would have done. What the boyish part of me responds to in him is the spirit of his departure for Spain, not his disillusionment. What thrills me is his going to work in Paris as a dishwasher and then coming over here and finding out what it's like to be a hobo.

"I like that. That's exciting. It's a little like *Treasure Island* or something like that, a wonderful boys' adventure. I have a little of that left in me, and as far as the disillusionment goes . . . sure, disillusionment is boring. I prefer Koestler for disillusionment. I would like to read Orwell for the romance and Koestler for the disillusionment."

Unlike Orwell, who used common material for both fiction and essays but kept the two rigidly separated, Vonnegut has gradually stripped away so much of the apparatus of the novel from his work that the distinction is rapidly collapsing. How much of that apparatus has to stay before the novel actually becomes an essay?

"Well, I suppose it would be perfectly all right if the thing *did* transform itself into an essay halfway through as long as it made sense as a whole work of art. This is an adventure for me: I have no idea as to what's been causing these changes. I certainly haven't planned each book, but part of it must be my sense of being well-known. People recognise me and this entitles me to a certain degree of familiarity. It's the sort of thing that happened to a great actor like John Barrymore, who became so colourful that it didn't matter a damn what play he was in."

Like Orwell again, you have become your own most finely delineated character.

. . .SPLORK! AHHHH! PHWERG!

Kurt Vonnegut *— SF writer turned planetary humorist, author of* Slaughterhouse-5 *and* Deadeye Dick *— laughs, coughs and splutters all over* ***Charles Shaar Murray***

Deadeye pix: ***Pennie Smith***

"Yeah, well, I would hope so, but that's simply one way of writing. Just as I am tall, and as my eyes are a certain colour, this seems to come naturally. It was some sort of genetic change, not something I planned as a matter of policy.

"What psychiatrists have found — those who've dealt with a lot of writers — is that they can't guide it at all. Sure, they can shape a story or edit it . . . I have taught some — sure, I know it's a joke to teach creative writing, but it can be done — and talking about what I do for a living as a trade, I know that once you've got about 75 pages, a book will start making demands of its own, and if you give in to those demands, it's been my experience that you have demands and that a book has demands and if you average them out then you will wind up with something which can be contained in an eggshell. Then everything needed for nourishment will be inside of this case, and you bring up a subject and finally the book will insist on amending or refuse to accept your character.

"You have to be *alert* to the needs of your book. One thing I know too is that my intelligence is a new part of the brain very deeply submerged under the old brain and separated by a layer of *fat*". He punches the last word hard, and grins through his cloud of smoke. "And every so often, some of this comes through and you see how smart you can be when those messages get through. I want to go to a *surgeon* and have that barrier *slit*," — he leans forward, fighting off an irresistable attack of mirth — "because *sometimes* . . . I am so *smart*" — he begins to splutter — "that it's almost *un-be-liev-a-able* . . . "

I will now attempt to let you know what Kurt Vonnegut's laughter sounds like. The nearest approximation I can provide is this:

"UGH! UGH! UGGLE-UGGLE-UGGLE! Splork! Ahhh! Phwerg!"

Recovering: "Ordinarily, I lead a rather clumsy life and conduct clumsy conversations but sometimes, boy! It's like I can draw on someone else who's smart, and I think that's the case with Bobby Fischer. The reason that he hides away from everyone is that he doesn't have that layer of fat. As you get older, of course, that layer of fat seals over.

"I think there are only three kinds of prodigies in our civilization: in music, chess and mathematics. It's well known that if you don't get a Nobel Prize in physics by the time you are 35 you are *never* going to get it. This is all intuition, but I think the finest work of writers is done in their mid-twenties, customarily. D.H. Lawrence, Hemingway . . . their early short stories are much better. Before they got their maturity, their experience, the stories are *stunning* . . . "

He shrugs again. "Then they got a little *heavy* . . . but I'm not alarmingly intelligent like Bobby Fischer's alarmingly intelligent or D.H. Lawrence was alarmingly intelligent. If I'd been scary like that, then my career would have shown a steady growth pattern in a society like this. Mind you, if someone had bought stock in me when I was starting . . . the people who published my early work ran no risk, because I was a science fiction writer, and any science-fiction book in paperback — no matter how lousy — sold 95,000 copies. There were 95,000 people who'd buy it no matter what it was, and they could scarcely *read* . . . uggle-uggle-uggle . . .

"What mattered was the cover, and covers on science fiction books were virtually interchangeable. If you wanted to sell books you'd use a woman or a swastika. At the same time, an exactly equal number of books about cowboys sold. I could have swung the other way, maybe . . . but that has died."

VONNEGUT HAS been, in the past, quite exceptionally scathing about SF. Has nothing in the field met with his approval?

"There are several great books, but you have to wade through a lot of awful stuff to get there. It was always my complaint from the beginning as a little kid before I started to study physics and chemistry . . . I had contempt for science fiction writers because they were so ignorant about science. In the '30s, authors of science-fiction thrillers wouldn't know *beans* about science, and I've been impeded in my reading of it by lousy science.

"But planetary literature is being born. We have had great artists like Shakespeare and Goethe who have been important to the whole planet, and it is no longer enough that literature should simply refer to England or France or Germany or America. All that is falling away, because the basic political unit that we have to recognise now is the *planet*. Planetary literature still has to outgrow its early habits. People are so *impatient*! My God, the new theatrical season is nearly half over and we haven't yet got one *great play*! Maybe there won't be one all year! Maybe nothing will happen in the '80s!

"With planetary literature, people will become less and less ethnocentric. It's an ethnocentric little cottage industry with people going haywire scratching out these little stories and putting together a crew with one Scotsman and one Eskimo and one Malaysian and one Chinese and so forth. The world is getting better and better. More and more people are realising that what is under attack is Earth."

For Vonnegut, there is no distinction between defending Earth and dumping nukes.

"We have got to get rid of the damn weapons," he says unequivocally. "These poisons weren't on Earth until we manufactured them. If God did not see fit to include such ghastly poisons in such hideous concentrations in nature, then how can we? I've got one friend — a cousin who worked on the hydrogen bomb — and he's of the opinion that the planet is *already* poisoned. You do not need an explosion. You do not need a war. The planet is already contaminated."

Well, thanks, Kurt. You've really made my day.

"Well, I try to spread a little joy. Uggle! They drew a map of Three Mile Island — that plant in Pennsylvania that had blown — they still haven't been able to go right in there. They drew a map of where the winds would've carried this stuff, and they got this wedge-shaped mass of desolation. If it'd hit New Jersey, the whole state would've been unfarmable for 900 years. I think this is why we have a more generalised protest in the United States than I've perceived here or anywhere else. We want to get rid of all the poisons, hence the enormous support.

"It's the top priority for all the environmentalists in the States. Mothers all want clean air and water for their kids. All the Catholic bishops in the United States took an anti-nuclear stance."

In Vonnegut's books, nobody is ever responsible for anything. Nothing is ever anybody's fault. In the universe as Vonnegut perceives and depicts it, can we be anything more than at the mercy of Forces Beyond Our Control?

"No . . . what is insane is our culture, and people don't yet understand that they can redesign their culture. They haven't even been taught this in school! The thing that I would teach in the first grade is cultural morality and how arbitrary most cultures are for nationalistic reasons or reasons of self-defence. We're told we've got to cling to this culture because it's the very best one, but look how easily Hitler overhauled the old culture of Germany in a matter of — hell, two years. From 1932 to 1934."

He is seized by a fit of coughing.

"People sometimes find me — *splurgh*! — intolerably — *blaaagh!* — sentimental — *flurgle*! But I have been mistreated by my fellow man so rarely, and every time it has been not because it was in that man's interest to hurt me, but because the culture demanded it. It was a cultural idea of manliness which slugged me, for example. A soldier will shoot a man because culturally that is what soldiers are supposed to do. People have their brains wrecked by what doctors prescribe and they are just ridden by their cultures. My mother's brain was wrecked by sodium amytal.

"In my new book *Deadeye Dick*, a young kid, 12 years old, shoots a pregnant woman at a distance of a few miles by pulling a trigger on a whim. His father's a gun nut because a display of masculinity is culturally demanded of him. *There's* the evil."

I ask Kurt Vonnegut what he thinks the worst things in our culture are and he says racism, poverty and loneliness. I ask him what the best thing is and he says cellophane cling-film. Uggle-uggle-uggle!

In the '70s and thus far into the '80s, Kurt Vonnegut's best work has probably been the essays in his two anthologies. His new novel *Deadeye Dick* is probably his most dashing and inventive performance since *Breakfast Of Champions*, but his contribution to this culture has been unique and valuable. He is one of nature's favourite uncles.

And I'm still worried about his cough.

"I wrote this book about the Dresden atrocity, which earned a lot of money for me . . . I got two or three dollars for every person killed. Some business I'm in."

PENNY RIMBAUD writes about the Falklands War, and asks: Margaret Thatcher—Prime Minister or Prime Murderer?

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__Gil Evans__ is 71-years-old and a prominent jazz arranger who during his 35 year career has worked with Miles Davis and Hendrix. __Richard Cook__ meets this formidable man in his New York home.

WHEN YOU already have a lifetime of music behind you — written, arranged played, heard — all you can do is some more.

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Gil Evans has been working on that double life for a long time. Music is a slender, amorphous mistress to him: he prods and frets over chords and scales until their form is lost to a whispering world in shadow. It is a communing with the very roots of sound that takes whole orchestras to articulate, and it's a story that is related across decades.

Gil Evans is 71 years old this May.

"My mother was Scottish. She worked as a cook and I travelled all around with her as a child. I've never met my relatives. One time I was living in midtown Manhattan, about 20 years ago, and I got a call from a lady who said, I believe I'm your sister. And she came over. She was from New Zealand, about 20 years older than me. She died not long after we met and I never got a chance to talk with her much. We were five children and we all had different fathers."

ON A CHARMED spring morning in Manhattan I walk over to Gil's studio apartment off Central Park West. He is waiting for me outside: a gummy pair of eyes, troubled by cataracts, slightly dim the sparkle of his gracious manner, but he skips down the steps into his porch like a yearling. He has a beautifully gentle, silvery voice. I ask him how he keeps fit and he offers a serious reply.

"To tell you the truth, sex is about my only real exercise. But I do walk from here up to the West Village and back. About 120 blocks."

Speaking to Evans disarms the expectations. He has no great interest in the history he has occupied from the swing era — when he began as arranger for Claude Thornhill's remarkable, impressionistic big band — to the present. He muses on his associations as if they were happy momentos from the social diary of a recent season. The quality of a particular time, as measured through its music, is as close to him today as it first was. The quality remains.

Most of our talk brews around the affections of music lovers: Anthony Braxton, *Wozzeck,* Earl Hines, Jack Teagarden's trombone... He has the natural enthusiasm of someone who took up with music because of its particular spell. He missed any formal training and taught himself a personal language. When he scored Rodrigo's 'Concierto D'Aranjuez' for Miles Davis' 'Sketches Of Spain', he learned it off the only recorded version available, copying the parts by ear.

He was Bird's roommate, Miles' most trusted musical confidant. He met Jimi Hendrix, proposed an album which death called time on and still arranges his favourite tunes — 'Up From The Skies', 'Angel', 'Stone Free'.

His dialogue with music has been brilliantly sustained: Evans has pursued an aesthetic that is both intensely 'musical' — the orchestra treated and scored with the elegance and grandeur of the serious Western composer — and stiffened by the backbone of a jazzman's love of swing. No clouds of lavender clog his arrangements — they crackle, grip, sting. Soloists can burn out of a chart, or snake languidly through the smoke. The spontaneity of the jazz improvisation is never lost sight of.

WHAT IS it about a tune that makes him want to arrange it?

"It's a funny thing about songs. Sometimes a first-rate song isn't so great as a vehicle, and one that isn't so good can really work well. Sensational songs I never really have used, thing like 'All The Things You Are', because they're already so perfect. And it's hard to get past the structure of those. The structure of Billy Harper's 'Priestess' is interesting, the way the bass part has a separate motion to it and the way the counterpoint works."

'Priestess' is the long title track to the most recent Evans album, just released on Antilles although dating from a 1977 New York gig. The tune exemplifies his uncanny ability with a large group: a theme of bluff simplicity is tartly coloured by the writing, a canvas for some impassioned solo efforts by Arthur Blythe, David Sanborn and Lew Soloff which peels down into unforced, truthful intimacy. The arranger has made the property his own.

"Any tune that I work on usually has a jazz feel under it. I don't have a classical background and I didn't hear any classical music until I was 25 — my background was all in listening to jazz.

"The first music I was exposed to was at Berkeley High School. This friend of mine had a room in his house with a piano and everything — this was in 1927, right? — and all these records, Louis Armstrong and Duke and Red Nichols. From then on I bought Louis Armstrong records for maybe ten years. I had every one up until 1937 — by then he was becoming more of a pop entertainer. There was nothing as thrilling to me — there never *has* been — as those early Armstrong records."

Gil recalls it as something valuable and enriching, not with the selfish nostalgia of age. His indulgence is like a shared confidence.

"Any piece of music I would touch or play, whether it was jazz or classical or whatever, would have that feel to it. I got it from all that listening to Louis Armstrong and Duke. And a white New York band from that time, The Casa Loma Orchestra."

Onstage with his groups he takes the dual role again: right inside the music, the directional responsibility fully shouldered, but exuding a listening fan's enjoyment.

"I started a band for peculiar reasons. I'm not crazy about having a band, but... I've been sitting in front of that piano for 30 years trying to figure out new ways to voice a minor 7th chord. When I got married for the second time I suddenly felt so *lonesome,* working that way, so I wanted to work in a band.

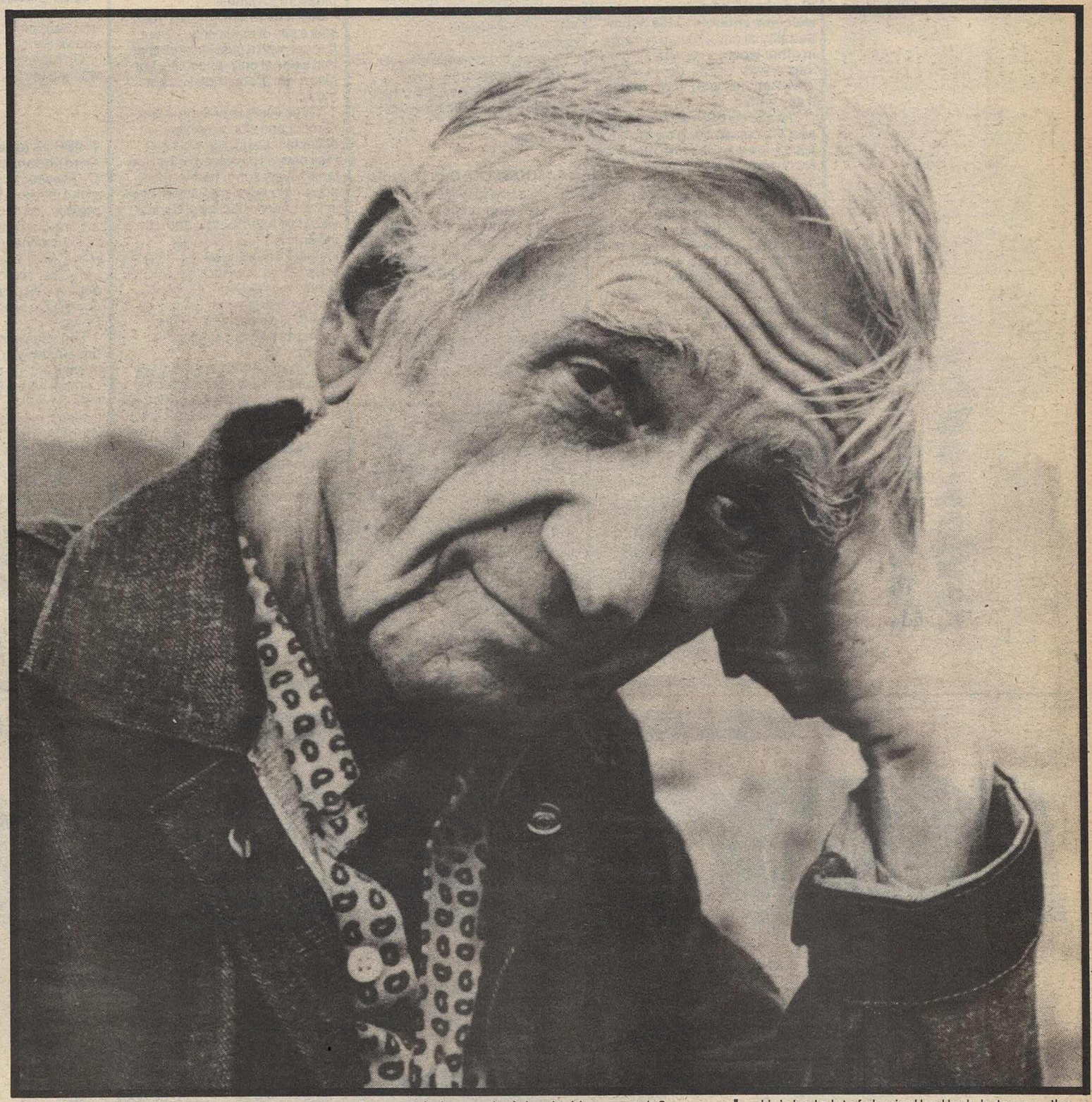
"I'm like a slave to the piano and I like the fun of playing too. The neighbours go crazy because I can sit and play the same chords for an hour. I don't hear those same chords, I hear different instruments playing them. It's like an adventure for me, playing in a band. And it helps get the callouses off my ass.

"I can do what I want without having to play too well. I can be a cheerleader! I can suggest things and hear the band pick them up, just from the way I pick something out on the piano."

Why has he always preferred the arranger's role

STILL SMILING

GIL EVANS



to the composer's?

"I guess I'm not really much of a composer. It's a ludicrous game in a way because you don't get royalties. But I always enjoyed writing arrangements *so much* that it didn't concern me that I wouldn't get a cheque in the mail. I wised up when we did 'Sketches Of Spain' — those numbers credited to me are traditional tunes. You don't get royalties on public domain numbers."

HE IS, of course, too modest. Self-effacement has kept Evans above water, but only just. His 35 years in the jazz forefront amounts to a slim catalogue of records: principally the arrangements for Davis, pitting the trumpeter against textures that seemed to nourish and embrace the grain of Miles' most introspective playing. As richly expansive and refined as the moods of 'Miles Ahead' and 'Porgy And Bess' were, this was some of the most private music jazz had witnessed. 'Sketches Of Spain' wreathed in the passions of courtly flamenco, cut even closer to the bone of tragedy itself.

'Out Of The Cool' is the one Evans album everybody should know. It gives the lie to his 'poor' composing, for 'La Nevada' and 'Sunken Treasure' are luminous Evans themes which spin like celestial planets. soloists rising out of the form and impelled by a force that is far removed from the simple push of the jazz rhythm section. When Johnny Coles plays against the ensemble on 'Sunken Treasure' it sounds like crying. The profound melancholy in this music, the strain that Miles recognised, has no brother.

"Some jazz composers have a very formal idea about composition," Evans reflects. "The very fact that something is called a composition means it does have a structure. A composition is a series of repetitions and contrasts and when an idiom is new it can stand more repetition.

"With jazz it's always seemed to be timbre that's been the quality of innovation. The content of the idea isn't the first thing you hear, it's the *sound* which comes through. Jazz innovators were always sound innovators to start with — like Coleman Hawkins. He was the first to make the saxophone sound agreeable, *beautiful*. It was a rhythmic thing too but the sound came first. When Lester Young started out they told him he should play an alto because the Hawkins sound was the one people were comfortable with."

How does his attitude change between studio and concert?

"If you're doing an orchestral piece it doesn't really depend a lot on the players' reaction to an audience. George Russell (the theorist and composer) writes highly structured music but he has a knack of making it sound a lot freer than it really is. It's notated, all set, so he can make a studio date sound as good as a live one. But Miles' group can record a couple of numbers and do them on the road and *then* they'll really come alive.

"It's a natural conversation between the person who conceived the music, the players who make it and the people who hear it; and if something's missing, like an audience, it's not natural. Sometimes when I'm leading a band onstage it can get going... We played 18 concerts in 21 days in Europe in 1981 and by the end I could just sit down and play one note and away we'd go! Funny things, *poignant* things can happen.

"It's a point I have to get across to a band. I want them to improvise but I don't want it to be a *duty*. That's *poison* to me — duty. Whether it's in my love life or music or whatever, I can't stand duty. I don't want to be done a favour and I don't want to be asked for one, not favours of that kind. If they don't *feel* like it I don't want anyone to play a note.

"You know Monk's 'Friday The Thirteenth'?"

He rushes to the piano that stands splendidly by the window to demonstrate the arranger's art. It's like a lesson in alchemy as he fingers the chords. You hear the echo of the instruments as he calls them.

"I may start this out myself — with the tuba and a bass trombone or something — then I'll say, trumpets play second line, then I'll say trombones, that line! Play any note you want on the chord like C 7th, E Flat 7th and they'll go... then saxophones play a subtone — one down, real soft... that'll get us started, but from then on they're on their own. I'll go back and fuck around with the piano or just forget about the band and they'll have to do something.

"I hate to *direct* at all. The complaints that I get from players are that I expect them to be mindreaders. I like to direct from the piano — they might not get the same thing, but they'll have the idea, either the intensity or activity or...

"I just did a gig in Boston with college players. Wow! They were so good. I was lucky there because they enjoyed the freedom — they first had to play some very structured music by Anthony Braxton. One piece was just like Berg!

"How can you have a steady taste all the time? How can you go to a concert and not be influenced by other things? The place, the time, the climate... When you're in a band you can feel so different to the way the music may be. You can feel it's terrible, and then you hear a tape of it later and it's sensational. The one constant thing is your choice of idiom.

"When I write all I say to myself is — is this too easy or too hard? And I figure if it's too hard they'll tell me. Sometimes I might stress the technique of a player who'll say, this is impossible! And then a day or so later it won't be.

"It can get an intense sound too — this minor blues of mine, 'Variation On The Misery'."

Gil arranges another demonstration. The notes mix in unearthly accord. He looks down at the keys like a physicist gazing into a test tube.

"The first time I recorded it the triad was played with two trumpets and a tuba and it gave a great cry! I wanted them to go YAAAAAA! — something very high for the tuba to play, but it sounded so good.

Was he surprised that 'Sketches Of Spain' never led to a rash of classical-jazz records?

"It led to a rash of records, but records of 'Concerto D'Aranjuez'. There was only one version of it available then and now there's maybe 14. The melody is so powerful. Rodrigo didn't like Miles' version of it but it brought him a lot of money in royalties. A *lot* of money."

Why did his associations with Miles seem to peter out?

"I guess I just stopped working with him. We did half another album ('Quiet Nights') and then it stopped. I did a couple of things on 'Filles De Kilimanjaro'... everyone's got their own path, right?

"We first met in New York by accident. When I first came here I just went straight to 52nd Street, didn't even have a place to stay, just walked up and down that street. Wow! And I got this little basement place, a couple of rooms, and I left the door open for two years. That's how we got together and eventually we went our own way again."

And now?

"When he's in town I see him maybe three or four days a week. We'll be working together again. You could say that we're in a musical and emotional condition where we can work together.

"I saw George Russell the other week and suggested that he and Miles and I work together on an album, and he thought it was a good idea. Maybe it'll happen. Miles is really feeling good. He's had a lot of physical bad luck, but now — the way he plays a concert, he'll dance a little, play to the first rows...he's better."

We can only speculate on what a new collaboration might bring. Evans isn't specific. He's in no hurry.

CASSETTES litter his room. He rummages around to find a particular tape to play me.

"I know this guy at Columbia who's got 3,000 78s, right? I made him out a list of records, stuff I hadn't heard in 50 years. He had every one and he put them on a tape for me."

Sometimes his head will stop in profile as he picks up a train of thought: his almost completely white hair is like snow overhanging a ravine. The folds of his striking face are stretched and slackened but held in noble relief by these many years.

He locates the tape of Louis Armstrong's 'No One Else But You' — "The first record I ever bought, 1928!" — and old Manhattan swings to the sound of that ancient, superbly alive music. I remember the same chill of excitement the first time I heard the records of the young Armstrong. Gil mirrors me back: he just smiles at all that feeling.

"I've been lucky with things. That's my favourite thing — to be lucky. There's nothing like that, right?"

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

SINGLES

reviewed by Paolo Hewitt

MORE PLEASE AND THANK YOU!

GLENN JONES: I Am Somebody *(RCA Import)* With the cool ear now well and truly tuned to the sound of soul, Glenn Jones demonstrates just how powerful the medium can be. Not only should RCA make this available as soon as possible (so that it doesn't disappear in elitist import land), but Jones's contemporaries should sharply take note of the words contained within.

Inspired by a Martin Luther King speech (the record actually uses a tape of King's words) 'Somebody' comes as a welcome antidote to the lyrical banality of most dance records. In other words, it doesn't rhyme 'night' with 'right', 'down' with 'town' or 'me' with 'free'. Instead it says this:

"I woke up one morning and saw the handwriting on the wall/Time was passing me by so fast I wasn't moving at all/I looked in the mirror and said to myself/To live in this world you've got to believe in yourself/I am somebody and the universe is mine/I am somebody and the world belongs to me..."

Simplistic? Slightly, but aligned to its buzzing cauldron of percussion, delicate electronics and superb pop arrangement, matched by the conviction dripping from Jones's voice, and you have a record that is strong and effective, loud and proud.

Uplifting to brothers and sisters everywhere, me and Mr Jones we got a thing going on. How about you?

KEVIN ROWLAND AND DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: The Celtic Soul Brothers *(Phonogram)* Another cut off 'Too-Rye-Ay', a rerelease in fact, which is hardly in the spirit of challenge and adventure that Kevin Rowland wishes to confront us with. As far as I can see it, there are two reasons for this single. A marketing ploy on Phonogram's behalf coinciding with Rowland's fervent desire to see 'Celtic Soul Brothers', a particular favourite of his, high in the charts.

That said it doesn't diminish the song's charm one iota. Jaunty, irresistible melody, a strong backbeat and Rowland's words of defiance all giving 'Soul Brothers' its lively, lovely atmosphere. On the flip side, in the great tradition of 'Love Part One' and 'Love Part Two', we have 'Reminisce Part One', in which Kevin goes searching for the spirit of Brendan Behan only to discover it's in New York of all places. (I must say I didn't notice it when I was there recently but perhaps I wasn't looking hard enough or something.)

Broken by this piece of news, we must now await to see what happens next as Kev and Dexys go on to sell a million records in stereo.

KAJAGOOGOO: Ooh To Be Ah *(EMI)* So far I've written five reviews of this single.

The first was a sarcastic put down mocking the group. But that was too easy. The second was a 'serious' examination of the group, image and music and their subsequent rise to the top. But that was boring. The third and fourth reviews were libellous and mentioned Paul Gambaccini, whilst the fifth is the one you're now reading.

The trouble is, I don't care either way about this group or their flimsy, superficial music. All I do is think about the pop idols I had, which were far more fun and exciting than this lot, and keep on rereading the lyrics printed on the sleeve.

Written by Limahl, they're just *so* perceptive. Listen: (by the way, that's a real Kurt Vonnegut device using the word listen: like so) *"Clothes in vogue are all the rage* (note the neat double-entendre of the word 'vogue' there) *but don't expect too much, they can't perform miracles* (Easter is approaching, obviously) *head to toe disguised again, it's heavy when they say we don't perform miracles, no we don't perform miracles...*

The last five words of that line are as neat an epitaph as you're going to get.

U2: Two Hearts Beat As One *(Island)* And now for some of my own reminiscing.

Three years ago, when U2 were nothing more than a Paul Morley piece in the *NME*, I saw them at the Clarendon Hotel deliver one of the most invigorating sets it's been my pleasure to witness.

At a time when orthodox 'rock' was a sea of mediocrity, U2 cut through with a passion and spirit that was not only refreshing, but also a hint of some kind of new music.

Three years later they have a number one album, public acceptance and a formula that they haven't tampered with in the least. Every song I hear of theirs now, they could have written back in '79. Every inflection of Bono's voice I've heard before and ditto the drums, bass and guitar. Instead of building on the intriguing possibilities they once held in their hands, they seem incapable of moving their ground. Thus 'Two Hearts' is a classic U2 record. Boring as hell, but a classic U2 record.

On the flip side are special US remixes of 'New Year's Day' and 'Two Hearts', courtesy of Francois Kervorkian. Neither songs are given any kind of radical treatment, just the same old tricks that every dog producer gets up to.

Far from U2 'charting the progress of boy into manhood', or any of that pretentious spiel, they're still rattling the bars of the playpen.

EDDY GRANT: Living On The Frontline *(Mercury)* I remember them well. They were multiracial and wore these ridiculous psychedelic wigs when they went on telly. They played some great music and every time they came on I used to bounce up and down in my chair to them, my first dancing expressions I suppose. They were called The Equals and they had this brilliant song called 'Black Skinned Blue Eyed Boys' which I knew at the time was a bit subversive and that made it even better.

Since then Eddy Grant has kept on an even level and 'Frontline', coupled with 'Do You Feel My Love', is inoffensive pop that comes nowhere near the spirit of The Equals' material, nor will he in the future as he's no longer a lively 16 year-old from North London but a wealthy celeb living in prosperity and Barbados. And now look what you've done.

Oh Eddy! Eddy! You got me wanting the Equals again.

FRIENDS AGAIN: Honey At The Core *(Moonboot Records)* Dylanesque singer stands outside of the music — the gentle acoustic melody, the cool backing vocals — spitting out various lines like *"it's not in your nature to be spiteful like a rifle"* and *"I can assure you that girl doesn't come here anymore"*, adding welcome confusion to what could have been Just Another Pop Song.

Slight funk undertones bubble underneath the urgency of the playing and no-one seems to be too sure where they're heading for until the record just abruptly finishes. I would predict great things for them, but I've been tricked by one song wonders before. So let me just recommend it for what it is. A promising, slightly worried pop song that in the hands of others would have turned out as straight, but with Friends Again comes out encouragingly crooked, veering all over the place with life and sparkle. Catch it.

THE FARMER'S BOYS: Muck It Out *(EMI)* Talking of one song wonders...

Last time I was here, The Farmer's Boys had the bright pop of 'More Than A Dream' to impress me with. Now they're slumming it with disco and not coming out in a very good light.

'Muck It Out' lacks the interesting qualities that marked their previous ditty and says, in a kind of smug voice, Hey look! We can play this stuff as well as anyone else. Which is a boring thing to do as I'm sure you'll agree.

Anyway, I hear disco is going to be out of favour in two months time.

MARK KNOPFLER: Going Home: Theme Of The Local Hero *(Phonogram)* Everyone knows that Italians write the best film music — Nino Rota and Ennio Morricone — and Knopfler seems intent on proving that fact. Obligatory, stultifying build up of 'atmosphere' utilising various effects before the song breaks into a dull, medium-paced canter to the end.

It's the stock cliche of nearly every musician. "Yeah man, once we've done our tenth album I'd *really* like to get into films, you know, write a theme or something." The trouble is most of them would be hard-pressed to match the Coronation Street theme let alone a Scorsese movie. Cut!

GREG KIHN BAND: Jeopardy *(Beserkley)* Led Zeppelin once wrote a song called 'Trampled Underfoot' and it went da-da, da-da-da-da-da-da-dah! Greg Kihn has a new single out. It too goes da-da, da-da-da-da-da-da-dah! Why is this? Did he and Jimmy Page once share a room together? Are they related? Did Page once go out with a girl who knew Greg and split on him?

The possibilities, unlike this record, are endless.

THE WHISPERS: This Time *(Solar)*
LEESHA PARADISE: Waiting *(EMI)*
THE JONESES: Sugar Pie Guy *(Mercury)*
D BARGE: I Like It *(Motown)*

Where these records should burst into life, they plod.

Where glamour! excitement! and determination! are called for, all four of these records stutter along mercilessly, bereft of inspiration, content to doze when they should be exploding.

The worst offenders are The Whispers. Sickly, lush and Las Vegas — for a ballad to succeed it has to *convince* the listener of the vocalist's torment or frame of mind. The Whispers have been doing this slop for so long they've forgotten the human element and now let the singer record his vocals whilst asleep at night. It makes you realise what a fluke 'Love Thing' was.

Leesha Paradise gets her record produced by Steve Levine of Culture Club, poses on the cover with an 'exotic' hairstyle and allows herself to get bogged down in the overall mix, stripping half her character away in the process. Not that the music is that spectacular. I saw her recently at a 'Best Disco In Town' and the crowd confirmed this. After completing a dreadful PA, where her microphone decided to go on strike from the moment she picked it up, she attempted to give away some promo copies of this single. There were five takers.

D Barge's record has two things going for it. A neat chorus and an extraordinarily beautiful vocalist called Bunny. Apart from that, it's bland backing, smooth ways and lack of guts destroys anything else this record might have had going for it. Hardly the stuff of giants.

Keeping up with The Joneses is still a pastime of most English people, but 'Sugar Pie Guy' is unlikely to cause any stiff competition. Run-of-the-mill, competent disco fodder that forsakes any kind of identity. The kind of record you could hear a hundred times and still not be able to whistle it down the wind. As sweet as sugar and twice as sickly.

BOBBY 'O': She Has A Way *('O' Records)* Not a patch on his last effort, 'I'm So Hot For You', but still capable of wiping out most of the opposition this week.

Bobby 'O' is white, 23 years old and a man who desperately wants to impress. That's why this record has life, that's why it's invigorating and that's what gives it a snappy resonance.

Shades of Sylvester are incorporated throughout this electronic disco workout with Mr 'O's' powerful voice bouncing happily off his back-up vocalists. Lively, foot-tapping stuff that puts the meek efforts of the records named above to rightful shame.

Oh to be 'O', as Kajagoogoo would say.

I LEVEL: Minefield *(Virgin)*
Tasteful, restrained but intuitively right, 'Minefield' carries on in the same graceful manner of I Level's likeable debut 'Give Me', which gets a US remix on the flipside.

They tell me that the bass player in this combo is some kind of genius but here Sam Jones's voice catches the hip ear with his relaxed tones. The blend of discreet percussion, horns and solid rhythm is just on the right side of its obvious jazz-funk tones, but none the blander for it.

I Level utilise standard disco moves — acappella, handclap — but never so obtrusively as to disguise the song. Refreshing is the main adjective that springs to mind, as in a cool swim on a summer's day. Or something like that.

PHILLIPPE WYNNE: You Ain't Going Anywhere But Gone *(Sugarhill)* What is happening? Last year Sylvia Robinson helped write 'The Message', chronicling in the process the horrendous consequences of capitalism. This year, on the flip-side of this single, she has co-written a song with Wynne entitled 'America We're Still Number One'. And she means it! Far from it being a scathing indictment of, say, America's presence in countries (including own) all over the world, the line goes *"In the world we stand for freedom/Ready to give a helping hand.."* (Surely she means 'arms' — Ed.)

Blind, patriotic rubbish worthy of *Sun* readers and Joe Strummer. Hey Sylvia! It's all about money, right?

RUFUS: Take It To The Top *(WEA)* One of those irritating songs which rips off a melody you've heard a thousand times before but just can't quite pin down. Orthodox dance formula, flogged to death, unable to be boosted by strident horns or 'committed' vocals.

Take it to the top? I can think of other more suitable places.

GRACE JONES: My Jamaican Guy *(Island)* Beware the black temptress! Or dance now, cry later...

Culled from her 'Living My Life' LP, 'Guy' is all about rhythm rather than melody, to which affect Sly and Robbie's bass and drums have been pushed *right* upfront to carry Grace's commanding deadpan vocals.

Stylish sound, move to the beat, and wouldn't it be great to see Grace on *Top Of The Pops* showing up Annie Lennox and the rest of her imitators for the pale shadows they are? Unfortunately, Grace seems more interested in keeping a low-profile rather than investing her career with any kind of tangible enthusiasm, which probably explains her distinct lack of singles success.

Professor Hip advises a TV spectacular and a duet with Boy George at some point in the near future.

GANGES ORCHESTRA: The Dream *(Indipop)* Why does India insist on making everything last so long?

Their films are about six hours on average and their music goes on forever, like the flipside here! 'Ganga', which lasts a stunning 24 minutes and 39 seconds.

'The Dream' lasts for seven minutes and seven seconds and is a dense, weary attempt to fuse disco with traditional Indian music. It also comes complete with a joss stick, would you believe, that once you've lit and sniffed its pungent aroma really adds to the whole ambience of the song as your mind just kind of d-ri-fts a-waaay...

BUNNY WAILER: Conqueror *(Solomonic)* In the daze of punk, reggae was obligatory listening at every gig. Not only did it confirm your natural instinct against racism but it also led to a lot of awkward dancing from the white 'rebels' present, eager to show liberal solidarity with their black brothers. Laugh...

These days, apart from the odd tune I've heard on Rodigan's *Roots Rockers* show, reggae seems to be in a bit of a mess and Bunny Wailer, who's delivered a few classics in his time. (to wit, 'Dancing Shoes' and 'Moses Children') doesn't help too much with this offering.

Likeable, lightweight and standard, it's still second best. And that's something you should never accept.

THE THREE JOHNS: Pink Headed Bug *(CNT Productions)* They tried to trick me. They rushed in the review room and they told me this was 'soulful' and 'right up my street'. They left it by my typewriter and said 'you don't even have to play it, just give it a good review'. So I did. I said it was rough, slightly psychedelic, but an intriguing effort from one of the ex-Mekons. I said that it would fit in perfectly with John Peel's show and they left me, satisfied with my words of wisdom. Then I put the record in the bin and forgot all about it. It's quite easy this reviewing job.

PULSALLAMA: Oui-Oui (A Canadian In Paris) *(Y Records)* Twee, boring, art-student record from a kind of underground, alternative to Bananarama. A group who've made their name through image rather than music, this has nothig going for it apart from the saxophone in the background. But then I've always been a sucker for a record with sax in it.

RICHARD JON SMITH: Baby's Got Another *(Jive)* A dead-ringer for Luther Vandross's 'She Loves Me Back' but minus the wit and playfulness. Luther, incidentally, nicked his from the Four Seasons' 'December 1963' so this is subsequently a third-rate, diluted copy.

All the old tricks are here, vocoded voice and the like, with nothing special to haul it out of its overwhelming mediocrity. A probable hit, if that's any consolation.

THE ROY HARPER BAND: I Still Care *(Public Recordings)* Quoted on the posters for Roy's last LP was this memorable line from Derek Jewell of the *Sunday Times:* "Harper is to Britain what Springsteen and Joel are to America". In fact, I have it on good authority that this was a printing error and the poster should have read: "Harper is to Britain what Thatcher and Reagan are to nuclear disarmament. A disaster."

FROM DIRT TO GOLD — Motown Reissues Itself.

Lauded, and quite rightly so, Motown was many things to many people. It was huge men in mohair suits, down on their knees, devastated by love (The Four Tops). **It was cool poets, gazing out of windows, aching from the heart and able to pin down their malaise with stunning economy** (Smokey Robinson). **It was strong, sassy women, aware and independent, walking out on their men with a slight tear in their eyebut a firm feeling in their stomachs** (The Supremes). **It was socially aware black men** (Stevie Wonder) **and arrogant Errol Flynn types** (Marvin Gaye). **It was the Sound Of Young America.**

These days the sound of young America is either pitiful or non-existent, but with the 25th anniversary of Motown approaching, another spate of reissues (probably the only catalogue that could stand up to it) is a welcome reminder of how glorious, how strong, music can be when it wants.

Most of the tunes here are unsurpassable (Smokey's 'I Don't Blame You At All', The Temps' 'Imagination', Velvelettes', 'Needle In A Haystack', Marvin's 'Lets Get It On', The Supremes' 'Back In My Arms Again') and the ones that aren't are the '70s slop like 'Three Times A Lady' and Michael Jackson's 'One Day In Your Life'.

Motown not only had this music but the actual running of the company reads like a Tony Parsons novel as poor black man goes from dirt to gold and ends up in LA still issuing the odd classic like Willie Hutch's 'In And Out' and lording it up in Beverley Hills.

Classic material, classic music and quite simply essential.

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LONDON

Hanging in the balance

Depeche Mode are out to prove they are more than the abandoned puppets of Yazoo's Vince Clarke. Have they got the new balance right?

Interview: Mat Snow

Pic: Peter Anderson

"DEPECHE MODE are the fast way forward to the future," concluded Lynn Hanna a year ago.

The tape has wound on 12 months and finds the band with their fourth consecutive hit single since Vince Clarke left, a second successful LP under their belts, and growing appreciation in Europe and America.

But in 1982 Vince Clarke's new project, Yazoo, had the higher profile, leading many people to dismiss Depeche Mode as the abandoned puppets of an eccentric electro-pop genius.

"Our success last year was overshadowed by Yazoo's success," admits Andy Fletcher. "A lot of peole really think we resent Yazoo. A lot of people in the general public still think he was the brains behind the group."

Andy is sipping milk in the restaurant of Frankfurt's curiously named Hotel Splendid. Depeche Mode have just played a one-off concert at the Kongresshalle, neatly tying in with the musical instrument fair being held at Frankfurt's massive exhibition centre that week. Songsmith Martin Gore and Daniel Miller, supremo of their record label Mute, have been sampling the wares.

In appearance Andy is part Shed boot-boy, part Okie farm-hand. Taller than the rest of the group, he is their semi-official voice. Martin, clad in Russian tank-driver black leather cap and jerkin, is notoriously shy and self-effacing, his air of fragile vulnerability enhanced by a halo of infant's curls. By contrast singer Dave Gahan is a bit of a lad. Pushy, extrovert and exuberantly witty, Dave is Depeche Mode's master of ceremonies, both on and off stage.

At 23 the oldest in the band, Alan Wilder has only recently become a permanent member. A veteran of various North London combos, Al joined when Vince left.

"They advertised in *Melody Maker* and I answered the advert," he explains. "It said, Name band, synthesiser, must be under 21. So I lied, I was actually 22."

Al is still slightly aloof from the rest of the group, debarred from joining in wholeheartedly by his different background. But with all the zeal of the converted, he is their most trenchant champion.

"Somebody in their position don't get somebody new in the first week who might turn out to be a complete arsehole. So I was touring and doing TV but wasn't actually recording with them until this new single now."

'GET THE Balance Right' is the toughest 45 Depeche Mode have so far released. It deviates even further than its predecessor, 'Leave In Silence', from the sunny, sparking Mode singles of public expectations. But, as stylistic innovators from thebeginning. Depeche Mode are not about to cease challenging their audience now.

Al elaborates: "Luckily we're in the position where we know we're going to get a certain amount of radio play just on the strength of reputation, which means that you can take slightly more of a risk than maybe a band putting out their first single."

"When we released 'Leave In Silence' it was a gamble," Dave recalls. "It didn't gt near as much airplay as our past records had got. It didn't go as well, butthe fact was it wasn't played as much. The radio didn't see it as a single; they saw it as more of an album track."

How concerned are DepecheMode with commercial success?

Says Al: "We obviously want to become established enough, if we want, to go out on a limb and vary our approach."

"With the music industry being so fickle, you've got to keep up there all the time," Andy stresses. "Or if not, you're forgotten in a moment."

And success in America?

"We've done all right," comments Dave. "Just Can't Get Enough' was very big in the discos and clubs over there."

"You can have a fluke hit in America," expounds Dave. "Our new single may become a hit in America but only through a fluke. All the English bands that are in the charts at the moment, none of them have followed it upwith a second single. And that's because none of them have gone over and toured for six months apart from A Flock Of Seagulls.

Andy: "To be honest though, America isn't the end,isn't our aim at all. I trust I speak for the whole band. Germany for us is definitely more important at the moment. Germany is the market to break."

"It's an exciting market as well," chimes in Dave. "We enjoy it over here, actually doing gigs over here. You can see something's happening, that we're building. We can see ourselves getting bigger every time we come over here and play."

THE SUCCESS of tonight's gig justifies their confidence. Despite the unpromising atmosphere of the vast, ovrlit, functional Kongresshalle itself,a large audience of post-pubescents are drawn into delighted communion with Depeche Mode's symphonies for kids (of any age).

Their show is a careful mixture of spectacle and intimacy. Al and Martin appear first onstage, being gradually enveloped in smoke as they brew up a swirling instrumental overture. Then Andy walks on, as amiable and unstuffy as they come. Belying his backstage nerves, he casually switches on the backing tape-machines sitting centre-stage as he strolls over to his synthesisers.

Just by that casual press of a button he sums up Depeche Mode's apeal; the technology of their music-making is instantly demythologised. You don't have to be a genius or rich or good-looking to stand a chance. Just like that other quartet of boys-next-door 20 years ago, Depeche Mode bridge the gap between performer and audience by showing the potential for magic in the most familiar, accessible things.

BEFORE HE goes onstage, Dave makes final adjustments to his appearance in the dressing-room mirror:

"'There's gonna be a borstal breakout, there's gonna be a borstal breakout!'" he chants. "Those were the days of real music."

Dave doesn't seem the milk and biscuit type.

"He was quite a lively youngster, by all accounts," insinuates Al.

"Dave has a different background from us," elaborates Andy. "Done everything before you're 17. Like clubber, Studio 21...We never went nightclubbing."

"When were doing our homework," laughs Martin.

"When Dave was going up to London and that, I was going to church," continues Andy. "I went to church seven nights a week. So did Vince. Vince was really bad, if you think I was. Vince was a *real* Bible-basher...There was all this rumour going around about churchgoing choirboys. I was never in the choir.

But the band's early image was so sweet and angelic...

"That's the way we were though," remonstrates Andy. "We never tried to portray ourselves. We bought loads of jumpers out of Marks And Sparks. That's the way we are. We're not wimps. The bands that said we're wimps...Bow Wow Wow — I'd take them on any day!" he guffaws.

WITH LITTLE free time, not enough money and even less inclination to leave Basildon, Martin, Andy and Dave still live at home. How do their parents feel?

"To tell you the truth, they remain totally unaffected," confides Andy. "It's as if you were going to the office every day. I think they don't really realise the extent. They see us coming home on a day we've been recording. They see us on telly, but they just accept it as normal. I don't know why...*everyone's* doing it!"

And your old mates?

"We never had any trouble. Obviously some people jeer and this. It's maddening when they sing Yazoo songs at us. You just have to keep going, through the troubles, the trials.

Andy heaves with mock sobbing, appropriately accompanied by the lachrymose strains of 'Moon River' on the hotel's muzak system. "All we wanted to do was make nice music!"

Vince and Yazoo are never far from the surface.

"A lot of the reason we made it was because of Vince," explains Andy. "He was on the dole. He was pushing and pushing. You've got to give him credit — he was very ambitious. And without him we wouldn't have made it because we're not ambitious people. We're lazy people."

Vince's quitting in the midst of band commitments caused a crisis.

"He didn't leave us totally in the lurch," Martin explains. "He actually told us that he was leaving around the end of October (1981), but he carried on playing with us right up until Christmas. After that, all we had scheduled was an American tour, and that was quite tight because we had to get Al in and rehearse in about a week."

And Martin, who had hitherto penned only two numbers in the band's live and recorded repertoire — 'Big Muff' and 'Toral Toral Toral" — found himself the principal songwriter.

"Four or five months before Vince announced to us he was leaving, we sensed it, so we tried to build up a few songs as a sort of cushion. At that time anyway I was a bit wary about putting songs forward because we did feel it would be better to save them."

An admirer of Jonathan Richman and Ron Mael, Martin writes very different songs to Vince's fiction romances. 'A Broken Frame' is a beautifully crafted compendium of sighs for lost innocence and observations of the worm in the bud of human affairs. 'Get The Balance Right' develops further in the same direction. Richly multilayered in texture and melody, its rhythm steamhammers home a bleak message of ironically intended realism. What's up, Mart?

"It's difficult to pinpoint what it is. You get older and you see more at the same time. Whether it's just actually seeing more or seeing it through different eyes...I tend personally to get disillusioned by a lot of things. Things that used to seem great don't seem so great anymore. Perhaps I'm just a very pessimistic person."

WE ARRIVED back at Heathrow Airport on chart day, and everyone's anxiety about the fate of 'Balance' with the fickle public was palpable. Whilst waiting for our baggage "Uncle" Dan Miller made a quick call to Mute HQ...Number 32, the highest position Mode have ever entered the British chart!

So, despite the predictions of downfall, Depeche Mode are still ahead of the game. Fast forward once more to the future and they won't be just filling the dance floor but hearts and minds as well. See you there.

SILVER SCREEN

48 Hrs.
DIRECTOR: Walter Hill
STARRING: Nick Nolte, Eddie Murphy (UIP)

THAT NEW BLACK MAGIC

The scruffy and the sharp: Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy celebrate their success in **48 Hrs.**

THOUGH BLESSED with fine performances from both leading players and superlative direction from Walter Hill, *48 Hrs* comes blasted with a publicity poster that's as cheap and nasty an example of corporate insensitivity as any you'll see this year.

Don't be fooled: *48 Hrs* may be as purely *entertaining* as the company accountants would have you infer, but it's also the most stylish and accomplished variation on the *Dirty Harry* maverick cop theme to date, a film which by dint of superior technique and wi(l)der imagination goes way beyond its basic brief — of simple comedy thriller — to end up in the realm of the mythic.

This shouldn't come as too much of a surprise. Walter Hill's mythopoeic tendencies are already so well established as to make him the natural heir to John Ford's mantle. One thinks especially of *The Warriors*, his modern urban outlaw odyssey based on Xenophon's *March Of The Ten Thousand*, and the earlier *The Driver*, in which the character archetypes were so palpably solid they were given not names but symbolic assignations: "The Driver", "The Detective", and so on.

This time around, the archetypes are confined to supporting roles — Frank McRae's big black boss cop Haden, forever telling Nolte's Detective Jack Cates that his-ass-is-on-the-line-this-time, and James Remar and Sonny Landhams' cartoon cop-killer psychopaths Ganz and Billy Bear, whose Magnums do more talking than their mouths — leaving Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy greater space to flesh out their roles with hearty banter and braggadocio in best cop/con manner.

As Cates, Nolte draws on every hard-bitten screen hero stereotype from Bogey and The Duke right through to the sleazier side of Clint, yet still creates a character of his own; if *48 Hrs* were made three or four decades ago, John Wayne would be the obvious Cates, a younger Rooster Cogburn with both the physical presence and the temper of a bear caught short without a wood in sight.

There'd be no comparable Eddie Murphy figure, though; screen blacks just weren't this self-assured, witty and arrogant back then, and directors refused to shoot until they could see the whites of their eyes, wide and rolling in mock fear or awe. This time, it's the audience that gapes in awe at a performance which heralds a new star (and you can quote me on that).

Unknown over here apart from one comedy album, 22-year-old Murphy first made his name as a stand-up comic before going on to become the current mainstay of the *Saturday Night Live* series. Though obviously indebted to Richard Pryor, his routines feature characters with none of Pryor's self-deprecating cowardliness; Murphy's are mainly street-suss you-can-kiss-my-black-ass superspades, razor-sharp and cucumber-cool, and his Reggie Hammond in *48 Hrs* comes from the same mould.

The first time we see him — when Cates comes to get him out of jail on a forged 48 hour pass so he can help him track down Ganz and Billy Bear — Hammond's sitting in his cell, eyes closed behind enormous shades, singing along in eccentric falsetto to 'Roxanne' (written by one "S. Sting", according to the credits). With headphones on, he's like a lowlife Stevie Wonder, lost in sound and innervisions, but when roused he's hard as diamond, and just as finely cutting: shown a photo of a friend with a bullet-hole in his forehead, he deadpans, "That's Henry Wong, an old friend of mine. He's looked better."

The timing is so split-second perfect you gasp before you laugh. It's the kind of comic instinct that can't be learned, that's there at birth.

The second time we see him, he's on his way out with Cates, his Giorgio Armani suit swaggering smoothly alongside the cop's Ultimate Slob outfit (which seems to come with shirt-tail hanging perpetually out): an obvious image, but one which encapsulates the comparison of characters on which the movie runs. As they head for the door, Cates warns the con: "If we don't find 'em, you're gonna be sorry you met me!"

Another perfect pause, then the response: "I'm already sorry."

MAYBE IT'S the exaggerated rise and fall of San Francisco's hills that attracts film-makers; maybe it's something to do with the iconic power of the Golden Gate Bridge, or simply the city's reputation for permissiveness — whatever the reason, an abnormally high proportion of classic cop chases seem to come from San Francisco. There's *Dirty Harry*, of course, and the daddy of 'em all, *Bullitt*, to name but two; but for some reason the city in these cop actioners never quite achieved the mythic power of Hill's.

Without featuring the city as location to anything like the extent of *Bullitt*, Hill makes it live, gives it an identity forged from atmosphere rather than sheer physical presence: his 'Frisco is composed of iridescent, out-of-focus neon colours against mist and darkness, an updated '80s slant on *film noir* which harnesses tried and tested atmospheres to modern technique and comes up with something distinctly *now*.

As opposed, say, to Wim Wenders' *Hammett*, which transfers the original conventions so faithfully to colour that it never really has a chance to rise above the status of mere homage.

But then, Hill's resources as an imagist are infinitely deeper than Wenders'; besides which, he knows how to make a movie move, rather than just strike a series of "meaningful" poses.

Take, for instance, the opening sequence, in which Billy Bear helps Ganz escape from the convict roadgang working out in the country. With sharp editing and the barest minimum of images — the occasional glance from Ganz, a close-up of a guard's sunglasses, a road truck, wild horses galloping — Hill builds, with startling brevity, an edifice of narrative perfection which we *know* must erupt into violence at some point, though it's still a jolting shock when it does.

Here too are the essential symbolic components that tell us we're in for a good old-fashioned western, '80s style: horses, sheriffs, outlaws, even a latter-day Red Indian (Billy Bear), all summoned up out of shimmering heat-haze, as if from dreamland . . .

From there on in, everything assumes heroic-mythic proportions: San Francisco itself; the battle between pure, despicable evil and personalised, flawed good; the not-so-friendly rivalry between sharp spade and slobby honky; even Cates' car, a battered old light-blue Chevy convertible ("I'm a rag-top man," he explains) assumes the status of chariot as he throws it round corners and down hills in pursuit of baddies.

As if to reinforce the point, the clubs the pair visit also take on a larger-than-life aspect: the rowdy redneck joint in which Hammond, masquerading as a cop, gives a bravura display of ballbusting, is a seething cauldron of *Yee-haw!* Yahoo cowboys and good 'ol boys'n'gals, whilst black niterie Vromans features equally frenetic on-floor movement to a group called The Busboys, quaintly antiquated high-energy R & B stompers; they're hardly *a la* current mode, but in their own

CONTINUES OVER

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EMBASSY PICTURES Release

Continued from previous page

way, they too summon up some mythical ghosts of timeless rock'in'rollery.

It'd be a shame if Nolte and Murphy weren't to consolidate on their success in *48 Hrs*; though follow-ups rarely have the same inspiration of the original.

The only other significant multiracial team, Pryor and Wilder, worked on shared inadequacy — their characters scrape through by the skin of their teeth every time. Nolte and Murphy are different: they're both in charge, in constant competition, egocentric winners sparking off each other; and though their roles demand that Murphy scores points off the clumsy, grumbly Nolte, well, he's big enough and tough enough to take it, so who cares?

At the moment, however, Nolte's working with Gene Hackman in Roger Spottiswoode's *Under Fire*, and Murphy with Dan Aykroyd in John Landis' *Black And White*, so we'll have to make do with *48Hrs*.

That shouldn't be so hard, really — it's only the best film of the year. So far.

Andy Gill

Veronika (Rosel Zech) reaches for the morphine.

Veronika Voss

TREACHERY IS MADE OF THIS

DIRECTOR: Rainer Werner Fassbinder
STARRING: Rosel Zech, Hilmar Thate, Gunther Kaufmann (Miracle)

POSTWAR EUROPE: All Germans want to forget, yet 'Memories Are Made Of This' is the recurring song on the soundtrack. Exactly what these memories are made of can't be clearly defined, because a woolly nostalgia numbs the characters of Fassbinder's '50s excavations, protecting them from the harsher realities of their immediate past.

Under the guise of forging a new *Bundesrepublik*, they're occupying a never-never land of their dreams, a less sinister variant of Hitler's Heimat hankerings perhaps, in which guilt only exists in the deepest recesses so they can safely pretend the war never happened.

Fassbinder's necessarily jaundiced version of the reconstruction, as mapped out in *Lola, The Marriage of Maria Braun* and now *Veronika Voss* (to give it its full title *The Yearning Of...*) judges the '50s to be a treacherous period in which those most fitted to assisting the miracle of rebirth, simultaneously lining their own pockets, are the same — or at least the same sort of — seedily ambitious people who did well out of the previous Reich.

Someone must be made to pay, though, and it invariably falls to peripheral characters who are neither *un*guilty nor mass killers to foot the bill. In other words, ideal Fassbinder victims. They include the inept, yet loving one hit wonder of *Lili Marleen*, no *Mephisto* she, but her wartime success condemned her to wandering through the miracleland stockingless.

Likewise Veronika Voss (Rosel Zech), a character modelled on Sybille Schmitz, star of the Dreyer classic *Vampyr*. Once a heroine of UFA's wartime weepies, she is a hopeless morphine addict when Fassbinder's film picks her up — in a little suburban cinema in Munich, watching one of her old movies *Creeping Poison*. "All I can give you is my death," her onscreen self cries. "A cheap present" is the sneering rejoinder.

Director Fassbinder, who is ironically seated next to her in the cinema, subsequently plots her self destruction — ably abetted by a conspiracy of doctors — with remorseless accuracy, filling in details of her past via the blundering attentions of an obstinately apolitical sports writer (Hilmar Thate).

The last moth to be drawn to her dwindling flame, he is only allowed to get so close before he's singed by her two "protectors", who supply her with drugs in return for her dwindling fortune.

Spurred on by affection and his journalist instinct, he discovers the deeper he gets the dirtier things become: the doctors are pulling a similar stunt on a Jewish survivor of Treblinka and when he reports their activities to the health authorities, he's told he's imagining things, that the doctor knows best, that people must be protected from themselves. Once he learns the authority is in on the conspiracy, the futility of his efforts to save Veronika become obvious.

Typically Fassbinder threads her fate into the broader patchwork of the nascent German state, sometimes drawing allusions clumsily, but always with great, if bitter wit.

Before he finishes anyone off, he's not above a few vicious, yet pertinent sideswipes. When the sports journalist naively defends Veronika's wartime success by saying Goebbels hated her, his gossip columnist colleague sneers that's what they all say (don't they Leni?).

As always his venom is bracketted by Peer Raben's gorgeous pastiche music, this time fusing '50s flamenco kitsch with American C & W establishing the melancholy framework in which Fassbinder's characters ruminate piteously.

The interraction between Raben and Fassbinder is complete when the American GI joins German Veronika on 'Memories Are Made Of This', thereby providing the perfect Fassbinder metaphor: The victim duetting doe-eyed with her jailer.

Chris Bohn

The Herd

CONCEPTION: Yilmaz Guney
DIRECTOR: Zeki Okten
STARRING: Melike Demirag, Tarik Akan (BFI)

A DYING BREED

THE SUCCESS of Guney's *Yol* prompts the revival of its predecessor, *The Herd*, made in 1978–9. Like *Yol*, Guney wrote it in prison and directed it from his cell, represented by his partner Zeki Okten in person where he could only be in spirit. The result is a film without *Yol's* scope or finish, but achieving in its concentration and unrelenting rawness an even greater emotional impact.

The narrative follows the actual and allegorical journey of a family of Anatolian nomads from Turkey's central highlands to the capital Ankara in order to sell their sheep so that they can survive the winter. The Veysikans are the last of a dying breed, clinging to their traditions even as the tractor is ploughing the old pastures into arable land.

Reflecting the economic anachronism of their life, the father of the family, Hamo, rules with uncompromising tyranny, sustained by his hatred for another nomad family, the Halilans, the roots of which feud have been long forgotten. Hamo's eldest son Sivan is married to a Halilan, Berivan, but her inability to bear living heirs has only intensified animosity rather than settling it. Manacled by poverty, ignorance and rigid social and traditional bonds, the family's final trek commences in fatalism and ends in tragic nemesis.

***The Herd* vividly dramatises not just an ancient way of life coming to an end, but also the slow destruction of families and individuals by newer, more predatory classes who themselves are ultimately just as dispossessed and powerless. Like their flocks, the Veysikans are lambs to the slaughter.**

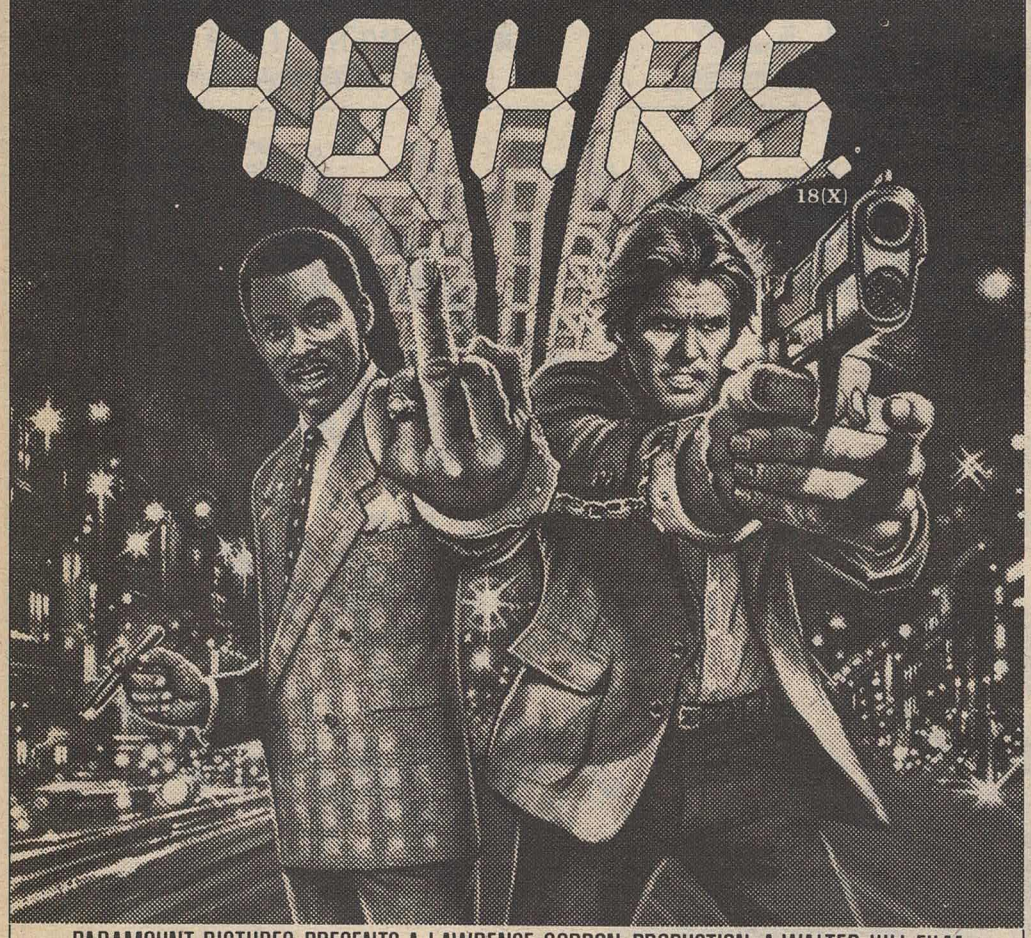
The film's impact derives from an urgent, uncomplicated directness tempered with a poetic feel for people and their landscape. One never doubts the authenticity of the scenes one is witnessing. Though Guney offers no simple solutions, he involves you in the predicament of the downtrodden as do few contemporary film-makers. As such, he is not only a giant of today's cinema but also one of its most persuasive moral consciences.

Mat Snow

When a tough cop has a cool convict as a partner and 48 hrs to catch a killer, a lot of funny things can happen in...

48 HRS

18(X)



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THEIR MAN IN PARIS

One Man's War

DIRECTOR: Edgardo Cozarinsky

(Artificial Eye)

IT IS the war of Ernst Junger, military commandant of Paris, that Edgardo Cozarinsky centres his film on. Using only newsreel footage from occupied France and the Russian front, a document is built on the pages of Junger's journals, parcelling the sidelong images of war into a grievous record of lies and blindness.

This is neither an unsparing indictment like *Night And Fog* nor a piecemeal examination like *The Double-Headed Eagle,* for Junger's diaries have a literary quality that bespoke exceptional descriptive skill. The director lifts episodes like the execution of a deserter and plays them off against visuals that gnaw in contradiction to the sombre narration: visits by Hitler, a performing Maurice Chevalier. Sensationalism is evaded — there are a few grim sequences of atrocities but nothing is dwelt on to excess. The power lies in the cumulative pressure, soup kitchens and wartime fashion, a parade of deluded politicians denouncing the dangers of Communism, the detritus of the air raids.

Cozarinsky has given his compilation a rare ambiguity. Recognising that bias is as available to the documentary-maker as the propagandist, he selects faces and vistas where historical truth is left unclear. Junger's words flow by and will occasionally stick as a fleeting image will do: "They made five dark little holes in his chest like the falling of dew drops" or "Ovens require fewer personnel". Sometimes the director freezes a shot for a moment, a girl running with a bouquet, a child's clapping hands, like a man searching a scrapbook for familiar faces.

It is a long and slow film, more difficult in its low quota of violently arresting scenes. A score including Schonberg and Richard Strauss lingers in the backgound like a diaphanous requiem. We've grown a little too familiar with the war documentary, but *One Man's War* can stir a deep slumber.

Richard Cook

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY MARCH 24

Get Smart. Is a vampire doing for some of our agents? Smart gets it in the neck this week. **(C4)**

Chase The Devil. A film by Jeremy Marre about the great river of music that runs through the Appalachian Mountains — bible-beating gospel subverted by the vocabulary of the honky-tonks. A vivid and remarkable collage. **(C4)**

What The Papers Say. With one of the show's best presenters, Paul Foot. **(C4)**

FRIDAY MARCH 25

The Addams Family. New slot for these creeps; this week they get new neighbours **(C4)**

Switch. Debut for the new post-*Tube* show. The length (one hour) seems more sensible and the first line-up includes a set by The Fun Boy Three and groups from Paul Weller's new stable. **(C4)**

Reggae Sunsplash. Big Youth, Marcia Griffiths and Chalice from Montego Bay (sing out!) **(C4)**

Jazz On Four. A coup of sorts with Chick Corea and Gary Burton live in Japan. Burton's intelligent love-hate relationship with the vibes (an instrument he deems pretty and shallow) is always interesting but Corea long ago lost his best touch. **(C4)**

Whatever Happened To Baby Jane (Robert Aldrich 1962). A film of real power that countless fifth-rate copies haven't entirely dimmed. Aldrich's view of two sisters, one a cripple, the other her cheaply cruel keeper, casts a gloom that even the most acid humour cannot dispel — the whole film feels like a long awkward look through a twisted keyhole. But as a study of cautionary inhumanity it's scathingly pointed, with the final turnaround a sharp if guessable coup. The casting of Bette Davis and Joan Crawford only adds to the poignancy **(BBC1)**

Bulldog Drummond's Bride (James Hogan 1939). Last week's was a hoot and for sheer pace it's all rather enjoyable. BD finally gets married this week though, so that'll slow him down. **(C4)**

SATURDAY MARCH 26

Thunder Rock (Roy Boulting 1942). Characteristic Britcurio to pep up war effort. Michael Redgrave is a writer who takes to lighthouse-keeping and is spurred by ghosts into taking positive action. James Mason and Barbara Mullen are among the stalwarts. **(C4)**

Joe Cocker. In concert. **(LWT)**

This Gun For Hire (Frank Tuttle 1942). From its glacial opening — Alan Ladd absently fulfilling another contract as the heartless little pro killer — this great picture turns Los Angeles into a city of ice and darkness, vengeance stirred by the eerie chemistry between Ladd and Veronica Lake. Improbabilities of plot detract only a smidgeon. **(C4)**

In Which We Serve (Noel Coward 1942). As distasteful as Coward's faultlessly urbane jingoism was, naval yarns don't come more rousing than this. John Mills and Celia Johnson keep their lips stiff. **(BBC2)**

Brief Encounter (David Lean 1945). More civilised emotion, but I can't fault the way Lean orchestrates this suburban romance — little happens,

continues page 40

Scala CLUB CINEMA

KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thursday 24th
THE TIN DRUM 1.20, 4.55, 8.30
+ FREAKS
3.45, 7.20
Friday 25th
POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE
1.20, 5.05, 8.50
+ RAGGEDY MAN
3.25, 7.10

Saturday 26th
THE LOVELESS
1.00, 4.10, 6.15, 9.20
+ ERASERHEAD
2.35, 5.40, 7.45
Saturday 26th
ALL-NIGHT PUNK
at 11.30 p.m.
Tuesday 29th
Kenneth Anger's
MAGIK LANTERN CYCLE 1.20, 4.30, 7.40
Thursday 31st
TAXI ZUM KLO 2.40, 6.50
+ THUNDERCRACK
4.20, 8.30

COLOUR BOX RE-MIX

BREAKDOWN
PRODUCED BY MICK GLOSSOP
c/w
TARANTULA

7" 12"

AD304 BAD304

DISTRIBUTED BY WEA

4AD

COLOUR BOX

BREAKDOWN

THE FURY & THE SOUND

VOICE OVER

"In conclusion, The Birth P. are in essence a slug, nomadic, and their journey is slow and painful and always forward and their trail of slime is their art and so on and they are barely conscious of its issue..." (Nick Cave, writing in *NME* Xmas issue, 1982)

INDECENT, YET iridescent in its ugliness, The Birthday Party slime marks the one rewarding trail through the muck that is rock.

Post punk's token standard bearers U2 and Echo (more pall bearers in their solemnity) have converted the same muck into brassy clean liturgies, pseudo-literary dirges dredged up from high holy masses and Boy Scout manuals; but The Birthday Party have continued to churn emotions with sickeningly obsessive love notes and fabulously detailed travel tales allied to a music at once brilliant and luminously flawed.

The violence of a Birthday Party song springs not so much from the urge to hurt as a boldness, a hankering after danger which leads them up dark alleys and sets them up in conflict with the night. Unsurprisingly, their combat reports come back spotted with shreds of that selfsame night.

If these lurid purples and deep reds disturb you, it's because your senses have been dulled by Pop art, whose flat canvasses of car smashes masquerade as accurate reportage while putting you at one remove from the subject.

But when The Birthday Party report 'Dead Joe's' fatal accident on 'Junkyard', they convey something of the crunching reality of death, the shock of its suddeness *and* the guilty excitement, the terrible curiosity its appearance brings.

Similarly, 'She's Hit' is infused with an awesome sense of loss, putting The Birthday Party's capacity to move beyond all doubt.

It's not all gloom and despondency, because the events they describe are extraordinary — meaning that, despite their occasionally grisly nature, there's something of the carnival about them. They buzz with gossip, sneers and asides, brim over with speculation, sly jokes and sick one-liners — *"Tonight we sleep in separate ditches!"* — as would a crowd gathered round a fresh corpse.

Their new songs, as featured on 'The Bad Seed' 12' and in their current live set, make the brave leap into the fantastic and surreal. What with the accusations of self parody made against 'Junkyard', lesser souls would've retreated into something more ordered and conventional.

Instead The Birthday Party heaped more and more garish make-up onto the grotesque mask they displayed to the world until, top heavy, the make-up started falling off in lumps, leaving behind a correspondingly lighter, fascinating, misshapen form.

Tracy Pew's bass is the one constant around which ex-multi instrumentalist Mick J. Harvey (taking over from Phil Calvert, who was forcibly ejected from the drum seat last June) places his bizarre drum figures and at which Rowland S. Howard's guitar nags or, alternately, teases with deliciously romantic come-ons...

Far be it from me however, to rescue The Birthday Party from a philosophy of dirt and unhappiness — or even propose one on their behalf — by explaining them away; for the longer they remain untouchable, the more potent and unassailable their position. Besides, The Birthday Party never entered this game to be figured as the good guys.

I PICK up the trail of The Birthday Party slime in a Soho cafe, follow it down to Brighton and eventually back to their homes — or at least those places where they hang their hats.

So what's in a home? What can be read into the books on their shelves or the messes scattered across the floor?

"See? You're right in the home, there's nothing to hide!" despairs Mick J. Harvey with a trace of mockery as I eye the French, German and Spanish dictionaries he's using in his sparetime study of languages, acting as if I'd chanced upon some guilty secret. Such is Mick's modesty. Such is Mick's application.

In contrast with the tidiness of Mick's flat, the room Rowland S. Howard occupies with his girlfriend Genevieve is strewn with the few possessions allowed an itinerant couple, arranged so as to make a home of sorts out of a desperately impoverished situation.

This trip Tracy has walked into the tidy South London house of fellow Australians The Go Betweens, only to have to walk out again a few days later when The Go Betweens give it up to go on tour. I meet Tracy and his girlfriend a week later, carrying three heavy suitcases into the room on loan to Nick Cave in the household of You've Got Foetus On Your Breath.

The first visit I find Nick sick in bed, fully clothed beneath coarse blankets, the sheets — if any — ridden up somewhere deep beneath the covers. A bottle of mellow brown liquor buoys up his spirit, ashes are strewn across the pillow and on the floor. He has reduced his belongings to the bare necessities that will now fit into a solitary plastic bag. Materially, this is how far The Birthday Party have come since leaving Melbourne for Britain three years ago.

Nick has been allocated the TV room in someone ele's house. "They'll probably pressure me to leave when they get a video," he quips.

Aw come on, Nick, surely you're better entertainment value.

ROWLAND'S LAMENT

"I'M REALLY not terribly fond of this nomadic existence because I find it's very hard to do things like writing songs when I haven't got somewhere I feel is my home, where I feel fairly secure.

"For the last three years our lives have had a limited amount of security, which Nick really thrives upon. I find it quite disconcerting. I find it really hard to write on the road or on the move. But Nick can write anywhere. He carries pieces of paper everywhere — in people's houses, on the tube, in people's rooms. He's quite lucky.

"I would like to live somewhere, but then again I can't think of anywhere I'd like to live too long. I'd like to go home, but then I think, Where's home? I think that Tracy and Mick both like to have somewhere fairly solid. It's really just Nick who is in love with going to new places all the time, continually feeling alienated. It just makes me feel rotten."

TRACY'S WISH

"IT'S BEEN a bit of a pain in the ass sometimes, all this moving about, but when I think of the last three years and how it would have been if I was still in Australia now I would be bloody miserable, too. All my mates who are still there want to come over here because we make it sound so great in our letters. And it's certainly been great seeing all these different places. It's not something I want to do for the rest of my life, but for the moment it's fine.

"We're touring a lot this year, which I'm looking forward to. As far as I'm concerned, I want to stay on the road almost solidly this year so I don't have to worry about getting a flat."

MICK'S FRONT ROOM

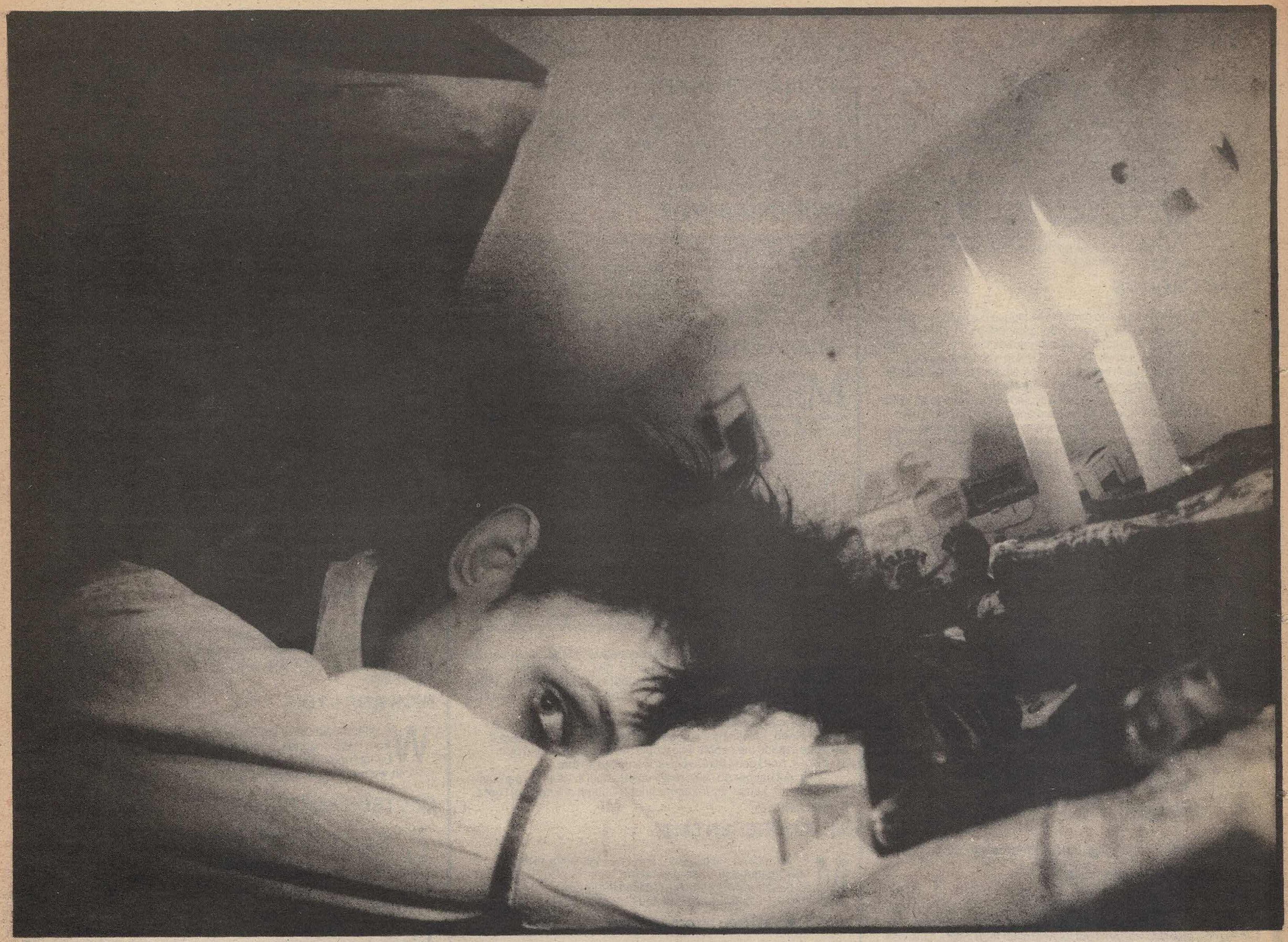
"I QUITE like being settled to some degree, but that's a very hard one because Nick is obviously very different in that respect. There's a lot of desperation about his creation, which manifests itself in a lot of fairly obvious ways. He really pushes himself to the limits, if you like. Me, I don't really care if I create anything or not. I'm quite happy to be comfortable and relaxed for a few months. It's not a big thing if I haven't written anything in a while."

NICK'S WANDERLUST

"I PERSONALLY don't think that any external things — whether it's the environment or whether it's my situation — affects my writing in my particular. I have the same sort of ideas if I'm in Berlin, London or Australia. All it tends to do is make my life more

Reared under the hothouse conditions of Melbourne, London and Berlin, The Birthday Party's bad seed has finally blossomed into a magnificent demon flower. On one of the rare occasions they're altogether in one capital, The Birthday Party open their houses and their hearts.

Photos: Tracy — a cowboy without a home; right, sleepy Rowland gets his head down; and Mick shares the chair with his cat.



miserable, if I'm thr own into a miserable Dickensian situation, which seemed to be what happened when we got to London.

"After a few short months here I started feeling I was becoming part of the city, that London was sucking up my personality and it was then I knew I had to move out.

"It wasn't until I got to Berlin that I realised it's the moving that is the important part, the stimulus, not living in any particular place.

"I'm always really conscious of forming habits, and when I find them forming I try to break them, no matter what they are, whether they're routine or lifestyle or whatever. People who order their lives into a complete routine seem to be making a claim for security. Unless they're really in control they're not secure.

"For that reason I prefer my life to be totally insecure. I like not living anywhere, not having a home, moving around, just putting myself into states of confusion on a day to day basis."

ROWLAND REMINISCES

"WHEN WE first came to London Nick was living in a squat in Maida Vale. I can't really speak accurately for him but at the time he reading Samuel Beckett — *Watt,* things like that, depressed, sort of dirty; and that, I think, influenced him into writing about this whole sort of squalor thing..."

NICK'S ASIDE

"ROWLAND told you that? Judas! Well, he was reading... Mervyn Peake!"

ROWLAND'S RECALL

"MOSTLY WE were influenced *against* what all the English groups were doing. We've said this often enough before, but anyway we went to see some big thing at the Lyceum with Teardrop Explodes, Echo, A Certain Ratio and The Psychedelic Furs — *the cream of British rock.* But it was just so bad, so unpowerful, so uninvolving that we instinctively reacted against it. For a while we became more Americanized in a parodic sort of way."

FADE...

"THE SOUND of careening guitars and derailed rhythms swells up from the distance. Party songs are collaged, the voice of a deranged evangelist preacher folds in a death litany... *"Pilgrim gets one hacked daughter/ All we guys get are 40 hack reporters... sweet hatchet swing low son/I'm feeling pretty lonesome..."* The noise degenerates into the curdling screams of the lynch mob. The ugly accent of bigots suited only to articulating jealousy and suspicion, the horror of miscegenation and fear of strangers is expertly seized and savaged with perilous glee... *"HANDS UP THOSE WHO WANT TO DIE!!! Have you heard how Sonny's burning?/Like some exotic star/He lights up proceedings/Raise the temp... Some day I'll cut him down!..."* The wagon rolls south, the mockery doesn't relent... *"American heads will roll in Texas!"*

OFFSCREEN VOICE

"THE REALM of The Birthday Party imagination isn't confined within geographical or political borders. It is populated with freaks and frightening dimwits, heroic and brokenbacked lovers, all subjected to hot sticky climates or — their exact negative — damp cold climates, either of which reduce people to a state of inertia.

Subjected to the humid heat of Faulkner's deep South, the steamy golden showers of Genet's southern European ports or Greene's miserable, drizzling Brighton, BP characters react to the stifling atmospheric pressures with violence or extreme acts of love, often resulting in a death sealed with hilarious kiss-off lines.

BP songs are pages torn from a thief's journal written in flight from Australia across Europe and America. They are — to put it in Tracy's colourful vernacular — "a real hell's broth of all these quite diverse influences, things that have just gotten into our mind, assimilated and eventually spewed forth."

NICK'S SOUTHERN DISCOMFORT

"A MYTHICAL deep South? I know exactly what you mean, though I don't want it to be that particular. I just find that area, that style of intelligence and so forth, which maybe Faulkner would have his characters steeped in, really fascinating. The way in which they talk, which is dumb, but it is a really descriptive dumb language. It's just that a lot of things about the deep South really interest me.

"The fanaticism, the blind belief in all sorts of totally ridiculous sorts of things, their really quaint mystical way of justifying the beliefs they dedicate their lives to, these superstitious people of the South. Living each day, through every hardship possible with their hands, not their minds. Their lives are lived entirely in terms of punishment and reward.

"And that type of thing is equally prevalent in our *sophisticated* society; it is just simplified and magnified with these hillbilly type people. The same concepts of people denying the things they want still apply, denying their basic desires because they're afraid of what might happen if they express what they really want.

"You can sit around for hours and make analogies of various aspects of that kind of society and this one. The lynch mob, the crazed mob that has no personality whatsoever, they lose their entire personalities for the sake of one crazed idea, is exactly the same as going along to a concert by, say, Adam And The Ants, where the focusing of attention is so much on one particular figure that they're just trading in their personalities to become a kind of polyheaded blob...

"What makes us so different? I really do have quite a strong opinion of the way people behave when they're with other people. With us I consider we're making an example of some kind of bid for individuality and at our best, which we were the other night at the Lyceum, we remain apart from the audience, we remained individuals with our own visions and we weren't sucked into pandering to the mob.

"Sometimes I get scared into feeling I should entertain these people, so I force myself to fling my body round everywhere, because I know it's entertaining, so eventually I lose and they win. Then I might as well be down there with them, basically..."

ROWLAND'S REASONING

"WHEN WE went back to Australia last year we were greeted with such acclaim and adulation it made what we were doing pointless, because the whole life of the group had been based on reacting against what was around us and turning it into some kind

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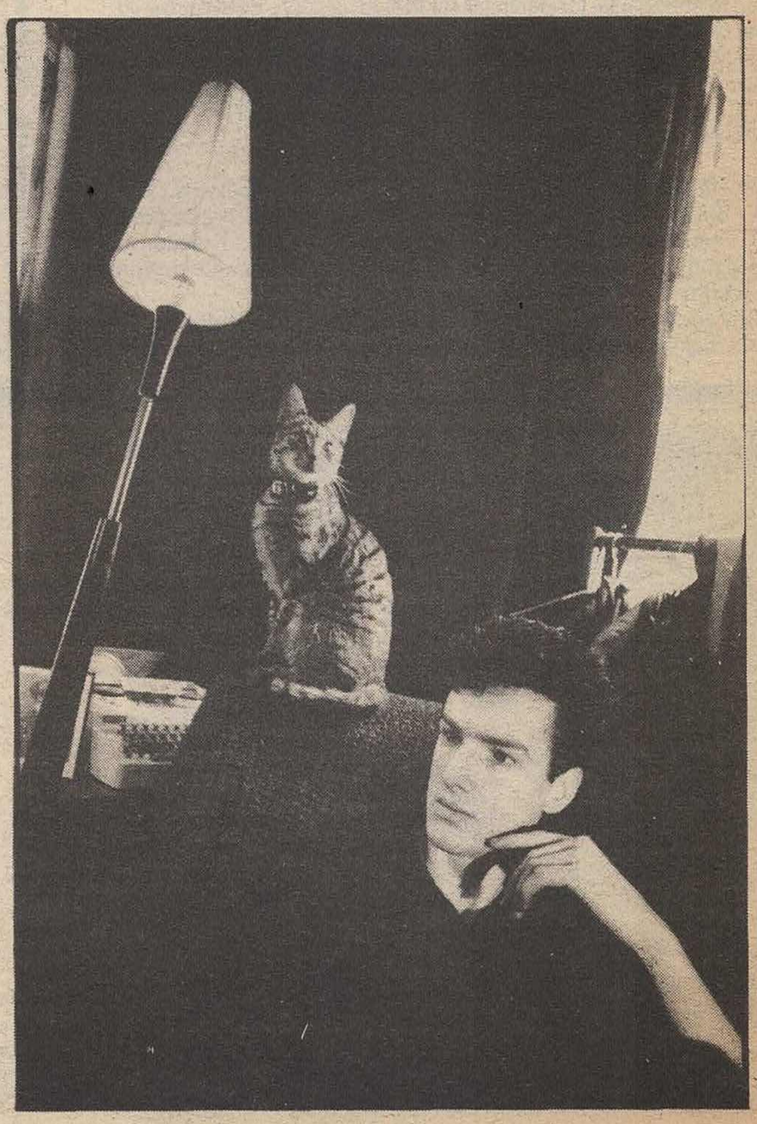


THE BIRTHDAY PARTY — A DOCU-DRAMA

Dramatic reconstruction:
Chris Bohn

Photo evidence:
Peter Anderson

BIRTHDAY PARTY

From previous page

of positive force. So once everything was positive towards us it defeated the purpose. We loathed it for the main part.

"For a start, most of it seemed unwarranted: people applauding wildly when you came onstage, when you announce a song they've never heard before. it was apparent they weren't really thinking very much about what was going on and that we were well and truly absorbed into the whole rock and roll schtick.

"We never had any illusions that we were a law unto ourselves, but we've always operated fairly well outside the normal rock and roll context. I mean, we never mixed with those sort of people socially. So it was frightening and disappointing to see how people were reacting. After two and a half months in Australia, Nick, Mick Harvey, Tracy and me, we were determined to break up the band because there didn't seem to be any point in continuing."

TRACY'S DOGS

"NO BODY WOULD like to think the audience is relating on such an arbitrary level. We like to get to our audiences a little bit more of what we're trying to communicate instead of letting them react to us on a purely mindless level. The comparison with Pavlov's dogs dribbling when they hear a bell ring . . . sometimes I think they're not listening at all. it's pretty bad when things get to that.

"The split up last June . . . well, we set ourselves these goals in the past, cos it's really easy for us to lose patience when you can't see immediate achievements. it's been our way to say, fuck it, if we can't do such and such by such a time. But by the time that date comes it's usually forgotten. We've been saying it as early as 1980. But we're pretty pleased with the new line up, so I don't think they'll be too much of that mutinous talk in the future."

MICK'S BEST LAID PLANS

"LIKE LAST June I was looking more and more forward to being completely free, but when the designated break up point came there had been a lot of odd things happening in the meantime, like Tracy being put in jail. And we realised we hadn't done a lot of the things we wanted to do. But we knew something had to happen. We didn't want Phil (old BP drummer) around, so what we did was kick Phil out (Mick now plays drums fulltime, switching from his role as multi instrumentalist) and moved to Berlin and decided to carry on as a group.

"I found it very difficult at first to be positive about it, because by that time I was looking forward to doing something else. But I couldn't keep on being negative about it, otherwise I would drag everything else down, so I went to the other extreme and became very positive about it. Sometimes, though, I don't know how much more the group can achieve, or what the group has achieved — I don't know why the group should achieve anything! Why should we put ourselves through this agony?

"But what is quite different for our group is that it is a very great thing for us to play an inspiring gig."

NICK'S SHOCK

"BREAK UP? We were going to break up? Nobody told me!"

TRACY'S BAD BREAK

"BASICALLY I got nicked for my third drunk driving offence, at least the third one where I was actually caught doing it, which was silly of me. I also had warrants out for two minor theft cases. One was for shoplifting a few sausages when I was broke and hungry. The other time was when I nicked something from a party when I was drunk. I was as incompetent a thief as I was a shoplifter. The cops finally caught up with me when I went out and did it again.

"I didn't go into court with a very good lawyer, just one from legal aid, so I left the court with a four month sentence, of which I served three.

"The jails in Victoria aren't that bad. They're worse, I should imagine, in New South Wales. I got sent to a nice little prison farm.

"The band was due to leave for America about a week after I was locked up, which was a little awkward. I often seem to be doing things like this to inconvenience the rest of them. So they got Barry Adamson in for the tour . . .

"It's difficult for jail to have a positive effect on your mind, because the only thing on it is getting out. Your friends are on the outside. My girlfriend came hundreds of miles to see me every Sunday, but even then I couldn't see enough of her. I missed her like hell. I was also thinking about what I was missing with the band. That's the bad part.

"I don't know that it did much for my mind at all, I think you would have to spend a lot longer in jail for that to happen. but it certainly cleansed my body. I was off the piss for three months, exercised a lot, worked every day pruning pine trees, did weightlifting, that way you could sleep really well so time went a lot quicker."

NICK'S WAY

"THAT ART has to benefit society in some practical way? Anything but that! Art is what anybody wants it to be. I will not be pressured into harbouring a social conscience to write about issues that will be forgotten in a year's time, giving my opinion on something when it's not worth more than anyone else's basically.

"My sense of aesthetic, my style of aesthetic, now that's something worth making concrete for the world! My basic creativeness is exceptional, but I don't think my particular social or political opinions are worth a pinch of shit. So why should artistic sensibilities go to waste because I'm not opinionated?"

ROWLAND'S WRATH

"I REALLY find it amazing that people who review us have sometimes come to the grand conclusion that we're doing exactly the same thing as Bauhaus! It's incredibly frustrating when people conclude we're the same as them and their ilk. Even if they think the music is mindless, I think it's fairly clear that the lyrics are a hell of a lot better than 99 per cent of people writing at the moment."

NICK'S NIGHTMARE

IT OFTEN worries me that our group could be accused of deliberately dwelling on the horrible things in life: death, murder and the like; that we're totally skindeep and nothing else.

"We did this interview in Copenhagen and the interviewer read us this daily newspaper article that said our music could best be described as the sort of thing that would go with a cheap B grade horror movie, which I find really insulting."

MICK'S FATHER

"MORAL RESPONSIBILITY? That's a tough one, the eternal question. We would make what we would construe as a very irresponsible joke, meant in a particular way, maybe not seriously, and that leaves the question of us knowing what we mean and the possibility of 99 per cent of the people taking it the wrong way.

"So do we say, fuck the people, they don't understand, they're stupid? Or do we just do it because it's the way we think about it, so why shouldn't we?

"On the whole I'd say it's too bad if they're misinterpreted, if the cover of 'The Bad Seed' is taken the wrong way.

"Why the swastika? Well, I dunno, hahaha. I suppose if people went, Oh, how disgusting that would be a very blinkered view. People would misunderstand the way we use it . . . That is, it's almost a bit naughty to use it. The joke almost becomes that people are going to go Argh at something that was used that innocently.

"It's not to shock them. People who would get upset by it are very far removed from the gorup so most of them would never see it.

"That is what's so funny about 'Drunk On The Pope's Blood'. Most of the people who would have been offended by the title would never have come across it.

"You can't say we set out to be deliberately *shocking*, because if we are it doesn't work. We do those things . . . they're done to be ridiculous. They're meant for ourselves, not as a public offence. I find it really silly when people accuse us of trying to be sensational, because if we are we're terrible failures at it.

"Except in Australia they made a big thing out of 'Drunk On The Pope's Blood', splashing it across the dailies, which was so stupid because it made the people who would have been offended by it aware of it. And I don't think we ever wanted to do that.

"Once that happened I was really upset about it. Well, my parents heard about it, and as my father's a priest (Church of England) I got a bit of flak about it."

NICK UNREPENTANT

"MICK ALWAYS used to say, I know why you write all this blasphemous stuff, it's to get at me because of my father, isn't it? But after three years he realised the joke had been going on too long, so there must be some serious intent behind it."

MICK'S MEASURED TONE

"ME, TOO reasonable for The Birthday Party? No, I think I'm an element the others require. For one we haven't got a manager, so it usually falls to me to get things organised, as I start worrying about them first. I think I really create a balance that is needed, otherwise I wouldn't be here. They've never complained about me being too reasonable or levelheaded.

"Anyway, I can be irresponsible, too. It was me who got drunk at the first gig in New York and started yelling obscenities at the audience, which was really out of character . . .

"I think Birthday Party represent elements of the individuals involved that otherwise wouldn't come to the fore. There are elements about me that come out in something so totally wild and untamed as The Birthday Party, which otherwise would stay hidden.

"I completely approve of it, though sometimes I think it would be good if people didn't get completely drunk out of their brains before going onstage. Then, I realise if they didn't things just wouldn't be the same. Their attitude would be different if they were responsible."

A NICK CARICATURE DENIED

"I MEAN, I'm not the sort of person who sits around in bars crying into my beer, trying to dwell on physical pain . . . I would probably consider myself a destructive person, at least destructive to myself, but I enjoy it . . . I just don't write songs when I'm happy. That's partly because when I've got some spirit I'm usually out some place destroying it.

"Not that I'm saying that when I find myself depressed I *crawl* over to the desk, *slide* onto the seat, dip the quill in the pot and start *scratching* this really *painful* prose. Even when I was a happy go lucky lad in Australia I wrote about depressing things."

ROWLAND'S FRIENDS

"HOW I met Lydia Lunch, we were playing in New York and I met her at the Chaise Lounge. I'd been wanting to record 'Some Velvet Morning' for a while and it struck me as a good idea to do it with her. Not the least because she would be good for selling the project to companies with! And it was true, they jumped at the chance.

"After that, the German company Rip Off asked Lydia to record an album, so she got me, Mick, Genevieve (Rowland's girlfriend) and Tracy over to Berlin to help her do it . . . in the end the Germans couldn't pay the studio bill, so the tapes are gathering dust.

"Because 'Some Velvet Morning' sounded so good — it had this dreamlike quality and depth — I formed this group called These Immortal Souls with Barry Adamson and Genevieve. There were plans to release a series of 12", each with a different theme, but no company's terribly interested . . ."

ROWLAND'S SORROW . . .

"A LOT of my favourite songwriters are people who write when they're obviously close to the edge and the songs betray this quality of weakness or fragility . . . I guess I'm primarily interested in people rather than expressing an idea. I'm interested in affecting people on an emotional level, hit them really hard, so they feel the same emotions you were feeling at the time of writing a song. Anyone who can achieve that I think is very great . . .

"If I can make a record as good as the things I was listening to at 17, thinking they were the best, then I'd be satisfied. I think 'The Bad Seed' is really a work of art, strong, powerful and capable."

AND HIS FRUSTRATION

"THE SONGS I used to write were really personal songs, and Nick said he couldn't sing them because it was too embarrassing, like reading somebody else's diary. So for a long time I was writing impersonal songs, and it's taken me a year to rediscover how to write self-expressive songs. Now I have to decide which ones are for The Birthday Party and the others I keep for me, Genevieve and Barry Adamson."

NICK'S REJOINDER

"TO HIS disfavour Rowland gives me lyrics that obviously mean a lot to him; and he has to release his emotions by proxy, kind of, and at the same time I can't release my own. It's like driving somebody else's car: you have to be more careful. And that's the way it is with lyrics."

NICK AND LYDIA

"WE WROTE *50 One Page Plays* together, 50 plays made up from five categories of things like the speedway and filth. Lydia suggested that one.

"Well, we had to start somewhere so why not at the bottom?"

DEUTSCH AUSTRALIAN FREUNDSCHAFT

"***CRAWLING in misery/nothing is here/sluggish crippled cells/your cells speak/hoer auf ruhr/thirsty animal/set unquenchable fire/demise after the fire/the cellcores burst out/lava burst out/new islands/thirsty animal"*** **('Durstiges Tier'. Words: Blixa Bargeld; music: Einsturzende Neubauten, Rowland S. Howard)**

ROWLAND: "ME and Nick are really interested in working with as many people as possible. It can only improve what you're doing. It's fairly limited working by yourself or with only one other person. I've written songs with about 10 other people in the past two and a half years. It teaches you something, inspires you a lot more."

Nick: "We're not misanthropic towards other groups. There is nothing I like more than coming across other artists in whatever field — I'm not so narrow minded to reduce it to rock — who have ideas which I think are great.

"We don't have an attitude in which we don't want to have anything to do with anybody else, that we think we're the fucking greatest, though I admit it might sometimes come across like that. We look to other people to play with, express ourselves with, exchange ideas with.

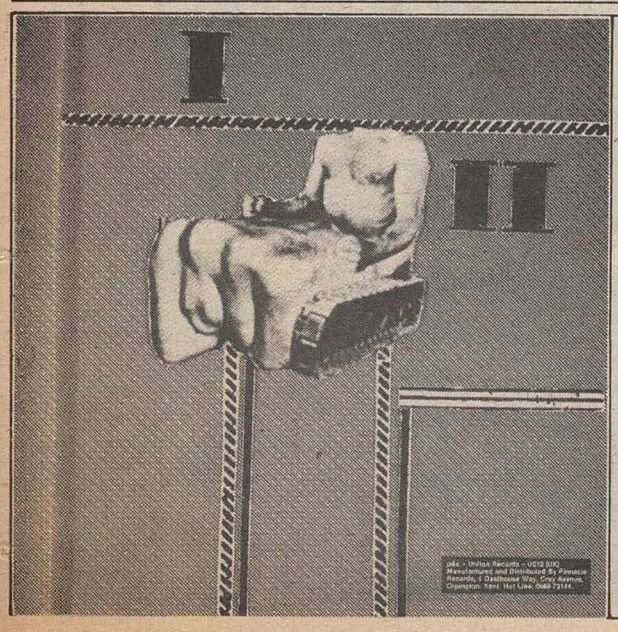
"It only happens very rarely, but it did in Berlin with Einsturzende Neubauten, and also with Lydia Lunch. Even so, our group is generally totally alienated from the scheme of things."

A BEDTIME STORY TO CLOSE: NICK'S *SWAMPLAND* NARRATIVE

"WHAT ACTUALLY happens in this story is the death of this one central figure who is sinking into quicksand, listening to the sound of a lynch mob hot on his trail. All the time he is reminiscing, falling into fits of vision, having unearthly visitations, while he's gradually sinking deeper and deeper. Finally, his executioners burst into the clearing; they surround him but they can't get at him, because he's too far away. Only his head is visible above the quicksand.

"He's beset by more visions and eventually he's visited by an angel of some sort who he thinks forgives him for the murder of some orphan girl, which is the final hoax of his life. Just before he dies he believes he

Continues page 38



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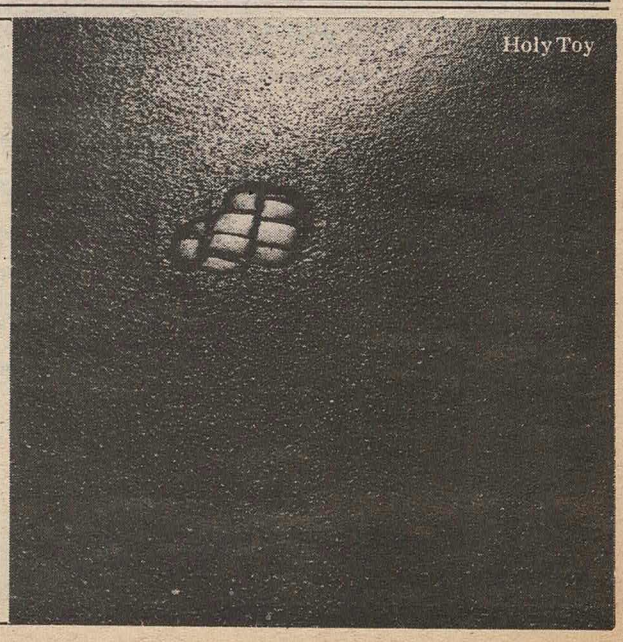


LPs

Kevin Rowland by Ian Wright

THE ROAR OF THE ARMPIT

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS

Geno *(Late Night Feelings)*

"HE CAME over to her with the lounging grace of a panther, and leaned against the mantelpiece. Flora saw at once that he was not the kind that could be fobbed off with offers of tea. She was for it.

'What's that you're making?' he asked. Flora knew that he hoped it was a pair of knickers. She composedly shook out the folds of the petticoat and replied that it was an afternoon tea-cloth.

'Ay...woman's nonsense,' Seth said softly. (Flora wondered why he had seen fit to drop his voice by half an octave.) 'Women are all alike—fussin' over their fal-lals and bedazin' a man's eyes, when all they really want is man's blood and his heart out of his body and his soul and his pride...'"

Stella Gibbons said! For four years I've known that Kevin Rowland reminded me of someone, and today, giving this record a spin (business before) while reading (pleasure) the best book in the world, *Cold Comfort Farm,* for the twenty-first time, I realized exactly who it is: Seth Starkadder.

Stella Gibbons' 1932 masterpiece is a perfect parody of all those awful D.H. Lawrence laments, everyone wild in the country, full of pride and suffering and bitter lust, and Seth/Kevin is the perfect parody of the D.H. Lawrence Man, spending all his time rampaging around mollocking and nurturing the dark flame of his virile and unquenchable spirit.

This compilation, however, does not deal with current Kevin/Seth — the peatbog strumpet, all nosejob, passion pits and Immac allergy — but rather with the early songs of hero worship and shamrock on the shoulder and the unsuccessful mid-period all-purpose whining.

I was about to say that Dexys' first single, 'Dance Stance', is the best thing that Kevin will ever do; and then I remembered that ignoble gem of 1978, 'Johnny Won't Get To Heaven' by The Killjoys. The Killjoys were Kevin, and the first lines were: *"I DON'T READ SOUNDS OR NME — I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!"* and with first lines like that, you have to love it to death — it's the aural equivalent of a pit pony, absolutely clueless and criminally lovable.

Part of the reason Dexys Midnight Runners tend to make a big Pearl & Dean performance out of something as insignificant as, say, picking a nose, can be traced back to the fact that, under another name (like Spandau Ballet, another lot of showoffs who mine the smoothie as opposed to the stubbly seam of the street) they were a spectacularly unsuccessful punk band, and feel they were sorely thwarted by the Big Noise. They are therefore determined not just to be in A Band but to be some sort of Epic Episode in Rock's Rich Tapestry, to sound louder than the Big Noise.

The rest of the reason the Runners can come across as very unappealing, extras from *The Virgin And The Gypsy* rather than real people, is that they are from Birmingham. When it comes down to hard currency like respect and credibility the Midlands are bankrupt; they are not considered sassy like Scotland or noble like Wales or brave like Ulster, they are not considered warm like the North or pretty like the West or classy like the South. They are not considered at all; they are just *there,* mid, medium, mediocre lands.

Sensitive young Midlands people can't stand the thought of a future as a void, a blank look. So they re-invent themselves with a vengeance, they make themselves COLOURFUL; think of Toyah's Technicolor tantrums, Duran Duran's travelogue suntanned trance — and Dexys Midnight Runners, Celtic boy kings. The lives of Midlands pop stars are school plays that last a lifetime, and they are scared that beneath the greasepaint there is nothing but the grey forever.

An inferiority complex never hurt anyone, but *two* inferiority complexes can make eventual outpour very heavy going. Rowland approaches songs like Samson approaching the temple; you can *smell* the sweat, and when it works — 'Dance Stance'—it's breathtaking. When it doesn't work, though — 'Plan B', 'Breaking Down The Walls Of Heartache' and others too numbingly numerous to mention — it's sickmaking.

It's soul music for people who've never been allowed to listen to real soul music — soul for South Africans! The main ingredient of great soul is that wonderful, once in a lifetime voice of Fontella Bass or Curtis Mayfield, and let's face it, Kevin Rowland sings like Steve Harley at the vet's. The best times on this record happen when Rowland keeps his yap shut; the backing vocals of 'Geno', the brass, 'The Horse', that old Jimmy James number. I usually hate instrumentals, but when the alternative is Kevin Rowland's wailing I'm all for them.

One part magic, ninety nine parts monotony, Dexys Midnight Runners carry too much flesh and not enough weight. Oh, and PS: that label name, LATE NIGHT FEELINGS — it's meant to be all urbane and smoky nightclub and urban—but it sounds like an album of slop by Jack Jones: not the Grey Panther genius, but the one who wears the white shag pile ear to ear carpet. At least Kevin/Seth still has his own hair — and how: take Cold Comfort from that, Soul Rebel.

Julie Burchill

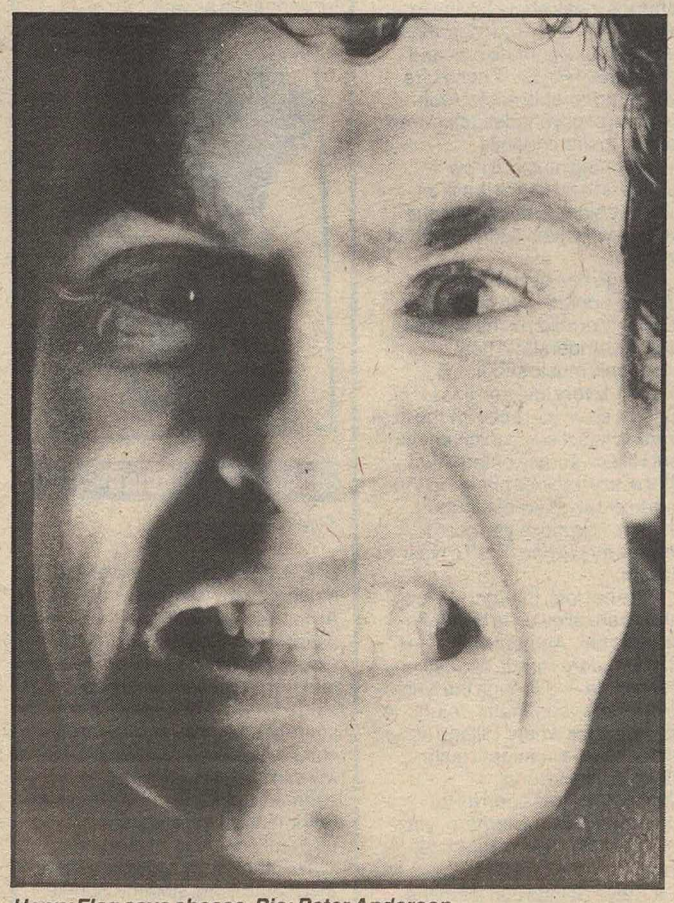
HERE WE GO GATHERING NUTS IN LA

BLACK FLAG

Everything Went Black *(SST)*

MEANWHILE, BACK in the Ramone Era, when the first shock waves were hitting those portions of the Greater Los Angles area not then catered for by existing music business options, something called Black Flag was forming from some nameless, oozing protoplasmic mung. Now regarded as the champs of LA hardcore chainsaw guitar massacreing, Black Flag's baby pictures are herein unveiled: 24 tracks (that's not the rating of the studio but the number of performances) of outtakes, demos and other juvenilia.

It therefore makes a peculiar introduction to Black Flag for those such as myself who are unfamiliar with the principal body of work which these footnotes are supposed to illuminate. Each tune is a basic slab of hardcore punk: all the sly/dumb wit and pop tunesmanship of The Ramones and all the lyrical and rhythmic ingenuity of The Clash have been boiled away, leaving an unprepossessing lump of bad-breath vocals, remorseless bamalama guitar and breathless, clumping drums. This lot make Southern Death Cult sound like Shostakovich, and The Ramones like Cole Porter.



Henry Flag says cheese. Pic: Peter Anderson.

Some of the songs crop up in several different incarnations, being recorded with any or all of the three lead singers who performed with the band over the three-year span covered by the album. Songs like 'Police War', 'Depression', 'Damaged' and 'Gimme Gimme Gimme', the last of which crops up three times, seemed almost like old friends by the end.

Punk music like this — seven years on from the first pioneering Pistols and Ramones records and infinitely more primitive than either — is a hostile, ugly noise designed (and most effectively so) to rally the faithful hardcore and repulse everyone else. Only its family could love it and that to the death.

So maybe we should simply shrug our shoulders and leave them to it. I still think they're all nuts in LA.

Charles Shaar Murray

SHRIEKBACK

Care *(Y Records)*

I COULD never work out why Shriekback never really set me alight. There was always the suspicion that bassist Dave Allen was an underestimated force in the early Gang Of Four — remember that bassline on 'Tourist' and sigh. And looking at the way the once promising XTC slid downhill after his departure, you'd be tempted to attribute some kudos for *their* early abrasiveness to keyboards player Barry Andrews.

Somehow, though, the combination of Andrews, Allen and Carl Marsh never seemed to set the sparks flying. Listening to that familiar, rolling bass, I perpetually found myself longing for one of Andy Gill's glorious guitar slashes to cut across the infernal continuity of the rhythmic backwash.

With 'Care', though, that feeing is gone, partly because of an improved gelling of the elements of Shriekback, and partly because I'm beginning to understand the art of their monotony. Suddenly forms are beginning to emerge from the snowstorm of their sound, an overall direction behind their random explorations and a meaning in their tension.

The answer to the appeal behind Shriekback's dabbling is simple beauty. Unlikely though it may seem, a measure of concentration reveals a soaring spirit behind the deceptively uncomely drone. Take, for example, the single 'Lined Up', with which the collection starts. What strikes you first is an archaic dance beat and a stony-faced repetition. Somewhere in it, though, there's a quality which inspires a hypnotic fascination. You begin waiting for the beat to burst into flames, and end up glorying in the smouldering glow, revelling in the clinical execution. This is the beauty of the dance beat isolated from its context and held up as pure aesthetic.

They're playing a dangerous game here; the list of indie has-beens is packed with casualties of this particular sport, but Shriekback's distinction is their understanding of the levels of deception. While there's a stony faced dourness to the vocals, there's an elevating clarity and sense of purpose in the instrumentation, a pulse of humanity behind the studious coolness.

There's an understanding of the simple power of the beat here that carries you through both their touching honest moments and the vaguely annoying whimsy of their humour, a central spirit which is well worth discovering.

Take 'Care' with care — it's what it deserves.

Don Watson

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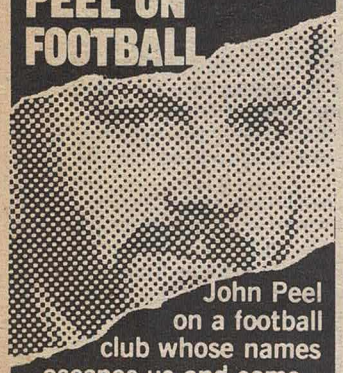

John Peel on a football club whose names escapes us and some other kickers

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ARTICULATE STATE OF THE ART

VAN MORRISON
Inarticulate Speech Of The Heart *(Phonogram)*

THE MOST significant event in music over the past year or so seems to have completely bypassed the orthodox 'youth' music audience. It's a sad state of affairs, when the new pop mainstream offers little but wretched beleaguered greyness or bland contrived pap, that the sheer strength and vision of the latest incarnation of The Van Morrison Band should be enjoyed by an audience that is predominantly middle class and middle aged.

Marked by warmth and passion though it is, I don't see the man's latest studio work doing much to change the situation. For a start there's the cover with its horrible dopey mystical illustration and dedication to L Ron Hubbard of the more than slightly peculiar Scientology religious sect. And when you actually get the record out of its cover the opening lyrics on 'Higher Than The World' *("I'm higher than the world, And I'm living in my dreams/I'll make it better than it seems today")* are very hard to take after the dedication to the weirdo religion (whose stock in trade is stopping punters on the Tottenham Court Road and asking them to take a 'personality test').

But it's never been worth getting too involved or trying to relate to the personal spiritual odyssey that runs through the 14 or so albums Morrison has recorded over the past 16 years. Do that and you're having your attention misdirected from what really matters — a body of work unparalleled in intensity of emotion and variety of musical forms. Once you've scraped away the cosmic baloney 'Inarticulate Speech Of The Heart' stands as a resounding, if somewhat subdued, accumulation of characteristic talents; the compositional grace, the ear for melody and a voice — *the voice* — filled with hope, desire and tenderness.

This album takes the new fashioned rustic soul music of his last album but one, 'Common One', and expands on it with an oddly innovative combination of instruments. The synthesiser of Mark Ishram dominates to give a neo-classical effect but at the same time traditional Celtic instruments are used alongside to make an unusual overall sound. When I met Morrison last year in a Notting Hill coffee shop he said the original idea behind 'Beautiful Vision' was to record an R&B album with Celtic instruments. On this record he does that — the swinging jig called 'Connswater' — and goes one better elsewhere by combining modern, Celtic and R&B instruments to play . . . modern Celtic R&B?

Partly, but it would be unfair to label the album thus as it encompasses much more than the tag suggests.

It's steeped in metaphysical allusions, look no further than the frantic raving of 'Rave On John Donne', in a way that recalls 'Veedon Fleece'. Perhaps it's more than coincidence that after this album he plans to go into retirement for two years just like he did after 'Veedon Fleece'. There are four instrumental songs on the record which is something of a waste — Morrison undoubtedly wants to try something new but it's a shame to neglect a voice as great as his own.

The instrumentals are among his strangest ever creations but are far more enticing than the dull droning 'Scandanavia' that closed 'Beautiful Vision': the aforementioned 'Connswater' and 'Celtic Swing' both work well, though the latter title is misleading — the tune features Morrison on saxophone played in a way that resembles nothing so much as an Aboriginal or African blow pipe. The others — the title track (no. 1) and 'September Night' — are rhapsodic pieces of mood music, the latter complete with a heavenly choir sounding like a dream sequence for a '30s Busby Berkeley extravaganza. Like I say, strange creations.

'Inarticulate Speech Of The Heat' lacks the immediate punch and sharpness of last year's 'Beautiful Vision' and the sort of feisty workout at which he excels — like 'Jackie Wilson Said', 'Domino' or Vision's 'Dweller On The Threshold'. 'The Street Only Knew Your Name' — a restrained rocker with its reference to Gene Vincent, an early influence located in a typical reminiscence of youth — is the nearest we get.

For me, though, the finest moment here is 'Irish Heartbeat', an expression of unrequited longing with a gorgeous melody that equals the best tunes on 'Veedon Fleece', and the title track (no. 2) which is an ironic *articulation* of years of striving for the ultimate shattering effect, *that* feeling, what the late Ralph J Gleason called the 'yarrrrgh'. At the same time it is an admission of the inability and the absurdity of trying to produce lyrics that would describe such a profound feeling. As always, it's not what he sings but the way that he sings, the love and feeling he invests in the lyrics.

Morrison is still hungry, still vigilant, still imbuing his work with a deep care and respect for many types of music. Given the scope and potency of his present live work it's high time for another live album (check the live version of 'Summertime In England' on the B side of 'Cry For Home'), but until then 'Inarticulate Speech Of The Heart' will do just fine.

Gavin Martin

VARIOUS ARTISTS
It's In The Mix (*PRT/Calibre*)

CONTINUING THE admirable practice of making some of their prime 12" dance cuts available via the cheaper LP format, compilation kings PRT follow up their successful 'Street Sounds' series with another potentially worthwhile package deal: six more full-length mixes of current club favourites on one album.

Volume One of their latest venture falls short of the all-round appeal of the two 'Street Sounds' issues of quality and distinction, the latter drawing material from a far wider range of subsidiary labels. 'It's In The Mix' contains singles previously released through Philly World, Excalibur and Sound Of New York plus a Larry Levan re-mix of Imagination's 'Changes' and the previously unavailable (listen to it and you'll see why) 'Voice Of Q' by Q.

To the casual record rack browser, Indeep's 'Last Night' will be the most familiar cut — a great record for about a fortnight, but something of a gimmick in retrospect. The highpoint is William De Vaughn's 'Creme De Creme' — not quite as sublime as 'Be Thankful' but an inviting slice of soul smooch and sensuality all the same.

The rest is more mediocre. Neither Brenda Taylor's 'You Can't Have Your Cake', Captain Sky's 'Don't Touch That Dial' — neither of which made many ripples when released as singles — or the Imagination and Q tracks are anything more than dance fare ordinaire.

On current form, the 'Street Sounds' series seems a more viable investment.

Adrian Thrills

Bringing it all back home, Oz style

ABSOLUTELY SWEET BETWEENS

THE GO-BETWEENS
Before Hollywood *(Rough Trade)*

IN WHICH The Go-Betweens bring it all back home...

From the sleeve's studious allusion to Dylan's 1965 covers to the final dedication "to our parents", this record looks back to the past — childhood, lost love and lost Utopias. These are fragile feelings, hard to express, but The Go-Betweens fly straight to the heart with passion and intelligence. 'Before Hollywood' contains some of the most beautiful music I've ever heard.

The Go-Betweens released their debut album 'Send Me A Lullaby' last year around the time they moved from their native Australia to London. A hauntingly lovely record, it seems in retrospect hurried and unfinished; 'Before Hollywood' delivers what 'Lullaby' promised.

The improvement shows first in the sound. Producer John Brand has gone for fullness without loss of immediacy. Thus the massive melodic talents of Grant McLennan and Robert Forster are revealed in all their simplicity of inspiration yet richness of craft.

That inspiration is drawn from the back pages of Dylan and his era — who so influence McLennan — and the austere, angst-ridden figures of Tom Verlaine and David Byrne, Forster's guiding lights. The album's two middle songs exemplify these strands and their gripping tension when woven together.

'Ask' intersperses the raw, insistent accusations of uncomprehending hurt with an achingly poignant inner voice of despair. Forster's guitar echoes the driving urgency of his singing, then both dissolve into liquid melancholy.

Flip over and you have the new 45, 'Cattle And Cane', the most heart-clenching few minutes since Robert Wyatt sang 'Shipbuilding'. Every time I hear it I'm almost in tears. The tune is so simple but so beautiful, and just builds and builds, adding layers of plangent guitar and vocal harmonies. As Grant recalls *"a bigger, brighter world/a world of books and silent times in thought"*, the music grows more intensely elegaic.

The Go-Betweens yearn for the elusive, the perfection that may once have been but never will again. That lost world includes the guru Dylan. Grant's 'That Way' raises the spirit of *"six white horses"* from 'Absolutely Sweet Marie' in an exquisite tune which unrolls with moving inevitability, swelling with Bernard Clarke's Al Kooper-style organ.

Lindy Morrison's drumming is crisp, subtle and dynamic, Grant's bass is a model of telling economy and Robert plays a song-writer's guitar — soaring and lyrical but always to the point.

If you ever surrendered to the rapture of Television's 'The Dream's Dream' or Dylan's 'One Of Us Must Know', then listen to this. 'Before Hollywood' is a rare masterpiece.

Mat Snow

STEVE HILLAGE
For To Next (*Virgin*)

STEVE HILLAGE was once a likeably sincere hippy with strange ideas about talking to vegetables, and who made variably interesting albums like 'L' and 'Motivation Radio'. These LPs were memorable not for their content of psychedelic clap-trap but for their frequently invigorating music. It now appears that Hillage is still a likeably sincere hippy, but one who now makes, sadly, dreadful albums.

Hillage has decided that the time has come to go electronic. The only problem is he doesn't seem to understand how electronic music should be played. Every song on this LP is just too slow; you ache for the next track to inject some excitement, but Hillage seems determined that every track be played to the same dreary thud-blank-thud rhythm. I suppose you could always try playing 'For To Next' at 45rpm.

All is not lost, though; a couple of cuts are allowed to be a trifle invigorated. 'Anthems For The Blind' is, dare I say it, almost danceable — although the lyrics are unbelievably inane. 'Alone' is the one track where Hillage allows himself some indulgent guitar playing, and it works. Unfortunately as soon as he stops, the music returns to, yes, you've guessed it, thud-blank-thud.

If Steve Hillage can learn the advantages of *speed* in electronic music he may soon make good LPs in this genre — he certainly has the technical ability to do so. Until then it appears that the man who once advocated talking to cabbages is now making music for cabbages as well.

Sean Thomas

JOAN ARMATRADING
The Key (*A&M*)

UNTIL RECENTLY, I never spent much time thinking about Joan Armatrading or her music. The associations between it and the kind of redbrick radicalism that festers in the minds of 'A' level students, and surfaces on the stairs at parties in Hendon and Harrow Weald, had left scars on my mind. Ms Armatrading, it seemed, could be seriously detrimental to the average upwardly mobile school leaver.

The hardest thing to take about this album is the singer's Bonnie Tyler-ish delivery, peppered with twangy guitar solos. It would be easy to palm it off on first play, but a few spins show that that is nothing more than surface simplicity pulling the average buyer into a world of subtle substructures and varied rhythmic approaches.

It is an understanding such as this, realising the difference between plain headbanging and good rock'n'roll, that has kept Joan Armatrading's reputation so high for so long. It is rare, and is being rightfully cherished.

As a display of Armatrading's talent as a singer, 'The Key' does not tell much that previous albums do not — it is well above the norm, and quite apart from the guidelines laid down by other female pop stars. What 'The Key' opens is another door in the continuing saga of Armatrading as a writer of some of the best English songs of recent years.

Backtracking to the last couple of sets shows a considerable maturity. The famed Armatrading 'chip on the shoulder' is dissolving — maybe that is why she is no longer so jealously guarded by feminist students — but not at the expense of the strength of lyric and storytelling ability.

I have been told by devotees that 'The Key' is the best Armatrading work to date and feel inclined to believe them. If she is an artist that has never interested you before, especially if the reasons were anything like my early experiences, then try this set. It'll keep you on your toes, without getting up your nose.

Lloyd Bradley

YO HO HO IT'S THE NEW SENSITIVITY

THE MARINE GIRLS

Lazy Ways *(Cherry Red)*

YOU DON'T have to look too far to see that the nation has got rising damp, what with the aptly-named Pale Fountains (wet spoutings) setting about the ludicrous deification of Bacharach and David, and Tears For Fears (sitting ducts) setting their dripping lyrics to bad plumbing backing.

Despite the merciful silence of those horrible Haircuts, the plague of the corduroy cap is spreading fast, with too many misguided notions of sensitivity and archaic, simplistic conceptions of the love song. Alas, styleless clothes and acoustic guitars do not a great songwriter make.

It's easy to forget in this rheumatic climate that this whole thing started with a burst of apparently healthy creativity. The Postcard pop conception seems to have come to chart fruition, but not without suffering some impure dilution at the hands of short-sighted imitators — hence the blanding out of Orange Juice's bittersweet sarcasm to the frank tweeness of The Farmer's Boys.

As with the 'positive punk/vacuous junk' debate, though, there's the distinct danger of consigning the genuinely creative to the wrecker's yard along with the drippy and deserving. A case in point is The Marine Girls.

The Marine Girls have a water fascination, they sing soft melodies in ever-so-slightly squeaky voices amid a pastel haze of airy sentimentality. Look beyond their naive posture though and you might just catch a world weary wink, intimating that the Girls have sussed the essential element that sets Orange Juice apart — their *wit*.

On their first LP, the haphazardly produced 'Beach Party', they ran it a little close to the line. Most of the humour implicit in the chirping seemed to sail past even appreciative ears, resulting in eulogies to its "innocence" and "naive charm". What distinguished 'Beach Party' from the dreck that was similarly described were the moments of bleak irony and implicit understanding. The fact that it was presented in such a pretty, home-made package only made the occasional snag of its hooks more amusing.

On their second outing, the Girls have obviously decided that they'll have to play it straighter if they want to be truly understood.

Marine Girls limber up for the boat race. Pic: David Corio

One result is that there's little of the melodic immediacy of the first collection here; this is a flatter, more obviously contemplative sound, closer to Tracey Thorn's solo venture 'A Distant Shore' than it is to 'Beach Party'. Ironically so, in fact, since the majority of the songs were written by Jane Fox.

'A Place in The Sun', which opens, is a familiar dewy eyed love song delivered with characteristic sparkle. The first real shock isn't far away, though, Jane's 'Leave Me With The Boy' follows, casting an immediate shadow on the proceedings and revealing an insight into the darker side of love: *"Dig your nails in deeper/And claw through to the bone/Steal the last remaining flesh and let me sleep alone."*

The stark images are related in semi-droning tones, the emotion-drained voice presenting a second irony set against the passion of the lyrics. By the time you've choked on that, it's becoming clear that Tracey is not The Marine Girls' only ace card.

Delicate traces of jazz and blues vein the sound, as fine as the golden threads of C & W that run through Orange Juice, and the influence is recognized in the cover of Davenport and Cooley's 'Fever', a strange contradiction in itself with the tremulous voices twittering over lyrics that were intended to growl and swagger. The attempt at a blues-soaked *"Yeah!"* in the closing moments is hilarious, while Jane's singing on 'That Fink — Jazz Me Blues Boy' sounds more than anything like one of Walt Disney's Aristocats attempting to join in the Alley Cat Strut.

'Lazy Ways' is in turn meandering and wistful, subtly funny and cleverly cutting. Occasionally it borders on sounding too serious in its forays into 'Gals on Hols' tweeness, but the humour is always there as its saving grace.

If pop is drowning itself, with 'Lazy Ways', The Marine Girls have earned themselves a place in the lifeboat.

Don Watson

THE EVERLY BROTHERS

Rip It Up (*Ace*)

THE SCENE is a darkened parlour interior. A group of figures lean forward to catch the whispers of an elderly crone reclining on a chaise longue. All at once, she raises herself on an elbow and speaks directly to those about her.

"It's another message from the ... other side. The message is — 'What about this Everly Brothers collection on the Ace label?' Does that mean anything to any of you?"

A greasy individual with a face full of grog-blossoms leaps to his feet and begins to rave.

"Godawmighty yes, I knew the Everly Brothers! Us Eddie Cochran fanciers reckoned that they were all harmony and trousers, The Beatles without John Lennon, the Pinky and Perky of rock'n'roll! They cut a handful of goodies, mind you, and some of the tracks on this Ace re-issue are Toytown sturm-und-drang epics — 'Leave My Woman Alone', 'Problems', 'Claudette'. Imagine a pair of teddy bears singing their hearts out over very tasty guitar backings while the doll's house rocks and rolls.

"When it comes to essaying a spot of real rock'n'roll like 'Rip It Up' or 'Keep A Knockin', though, it's definitely Pat Boonsville on Sands. You never could, and cannot to this day, shag on down by the Union Hall with a plum in your mouth and a pineapple up your arse. Leave it out, lads!..."

"I have another message from the other side... 'When Will I Be Loved?' "

Ray Lowry

DINOSAUR L

24-24 Music (*Sleeping Bag Import*)

WHAT IS going on here? What is this strange growth? Where, when and how was it born? Simply stop and listen; the text of this music stares back and says *"...thank you for asking me questions... uproot the cause of confusion..."*

Uproot the cause of confusion! What should I tell you? Dinosaur L, appearing courtesy of Sleeping Bag Records (who are also responsible for the very fine, though slightly straighter 'Weekend' by Class Action) released one dazzling 12" single last year, 'Go Bang'/'Clean On Your Bean', which, despite various acknowledgements, never received its due attention, perhaps due to its non-release in Britain.

Both 'Go Bang' and its equally perverse partner are included on this 1979 session recorded at Blank Tapes (the home of early Ze and others). Though neither are as much fun as the later 12", 'Go Bang' still remains as important a sidestep in dance music as Was (Not Was)'s 'Wheel Me Out' — both insisting equally on a lack of definition and a joy in the moment of surprise. Fat funk drums, jazz, keyboards, guitars from various rocks and voices from anywhere they could find them — another contextual melting pot...

If 'Go Bang's seemed almost impenetrably metaphysical, then the rest of the LP will seem even more addicted to tangents and chance meetings — which, unfortunately, means that at times the hoped-for meeting never occurs. The extremely brief 'No Thankyou' is slow with beautifully arranged horns framing more disconnected voices, whilst 'In The Corn Belt' is a drunken midnight stagger through a big city jungle, almost approaching Public Image territory.

Marcus Boon

Cartridge not included

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tour NEWS

That Sizewell Madness

MADNESS and UB40 are among the many acts lined up for a benefit concert at London Victoria Apollo on Sunday, April 10, in aid of the Sizewell B campaign. It's being billed as 'Too Hot To Handle' and other artists who've agreed to appear include the ex-Squeeze duo Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook, Hazel O'Connor, Darts, Lynsey De Paul, Michael Palin & Terry Jones, Rik Mayall, Ronnie Scott, Neil Innes and Bert Jansch. Tickets are available immediately at the box-office, and they range from £5 to £25.

CHART JOY AS AKA FLY IN

BAND AKA, who make their *NME* Chart debut this week with the single 'Joy', have now added several provincial dates to their London shows announced last week. They are Braintree Essex Barn (April 9), Luton Pink Elephant (10), Bournemouth The Academy (11), Bristol Dingwalls (12) and Gillingham King Charles Hotel (17). In fact, there's now been a slight change in the London dates for the outfit at Victoria The Venue — they've been moved to April 15 and 16 (instead of 14-15).

Innes in his biggest yet

NEIL INNES sets out next month on his longest solo tour to date, with 32 concerts already confirmed and more still to be finalised. Promoted by Steve Mather for John Sherry Enterprises, it opens with two warm-up shows at Carlisle Stanwick Arts Centre (April 14) and Darlington Arts Centre (15), before Innes flies to New York for TV appearances. He then picks up the main body of the tour, as follows:

Newtown Theatre Hafren (April 29), Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall (30), Chester Gateway Theatre (May 1), Warrington venue to be confirmed (2), Bury St. Edmunds Theatre Royal (6), Hatfield Forum (7), Chesterfield Pomegranate Theatre (8), Nottingham University (11), Stafford Gatehouse Theatre (12), Basildon Towngate Theatre (13), Reading Bulmershe College (14), Brighton Pavilion (15), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (16), London Woolwich Tramshed (17), Huddersfield Polytechnic (18), Washington Arts Centre (19), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (20), Whitehaven Sir Nicholas Seekers Theatre (21), Bangor Theatre Gwynedd (23), Malvern Winter Gardens (25). Norwich Arts Centre (26 and 27), two shows at Birmingham Midlands Arts Centre (29), Swindon Wyvern (31), Londonderry Orchard Gallery (June 1 and 2), two shows at Belfast Crescent Arts Centre (3), Dublin Trinity College (4), Rickmansworth Watersmeet (5) and Bath Pump Rooms (6).

WOMEN AGAINST THE BOMB is a rally at the Westminster Central Hall in London on Saturday, April 16 (3.30pm), to celebrate the Virago publication of *Over Our Dead Bodies*. It features both speakers and performers — the latter including Carol Grimes, Frankie Armstrong, The Guest Stars and the Spare Tyre Theatre Company. Admission is £1 (unwaged 50p)

DR. JOHN, ORIGINAL MANFREDS, RE-FORMED MAN, BALDRY, KORNER

Marquee's birthday honours list

LONDON's Marquee Club this week announced the first batch of special attractions to mark its 25th anniversary. And as forecast by *NME* three weeks ago, they include a reunion of the original Manfred Mann line-up featuring both Paul Jones and Mike D'Abo — plus Mike Hugg, Mike Vickers, Tom McGuinness, Jack Bruce and Klaus Voorman — on April 30. Another highlight sees the return of Dr. John, who'll be appearing with the Chris Barber Band and special guests on April 14 and 15.

The 25th celebrations officially kick off tomorrow (Friday) with Kevin Coyne, and Easter sees a three-night stint (April 1-3) by the Climax Blues Band who'll be joined by a "major name" surprise guest singer. Osibisa's current line-up will be joined by past members on April 5, and Mainsqueeze play two nights on April 20 and 21. Alexis Korner, who initially introduced The Rolling Stones to Marquee audiences, revives his Blues Night there on April 28 and 29 — and we're promised guests galore on those two dates.

DR. JOHN

Welsh band Man have re-formed — with original members Deke Leonard, Martin Ace and Micky Jones, plus Pugwash — and play the Marquee on May 13 and 14, and a May date is currently being finalised for Long John Baldry. As reported, in order to cater for artists' availability, these birthday events will continue through much of the year and further headliners will be announced shortly.

Several defunct bands are attempting to re-form in order to play one-off specials at the Marquee, and details of these are awaited with bated breath. But as already revealed by *NME*, among acts hoping to get together again to pay homage to the club are The Animals, Cream, The Nice, Pentangle and Ten Years After — though it remains to be seen if their good intentions actually materialise.

The Trilion/Bacon Empire has already started work on two hour-long Marquee documentaries, featuring interviews and rare old footage — and the same company is to film six hour-long Marquee shows over the next few months, and these will be available on video later in the year.

● The re-formed Man make their official comeback over Easter with two shows at London Islington Hope & Anchor on April 1 and 2.

SAD CAFE are playing half-a-dozen dates in the North next month, including their first ever appearance in Bolton, where they play the Sports Centre on April 23 — an event organised by the local council's Parks & Leisure Division (all tickets £5). Other dates are Halifax Civic Theatre (April 15), Manchester Ashton Thameside Theatre (16), Darlington Civic Theatre (17), Barrow Civic Hall (22) and New Brighton Floral Pavilion (24). One or two more may be added.

THE METEORS have extended their tour due to the success of their 'Wreckin' Crew' album, and have extra dates at Hull Dingwalls (tonight, Thursday), Newcastle Dingwalls (Friday), Glasgow Strathclyde University (Saturday), Aberdeen Venue (Sunday), Edinburgh Coasters (March 28), Leeds Brannigans (30), Bradford Palm Cove (31) and Rayleigh Crocs (April 2), with more being added.

THE FLAG are a new band formed by ex-Secret Affair guitarist Dave Cairns and ex-Bureau singer Archie Brown, and those two principals will be working with a flexible line-up. They make their UK debut as support act on the upcoming and previously announced tour by A Flock Of Seagulls. They've just signed with the newly launched B&E Records label, and will have their first release later in the spring.

A.P.B. are currently paying their third visit to New York within six months, but the Scottish band return home to play Aberdeen Fusion (April 21), Edinburgh Art College (22), Dundee Dance Factory (May 5) and Edinburgh Annabels (7). Their last three singles — 'Shoot YOu Down', 'Palace Filled With Love' and 'Rainy Day' — have just been reissued by Oily Records (distributed by Fast Products and The Cartel).

FASTWAY — the new band formed by ex-Motorhead guitarist Fast Eddie Clarke, also featuring Jerry Shirley (drums) and David King (vocals) — play their first series of dates next month at Liverpool Royal Court (April 18), Manchester Apollo (19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Hanley Victoria Hall (21), Birmingham Odeon (22) and London Hammersmith Odeon (23). A permanent bassist has still to be recruited, but Alfie Agius will be standing in during the tour.

DURUTTI COLUMN, featuring the nucleus of Vini Reilly and Bruce Mitchell, play Sheffield Limit Club (March 31), Liverpool Warehouse (April 2), Brighton New Regent (5), London Victoria The Venue (6), Bristol Dingwalls (7), Hull Dingwalls (8) and Derby Blue Note (13).

QUILAPAYUN, the top Chilean group who've been exiled from their native land since 1973, play a benefit for the Chile Solidarity Campaign on Sunday, May 1, at London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre. Sharing the bill with them are leading British folk group The Boys Of The Lough. Tickets are £6, £5 and £4. Unwaged tickets at £2 are available from CSC, 129 Seven Sisters Road, London N.7.

JACK BRUCE & FRIENDS appear in concert at Glasgow Mitchell Theatre on May 9, and 14 Karat Soul are playing a four-night season at the same venue (May 5-8). These shows are part of Glasgow's first International Festival of Popular Theatre and Music, called Mayfest, which runs from May 1 to 14. Other musical events include The Joeys at the Third Eye Centre (May 12-14), Greek artist Thanos Mikroutsikos at the Theatre Royal (8) and Pookiesnackenburger busking in the city's streets (9-14). Jazz and cabaret attractions have still to be announced.

ABSOLUTE HEROES are splitting up and play their final gig this Saturday (26) at Northampton Black Lion, supported by Dentists Chair and Surprise Guests. Admisssion is 75p.

THE MONOCHROME SET, The Marine Girls, Kevin Hewick and two other acts feature in a special Cherry Red Records package at London Brixton Ace on April 29. More imminent bookings for that venue are The Wake and Ritual (this Friday), Weapon Of Peace and Abacush (Saturday) and Stikki Stuff and Dizzy Heights (March 29) — admission to each of these three gigs is £2.50, though there's a special concession enabling four tickets to be purchased for the price of two.

BUDDY RICH cancelled the first seven dates in his UK tour (March 13-20), as doctors felt he needed a little longer to recuperate following his open-heart surgery in late January. The tour by the ace drummer and his orchestra now opens at London Ronnie Scott's Club tonight (Thursday), and plays the remainder of the schedule listed four weeks ago, finishing at Nottingham Royal Concert Hall on April 13.

THE EXPLOITED, just back from a tour of North America, are playing a few low-key dates before starting work on their next album — at Nottingham Union Rowing Club (this Saturday), Rayleigh Crocs (March 28), London Oxford St. 100 Club (29), Norwich Gala Ballroom (30), Brighton New Regent (31), Carlisle City Hall (April 4), Newcastle Dingwalls (5) and Feltham Football Club (8).

CLANNAD precede their previously announced concert at London Barbican on April 14 by playing a handful of provinical dates — at Dartford The Orchard (March 29), Penyrhyl Leisure Centre (30), Edinburgh Playhouse (April 2), Reading Hexagon (7) and Cardiff St. David's Hall (8). The group have just released their first RCA album 'Magic Ring', and their new single 'I See Red' — the follow-up to their hit 'Theme From Harry's Game' — is out this weekend.

TV PERSONALITIES — who mystified us by announcing their disbandment, then continuing to gig — insist that they did split up at Christmas but are now back together again! And founder member Dan Treacy has assembled a new line-up, whose next appearance is at London's Culture Bunker Club in Crouch End on March 31. The group are currently mixing an album of previously unissued tracks covering the period 1977-82, and will be recording a brand new LP later in the year.

GEORGE MELLY continues his perpetual motion next month at Cambridge Arts Theatre (April 3), London Palmers Green Intimate Theatre (5), Hatfield Forum (8), Ipswich Corn Exchange (12), Woking Centre Hall (13), London Wimbledon Dog & Fox (14), Chipping Norton Theatre (15), Wavendon Stables (16), Cwmbran Congress Theatre (17), Torrington The Plough (23), Totnes Dartington College (24), Southampton Concorde Club (27), Frome Merlin Theatre (28) and Cheltenham Shaftesbury Hall (29). As usual, he's joined on all dates by John Chilton's Feetwarmers.

ONE WAY SYSTEM have lined up a short tour in support of their newly released debut album 'All Systems Go' on the Anagram label. They play Carlisle City Hall (April 4), Nottingham Boat Club (16), Manchester Gallery (17), Brighton New Regent (21) and Leeds Warehouse (27). They have a new single issued to coincide, a revival of the Slade hit 'Cum On Feel The Noize'.

record NEWS

BUNNY WAILER this week releases a disco 45 and a dub album on his own Solomonic label (through Jet Star, Rough Trade, Ruff Lion and Caroline Exports). The 12-inch single is the self-penned 'Conqueror'/'Version'. The album 'Dub Disco Vol.2' features dub version of the songs from 'Bunny Wailer Sings The Wailers', plus a dub of the track 'Worly Girly'.

LOU REED has a new album out on RCA titled 'Legendary Hearts'. Musicians on the set are Robert Quine (guitar) and Fernando Saunders (bass) — who both appeared on the last LP 'Blue Mask' — plus Fred Maher (drums). Reed will be in the UK shortly to promote the album, with the possibility of some live work to follow later in the year.

BUMPER CROP OF CHERRY REDS

CHERRY RED, whose independent chart-topping album 'Pillows And Prayers' has now gone silver, have announced another impressive supplement for release during the next few weeks. Albums include a budget compilation by THE MONOCHROME SET called 'Volume! Brilliance! Contrast!' comprising early John Peel sessions and material recorded in South America three years ago, 'Such Hunger For Love' by guitarist and writer KEVIN HEWICK, the long-awaited debut LP from ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER titled 'Ranting At The Nation', and THE PASSAGE following up last year's 'Degenerates' set with a new album 'Enflame'. By the way, Joey McKechnie has now re-joined The Passage, replacing Paul Mahoney on drums.

New singles include 'The Jet Set Junta' by THE MONOCHROME SET (a different recording from the version on their 'Eligible Bachelors' LP), the 'Moonshake' 12-incher by CAN, 'Penelope Tree' by FELT, 'New Risen' by EYELESS IN GAZA', 'If She Doesn't Smile It'll Rain' by FANTASTIC SOMETHING, 'Feathering The Nest' by KEVIN HEWICK and 'Sharp Tongue' by THE PASSAGE. There's also a cassette of the BEN WATT album 'North Marine Drive', with the bonus of the five-track ROBERT WYATT 'Summer Into Winter' sessions — and a tape of THE MARINE GIRLS album 'Lazy Ways', with their first LP 'Beach Party' as a free extra.

● Also out is the single 'Kinky Boots'/Lets's Keep It Friendly' by TV's original Avengers, PATRICK McNEE and HONOR BLACKMAN.

Siouxsie launches Wonderland

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES have signed a long-term deal under which they acquire their own Wonderland label, which will be pressed and marketed by Polydor. The new agreement means that they are continuing their relationship with Polydor, despite its often stormy nature in the past, as both parties obviously felt that it was to their mutual advantage. But gaining their own label will ensure a much greater degree of freedom for the group, and Wonderland will be a showcase for solo projects as well as Banshees material.

Siouxsie, recently voted top girl singer by *NME* readers for the third successive year, has now largely overcome the hassles she faced last year — including her much publicised voice problems, and the hasty departure of John McGeogh on the eve of the band's UK tour. She and the group also spent much of 1982 negotiating a total release from their former management Pure Noise, including the return of the copyright of all their songs — another factor which paved the way for the launch of the new Wonderland label.

CULTURE CLUB, currently undertaking a short UK tour, have their new single 'Church Of The Poison Mind' released by Virgin on April 1. The B-side is 'Man Shake', and on the 12-inch format there's an extra track called 'Mystery Boy', both of these songs being previously unavailable in the UK. After a European tour next month, the band return to the studios to complete their second album.

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES In The Dark release their new single 'Telegraph' on April 1. It's taken from their current chart album 'Dazzle Ships', though the B-side '66 And Fading' is previously unissued. It's on Virgin.

CHRISTOPHER CROSS has a new single out on Warners next week, 'No Time For Talk'/'Words Of Wisdom', culled from his current LP 'Another Page'. The 12-inch format contains two extra tracks, 'Never Be The Same' and 'Sailing'.

ERIC CLAPTON precedes his British tour by releasing a new single on Duck Records (through WEA) on April 1 — titled 'The Shape You're In', it's lifted from his latest album 'Money And Cigarettes'. The B-side is 'Crosscut Saw', and the extra track on the 12-inch format is 'Pretty Girl'.

OTTOWAN, the disco band fronted by Guadeloupe duo Annette and Patrick, return to the vinyl scene with a new single issued by Carrere this weekend in both 7" and 12". Titled 'Crazy Music', it will be instantly recognised by Channel 4 viewers as the theme to the series *Unforgettable*.

DIONNE WARWICK's latest single, released by Warners on April 1, is 'We'll Burn Our Bridges Behind Us'/'Track Of The Cat'. Produced by Thom Bell, it's a foretaste of her upcoming album 'The Best Of Dionne Warwick 1972-77'.

MAGNUM FORCE is launching a new label called Thunderbolt, concentrating mainly on hard rock product. First release is the album 'Survivors' by **Samson,** recorded by the band prior to their current success. It's out this weekend, with distribution through PRT.

● **Phil Jones,** former Afraid Of Mice front man, has formed a new band — comprising Dave Levy (bass), Rod Hallum (guitar), Charlie Morgan (drums) and Nick Graham (keyboards) — with whom he's currently recording an album for Charisma. As a foretaste, a single from the LP titled 'This Mirror' comes out in early April.

● **Plum** is a large lady who doesn't believe in fighting the flab, and her debut solo single on Stiff this week is called 'Fat Is Back' — which she co-wrote with Ray Schulman, who also played all the instruments on the track. Plum has previously supplied backing vocals for albums by Andy Mackay and Phil Manzanera, as well as the 'Rock Follies' LP.

● Specialist R&B label Red Lightnin is putting together a double album of previously unreleased tracks by the near-legendary **Ike Turner.** They date back to the late '50s, and were unearthed during a recent American trip by the label's boss Peter Shertzer. The set is due out in late spring.

● Liverpool band **Cook Da Books,** currently touring Britain with The Undertones, release their new single 'Low Profile' this weekend on Kiteland Records (distributed by Probe and The Cartel) — this is the follow-up to their indie chart hit 'Piggy In The Middle'.

● **1919,** the Bradford-based band who've become virtual residents on John Peel's show, release a seven-track mini-LP called 'Machine' on Red Rhino Records this weekend. The band are currently rehearsing for a full-scale tour, running through April.

● Nottingham band **One Million Fuzztone Guitars,** who've recently been joined by guitarist Dave Robbins from Colors Out Of Time, release their single 'Mens Hearts'/'Creepy Crawl' on April 11. It's on Manchester label Monsters In Orbit Records.

● 'You Are In My System' is a single by **The System,** a New York duo comprising Mic Murphy and David Frank, and it's currently climbing the American charts. The B-side is 'Now I Am Electric', and it's released here this week by Polydor.

THOMPSONS QUICK STEP BACK TO UK

THE THOMPSON TWINS are currently engaged in a massive four-month tour of the States but, following the UK chart success of their single 'Love On Your Side' and album 'Quick Step And Side Kick', they've managed to interrupt their US schedule for a brief return home to play 11 major dates. And as a prelude to their outing, they have a new single — culled from the hit album — released by Arista on April 8, 'We Are Detective'/'Lucky Day'.

They play Glasgow Tiffany's (May 5), Newcastle City Hall (6), Leeds University (7), Lancaster University (8), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (9), Birmingham Odeon (10), London Hammersmith Odeon (11), Liverpool Royal Court (13), Manchester Apollo (14) and Bristol Locarno (15). Tickets are all at the one price of £3.50, except in London where it's £4, and they should be on sale by now. Support act will be Liverpool duo Black.

The Thompsons follow the British dates with a number of concerts in Europe, returning in early June to America — where their album and the single 'Lies' are currently shooting up the charts. After completing their UK tour, they travel on to Australia.

London date for Curtis

CURTIS MAYFIELD, named last week as one of the headliners at this year's Glastonbury CND Festival (June 17-19), has now been confirmed for a London appearance — it's at the Commonwealth Institute in Kensington on June 25, and tickets are available from the box-office and local agents. Several provincial concerts are still being finalised.

● The Commonwealth Institute will also be presenting a number of other top black acts in the spring, and dates will shortly be announced for Aswad and for jazz alto-sax star Oliver Lake who'll be appearing with Rip Rig & Panic.

AND FURTHER TOUR ADDITIONS

GIL SCOTT-HERON, already set to play London's Commonwealth Institute on April 15 and 16, is now confirmed for the only provincial date of his visit — at Sheffield Top Rank on Sunday, April 17, presented by the local Leadmill Arts Community Centre. Special guests are Mark Miwurdz and The Redskins, and tickets are £4. Gil's classic song 'Johannesburg' is being reissued by Arista on March 31.

SPANDAU BALLET have added a second night at Birmingham Odeon to their upcoming UK tour, which opens next week — see *Gig Guide*. It's on Wednesday, April 6, the group having already sold out their show at that venue the following night. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents.

THE ENID extend their massive tour with further dates at Hitchin Regal (April 8), Staines Town Hall (9), Swindon Brunel Rooms (12), Birkenhead Sir James Club (13), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (14), Halifax Hoppers (15), Leeds Fforde Green (16), Thatcham Silks (17), Southampton Guildhall (18), Oxford New Theatre (21), Bristol Dingwalls (23), Sheffield Dingwalls (29), Liverpool Dingwalls (30) and Edinburgh Playhouse (May 1 and 2). More Scottish dates are being set.

Britain in Gun Club's sights for April attack

GUN CLUB have finalised dates for their spring tour, plans for which were revealed by *NME* in December. They play Leeds Warehouse (April 19), Manchester Hacienda (20), Norwich Gala Ballroom (21), Newcastle Dingwalls (22), Sheffield Dingwalls (23), London Strand Lyceum (24) and Brighton New Regent (25). Tickets for the Lyceum, where Sisters Of Mercy support, are £3.50 — elsewhere, readers should obtain ticket details from the venues concerned.

The band — signed in the States to Chris Stein's Animal Records label, with distribution here by Chrysalis — will have a new EP released to coincide with their visit. It features 'The House On Highland Avenue', 'The Lie' and 'Death Party' — and there's also a 12-inch format containing two extra tracks, 'The Light Of The World' and 'Come Back Jim'.

The group's line-up has changed since they were last here. Featured on the EP are Jim Duckworth from Panther Burns (guitar), Dee Pop from The Bush Tetras (drums) and, of course, Jeffrey Lee Pierce (vocals, guitar and piano). This line-up will be playing the UK tour, with the addition of Patricia Morrison on bass.

Weapon Of Peace on a big hit-and-run crusade

WEAPON OF PEACE are undertaking a lengthy tour to tie in with the release this week of their new album 'Rainbow Rhythm' on Safari Records — produced by the group and Andrew Lyden, it contains ten tracks including their recent single 'Hit And Run'. As a forerunner to the tour, they appear at London Brixton Ace this Saturday (26), and the same evening are featured in BBC-2's *Sight And Sound In Concert*. The tour proper gets under way in the middle of next month and comprises:

Kidderminster Town Hall (April 14), Leeds Fforde Green (15), Coventry General Wolfe (16), Bristol Dingwalls (21), Birmingham Carlton Ballroom (22), Lancaster University (24), London City Polytechnic (28), Huddersfield Polytechnic (May 4), Sheffield Leadmill (5), Salford University (6), Bradford University (7), Liverpool Dingwalls (10), Hull Dingwalls (11), Newcastle Dingwalls (12), Dundee University (13), Glasgow University (14), Fife St. Andrew's University (15), Edinburgh Nite Club (16), Manchester Gallery (17), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (18), Norwich East Anglia University (19) and Birmingham Summerfield Park (21). Several more gigs are being confirmed to fill the interim dates in this schedule.

STOP PRESS: SUPERTRAMP DATES

SUPERTRAMP play London Earls Court on June 29 and 30. Tickets £10.30 and £9.30 (including 30p booking fee) from Supertramp Box Office, P.O. Box 141, London SW6 — cheques and POs to "Andrew Miller Concerts Ltd." and enclose SAE. Also from all Keith Prowse branches.

STEVE MILLER BAND release, for the first time ever, live versions of two of their classics — 'Take The Money And Run' and 'The Joker' — recorded in Detroit. The 12-inch format has an extra track, the six-minute 'Buffalo's Serenade', the title character being harmonica player Norton Buffalo. It's available on the Mercury label next weekend.

BAUHAUS have their latest single 'She's In Parties'/'Departures' issued on April 1 by Beggers Banquet, with a bonus track on the 12-incher titled (are you ready for this?) 'Here's The Dub special Effects Loontik And Drinks Registered Trade Mark'. Let's hope that won't prove to be the title track of their new album, scheduled for June release.

THE RUTS are featured on a three-track single issued this weekend by Bohemian Records (distributed by Spartan). It was recorded in 1977 with Malcolm Owen on vocals, and has only previously been available on live bootlegs. A-side is 'Stepping Bondage', coupled with 'Lobotomy' and 'Rich Bitch'. The remaining members of the band will be donating their royalties to the Hungerford Drug Rehabilitation Centre.

10CC, now nearing the end of their UK tour, have their new single '24 Hours' issued by Mercury this weekend. It runs for seven minutes, and comes in seven-inch form playing at 33rpm. The B-side is a live version of 'Dreadlock Holiday'.

DONNA SUMMER now has the complete epic version of her first UK hit 'Love To Love You Baby' available on the Casablanca label (through Phonogram). It runs 16½ minutes and comes in 12-inch form, or as parts one and two on a seven-inch.

JUNIOR's new single 'Communication Breakdown' is not the Led Zeppelin song of yesteryear, but a new number which he co-wrote with Bob Carter. It's released by Mercury on April 1 in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter featuring an extended version, plus a bonus instrumental version.

ALAN HULL of Lindisfarne reissues his solo album 'Pipedream' next week at the same time PETER HAMMILL — who's currently on tour with Marillion — re-releases his LP 'Nadir's Big Chance', both on Charisma. The same label reissues the MONTY PYTHON album 'Soundtrack Of The Trailer Of The Film Of Monty Python And The Holy Grail', and the coupling is titled 'The B Side Of The Label...etc'. All these reissues are now at budget price.

SHRIEKBACK, strong chart contenders with their current single 'Lined Up', have their delayed debut album 'Care' now confirmed for release by Y Records tomorrow (Friday). The cassette version contains two bonus tracks — their single 'My Spine Is The Bassline', and a re-recorded version of 'Accretions' from their six-track EP 'Tench'.

CHARISMA RARITIES CASSETTES

CHARISMA are releasing three budget-price cassette albums, featuring material that's either unavailable or difficult to obtain. The tapes are 'Trespass' by **Genesis** featuring *Looking For Someone, White Mountain, Visions Of Angels, Stagnation, The Dusk* and *The Knife* 'Godbluff' by **Van Der Graaf Generator** comprising *The Undercover Man, Scorched Earth, Arrow* and *The Sleepwalkers;* and 'Astounding Sounds, Amazing Music' by **Hawkwind** featuring *Reefer Madness, Steppenwolf, City of Lagoons, The Aubergine That Ate Rangoon, Kerb Crawler, Kadu Flyer* and *Chronoglide Skyway*..

AND VIRGIN OLDIES ON 12-INCH

VIRGIN are releasing two completely new four-track 12-inch EPs, featuring the best of **The Ruts** and **The Members**, as well as reissuing three in-demand but currently unavailable 12-inch singles. The Ruts' set features *Babylon's Burning, Something That I Said, Staring At The Rude Boys* and *West One (Shine On Me)*. The Members' tracks are *Sound Of The Suburbs, Offshore Banking Business, G.L.C* and *Flying Again*. The reissues are 'Biggest Blow' by **The Sex Pistols**, '3D EP' by **XTC** and 'I — Travel' by **Simple Minds**. All are available from April 1 and sell at normal 12-inch single price.

● **Thirteen At Midnight,** the duo comprising Dean Brannagen and Neil Howes, release their single 'Climb Down' this weekend on Survival Records (through Pinnacle). The 12-inch format contains an extended mix of the title track, plus the bonus of a French version of their first single 'Other Passengers'. They'll shortly be playing a string of live dates.

● Five-piece Liverpool group **Espionage** release their first single for A&M on April 1, 'The Sound Of Breaking Hearts'/'Cabaret'. There's also a 12-inch format containing an extended version of the B-side, plus an extra track called 'I Didn't Know I Loved You'.

● **The Long Honeymoon** are, in fact, the cast of the Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook musical *Labelled With Love*, currently running at London Deptford Albany Empire. They've recorded one of the songs from the show 'The Amazoon', released this weekend by A&M with an extended dance version on the 12-inch format.

● **Gigi Garner** releases her new single 'Reflections' on Safari this week. It was produced by Junior Campbell, who wrote the song and sang on Marmalade's original hit version.

● US rockabilly singer **Jerry Foster** releases his new single 'Matchbox' on A Side Records this week. It's noteworthy for the fact that there's support from The Jordanaires, plus rare appearances by guitarist Scotty Moore and drummer D.J.Fontana, all of whom worked with Elvis Presley.

● Aussie rockers **Rose Tattoo** release their new single 'It's Gonna Work Itself Out' this weekend on Carrere.

● Survival Records are rush releasing a double A-side 12-incher by **Eddie & Sunshine**, featuring extended club mixes of both tracks on their current single 'All I See Is You'/'Somewhere Else In Europe'. Their debut album 'Perfect Strangers' is due out on April 15. Distribution is through Pinnacle.

★ Next week in NME ★

UNDERTONES

More than a whisper, less than a warble, Derry's finest sing for Kirsty McNeill

PIGBAG

Truffle hunting in London Don Watson goes the whole hog

PAUL FOOT

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Thursday 31st March	Batcave Night — SPECIMEN BLOOD & ROSES, MATILLA DE LUXE, PLEASURE AND THE BEAST	£2.50
Friday 1st April	ERROL DUNKLEY	£4.00
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FAC 51
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Wednesday 30th March
THE UNDERTONES
Thursday 31st March open 8-12.30
SPECIAL PARTY NIGHT
offers on drinks & Cocktails
Good Friday — Closed
Saturday 2nd April 7.30-12.30 for
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Special Guests, Special drinks, special prices
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Thursday 7th April
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Monday night is now funk night with HEWAN CLARKE and special guests.
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THE SNORKELS
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Wednesday 30th March £1.50
SOUTHERN COMFORT
+ Still Life

Thursday 31st March £1.50
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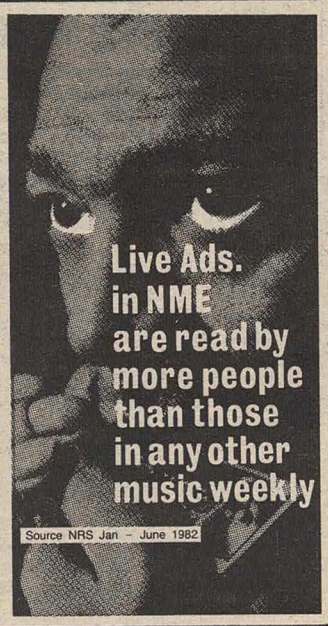
+ Repercussion



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+ The Rythm Men
+ Stax Bodene & The Horizontals

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+ 12"

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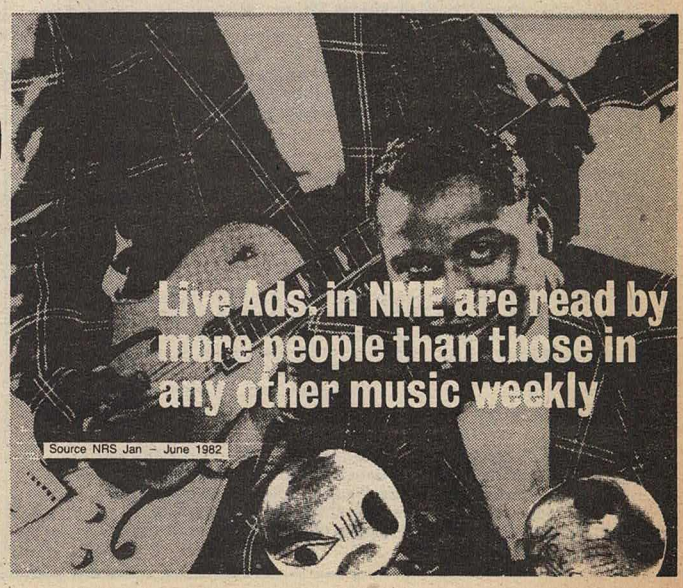


nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 24th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Tears For Fears**
Aberdeen The Venue: **Solstice**
Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **Significant Zeros**
Birkenhead Golden Guinea: **Hybrid**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Duma Express: **From Eden**
Birmingham Odeon: **Leo Sayer**
Birmingham Snobs Nightclub: **Roman Holliday**
Bradford Caesars: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Palm Cove: **King Kurt**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Bo Diddley**
Cambridge Burleigh Arms: **Trux**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Dutch Swing College Band**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Candlewick Green (until Saturday)**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Amazulu**
Coventry Polytechnic: **The Apollinaires**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Dartford Flicks: **JoBoxers**
Deal Swan Hotel: **T.S.B. Band**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Four Minute Warning**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Jazz Sluts**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Pallas**
Exeter South Devon Technical College: **Sunwind**
Gateshead Central Bar: **Damian**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Short Blues Line**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Zanti Misfitz/Corporate I.D.**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **U2**
Gosport St. Vincent Centre Youth Club: **Carnage**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Nicky Lewin Band**
Guildford The Royal: **In Motion/The Final Hour/C.J. Till**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Nashville Teens/Liaison**
Hastings Downtown Saturdays: **The Higsons**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Static**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Bruce Boardman Band**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Inn: **Hot Five**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Meteors**
Leeds Bistro 5: **Kulak 84**
Leeds University: **Shake Appeal**
Leeds Warehouse: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **B.B.**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Chip Shop Show**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Damned**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Fourteen Karat Soul/Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers (until Saturday)**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Helen Shapiro**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Southern Comfort**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **The House Devils**
London Catford The Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Charing Cross Road Phoenix Theatre: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames (until Saturday)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Gymslips/Still Life**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Tommy Whittle Quartet/Barbara Jay**
London Crouch End King's Head: **New Age/Pet Patrol**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tokyo Olympics**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Remipeds/I Should CoCo**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elkie Brooks**
London Harlesden Old Crown: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Prisoners**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Feelers A-Team**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Fred Hunt & Guests**
London Manor Park Bunny's Venue: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Marquee Club: **The The**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **The Impossible Dreamers**
London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: **Sonny King & The Sons Of Swing**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Mr Clean**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Buddy Rich Orchestra (until Saturday)**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **The 4 Mary's/Roy Hutchins/Mendezies/Akimbo & Friends**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Benny Waters/Stan Greig Quartet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Stratford The Pigeons: **Dave Kelly Band**
London S.E.5 Longfield Hall (3pm): **Jazira**
London S.W.8 Patmore Youth Centre (2.30pm): **Man Machine**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Van Morrison**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hunters And Collectors**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **T.34**
London Willesden Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Jackie Leven/The Czechs**
London W.1. (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Urban Shakedown**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rockin' Blues/Jacko & His Rockin' Blues Band/Rentparty**
London W.1. (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1. Langans Brasserie: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Loughborough Charnworth Town Hall: **The Enid**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Culture Club**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Hubbard's Cupboard**
Manchester Hell Club: **Yessir**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Fault**
Manchester The Gallery: **An Occasion**
Middlesbrough Town Hall Crypt: **WHTV/Testament/Enoch Strikes**
Milton Keynes Peartree: **Gothique**
Newark Stage One: **English Accent**
Newcastle Buddles Art Centre: **Mainsqueeze**
Newcastle City Hall: ***Daybreak* (rock gospel musical)**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **B.B. Assignment**
Newcastle Soul Cellar at Greys Club: **Prefab Sprout**
Norwich Arts Centre: **Augmented Johnny Rondo Duo**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Orange Juice**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Liar**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Preston Guildhall: **10c.c.**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Salford University: **Daze**
Scarborough Taboo Club: **Saracen**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **The Stockholm Monsters**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Marples: **The Sleepers**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Fugitive**
Wokingham Angie's: **Red Beans & Rice**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

SPANDAU BALLYHOO ERUPTS

in Ipswich on Wednesday at the outset of tneir latest UK tour, which subsequently climaxes at three prestige London venues — and it couldn't come at a better time, with their new album 'True' making such a profound initial impact on the charts. Apart from THE KIDS FROM FAME, who begin another British outing in Blackpool on Wednesday, there are no other new tours setting out this week — not really surprising, when you consider the wealth of big names already on the road. But there are a couple of special attractions for Londoners, with ROY AYERS playing two nights at Hammersmith on Friday and Saturday, and the irrepressible DOLLY PARTON starting a three-night stint at the Dominion on Sunday.

friday 25th

Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Xpertz**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Solid Vibes/George & The Pelmets**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Sisters Of Mercy**
Birmingham Odeon: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Blackburn YMCA: **Tribal**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **The Higsons**
Burton Libra Club: **Sphinx**
Chatham M.I.C.: **The Milkshakes**
Cheltenham Arts Centre: **Sunwind**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **The Damned**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Amazulu**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
Coventry General Wolfe: **John Otway**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Jack Jones**
Croydon The Cartoon: **A Bigger Splash**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Sidewinder**
Dundee University: **Significant Zeros**
Feltham Football Club: **Discharge/Chaos**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **The Enid**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Maroondogs**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Danglers**
Glasgow Night Moves: **One The Juggler**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Tears For Fears**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Fireball XL5**
Hanley The Place: **Vixen**
Hanley The Vine: **Genocides**
Harrogate Conference Centre: **10c.c.**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **The Watusi Brothers**
Hereford The Bull: **Phantom**
Hull Dingwalls: **Limelight**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Mainsqueeze**
Kendal Leisure Centre: **Leo Sayer**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Bo Diddley**
Liverpool Left Bank Bistro: **Groovy Underwear/Taoist**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **U2**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Stranger Comforts**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Terry Smith Blues Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **G.B. Blues Co. with Root Jackson**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Wake/Ritual**
London Camden Dingwalls: **No Dice/Stylee**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doctor K's Blues Band**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Frank Chickens/Negus Nyahbinge**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Jazz Sluts**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Trilogy**
London East Ham Town Hall: **Brian Leake's Sweet & Sour**
London Farringdon the Metropolitan: **Will Evans Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Snorkels**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Escalators/Fear**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Tamarisk/Paragon**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Sid Presley Experience/Illusionz**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Roy Ayers/Morrissey Mullen**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **D'Rango Slang**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Colin Purbrook & Guests**
London Marquee Club: **Kevin Coyne**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Pinto/Warren Reeves & Clarksberg Express**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ian Stewart Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Monty Sunshine Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Benny Waters/Eddie Thompson Trio**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tower Bridge Rd. The Copper: **The Inside Outfit/The Flat Stanley Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Roman Holliday**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tokyo Olympics/Junk**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Sexagisma/Vex**
London W.1. (Rathbone Place) The Black Horse: **The Faraway Stars**
London W.2 Porchester Hall: **Hank Wangford Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **National Gold**
Macclesfield Lemon Kelly's: **The Karamojos**
Maidenhead The Bell: **English Rogues**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Safari**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Victor Mature**
Manchester The Gallery: **Fuze/Private Collection**
Newcastle City Hall: **Culture Club**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **The Meteors**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Newcastle New Tyne Theatre: **The Spinners**
Northampton University Annexe: **Hamlet Aside**
Nottingham The Asylum: **The Farmer's Boys**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: Theatre: **UFO**
Oxford Pennyfathing: **The Vetos**
Peakdale Midland Hotel: **Ex-Directory**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle Trio**
Plymouth Breakwater Inn: **The Mr. Rons**
Redruth London Inn: **The Mercenaries**
Salisbury Technical College: **The Impossible Dreamers**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **B.B.**
Southend Queens Hotel: **Jumping Stingrays/Panama Blues Band**
Stalybridge Rose & Crown: **Fault**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Gary Glitter**
St. Ives (Cambs) Liberal Hall: **Seven Five Four**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **JoBoxers**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Reactors**

saturday 26th

Birmingham Bradford Street Kiss Club: **Marc & The Mambas**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Attila The Stockbroker**
Birmingham (Harborne) The Junction: **Psikix**
Birmingham Odeon: **UFO**
Bradford Eastbrook Hall: ***Daybreak* (rock gospel musical)**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Chris Farlowe**
Camborne Lowenac Hotel: **Rebound**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colne Francs: **Sisters Of Mercy**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Pink Umbrellas**
Doncaster Gaumont Theatre: **The Spinners**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Gateshead The Ravenshill: **Uproar/The Danglers**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Willie & The Poor Boys**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Undertones**
Hanley The Place: **Traffic Light**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Under Two Flags**
Hereford The Bull: **Assyne**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Nashville Teens**
Hull Dingwalls: **Mainsqueeze**
Hurstpierpoint The Pierpoint: **Large Portion**
Inverness Ice Rink: **Solstice**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
Lancaster University: **Tears For Fears**
Leicester Highfields Community Centre: **Benjamin Zephaniah/Lorita Grahame/Papa Shifta**
Letchworth North Herts College: **The Impossible Dreamers**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Silverwing**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Culture Club**
Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern: **John & Phil Cunningham**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Vin Garbutt**
London Bretford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Ace: **Weapon Of Peace**
London Camden Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **G.T. Moore & The Outsiders/Apocalypse**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **The Copy/Kahondo Style**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **James Danton Band/Ben Okri/Robert Fraser**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Decorators**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Dana Gillespie Band**
London East Ham Burnell Arms: **Sonny King & The Sons Of Swing**
London Finsbury Park The Other Club: **Fracture**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Persian Flowers/I Am Alone**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **T.34/Flying Pigs/Max & The One Armed Barber**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Swimming To France/Barbed Choir**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Roy Ayers/Morrissey Mullen**
London Harlesden The Old Crown: **A Bigger Splash**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wipeout**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Colin Purbrook & Guests**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Dave Cliff Quartet**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Cayenne**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Eggy Ley's Hot Shots/Wholly Cats**
London Putney Half Moon: **Kokomo**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Chris Coe & Maggie Holland**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **The Saratoga Seven**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Denny Wright & The Hot Club Of London**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Clear**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Harry Beckett Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Jack Jones**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Son Of Man/Ginger John/Markus Jahn/Rowena Tosh**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Dazz Band**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **The Higsons**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Jazawaki**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Out**
Newcastle City Hall: **U2**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Orange Juice**
Newent Arts Centre: **Sunwind**
Newquay King Mark: **The Recessions**
Nottingham Midlands Group Arts Centre: **Augmented Johnny Rondo Duo**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **The Exploited/Resistance 77**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Plymouth Mulbridge Inn: **The Mr. Rons**
Poole Arts Centre: **Gary Glitter**
Redruth London Hotel: **Mr. Zoot**
Retford Porterhouse: **Dave Kelly Band**
Royston Railway Hotel: **Yessir**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **10c.c.**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Bo Diddley**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southend Queens Hotel: **Banned From Uncle/Wreath For Brezhnev**
St. Ives (Cornwall) Tyringham Arms: **Smiler**
Stoke Wagon & Horses: **John Otway**
Thetford Breckland Centre: **Saracen**
Toddington The Angel: **I.Q.**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Larry Miller Band**
Wallasey Shepherd's Rest: **Hybrid**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Gerry Hallom**
Windsor New Safari Club: **King**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Short Stories**

sunday 27th

Alloa Endrick Hotel: **Valerie & The Week Of Wonders**
Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Pete Turner Band**
Ayr Pavilion: **Significant Zeros**
Basildon Festival Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Bath Theatre Royal: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Squad**
Birmingham Odeon: **U2**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Culture Club**
Bristol Locarno: **Tears For Fears**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Jenny Eclair**
Dudley The Swan: **Symbols n' Alchemists/Theresa Muldowney/Chris Reynolds**
Harlow Odeon: **The Spinners**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **UFO**
London Barbican Centre: **Kathy Stobart Quintet**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Johnny & The Roccos**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **AMM/Roger Turner & Phil Minton**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Final Seconds/Open Channel D**
London Deptford The Duke: **Sonny King & The Sons Of Swing**
London Finchley Torrington: **G.B. Blues Co. with Root Jackson**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Finsbury Park The Other Club: **Doctor & The Medics/Formica Tops**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Outboys/Fall Out**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **John Stevens Quartet**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Voltz/Fair Warning**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Assinator Sound System**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Kensington The Sunset Club: **25th Street**
London Lee Old Tiger's Head: **The Wait/Dancette**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/Limehouse (evening)**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Campbell Burnap Quintet**
London Palladium: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
London Putney Half Moon: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ken Hyett's Good Vibes Band (lunchtime)/Denis Fields Hot Jazz (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Dee**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Gary Glitter/The Adicts/Under Two Flags/The Cavern**

CONTINUES OVER

London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **Radio Radio/Crime Of Passion/Tax Dodge**
London Stratford Theatre royal: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **The Lost Jockeys**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Dolly Parton**
London Waterloo Jubilee Gardens (open-air, noon–1.30pm): **Orchestre Jazira/Benjamin Zephaniah**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Brigandage/Action Packed**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Eggy Ley's Hot Shots**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **K.K. Khan**
Luton Pink Elephant: **Billy Griffin**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **10c.c.**
Manchester The Gallery: **Sisters Of Mercy/Nutrix**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Old House At Home: **Augmented Johnny Rondo Duo**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Rose Royce**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Leo Sayer**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **John Otway**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Lloyd Watson Band**
Poynton Folk Centre: **New Bracken Band/Gentleman Soldier**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Points And Lines In Space/A Mirror Crack'd/Ken Forgettable**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Southend (Leigh) Grand Hotel: **The Third Section**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Matchbox**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**

monday 28th

Birmingham Night Out: **Rose Royce (until Wednesday)**
Birmingham Odeon: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **52nd Street/Ipso Facto**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **UFO**
Brighton Sherrys: **Animal Nightlife/Standard Issue**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Undertones**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Colchester Mercury Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Bucks Fizz**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Johnny Pinko**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Static**
Lincoln Showground Hall: ***Daybreak* (rock gospel musical)**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Orange Juice**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wicked Kitchen Staff/A Popular History Of Signs/The Big Combo**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Infinity/Escortz**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Chet Baker & Trio (for a week)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Toucan Trolls**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Legendary Luton Kippers/Any Anxious Colour**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Bad Detective/Pulse**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Johnny Parker & Guests (until Thursday)**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Remipeds**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **John Burch's Touch Tenors**
London Putney Half Moon: **Richard Digance**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Freddie Hubbard Quintet (for a week)**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Marc Murphy & His Storyville Stompers**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Luther Allison**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Dolly Parton**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Total Strangers/Mai Pen Rai**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Albion Band**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Richshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **10c.c.**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Biting Tongues**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **The Toy Dolls**
Nottingham Playhouse Theatre: **U2**
Plymouth Theatre Royal: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Poole Arts Centre: **Culture Club**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **The Cylons**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Exploited**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Worthing Assembly Hall: **Gary Glitter**

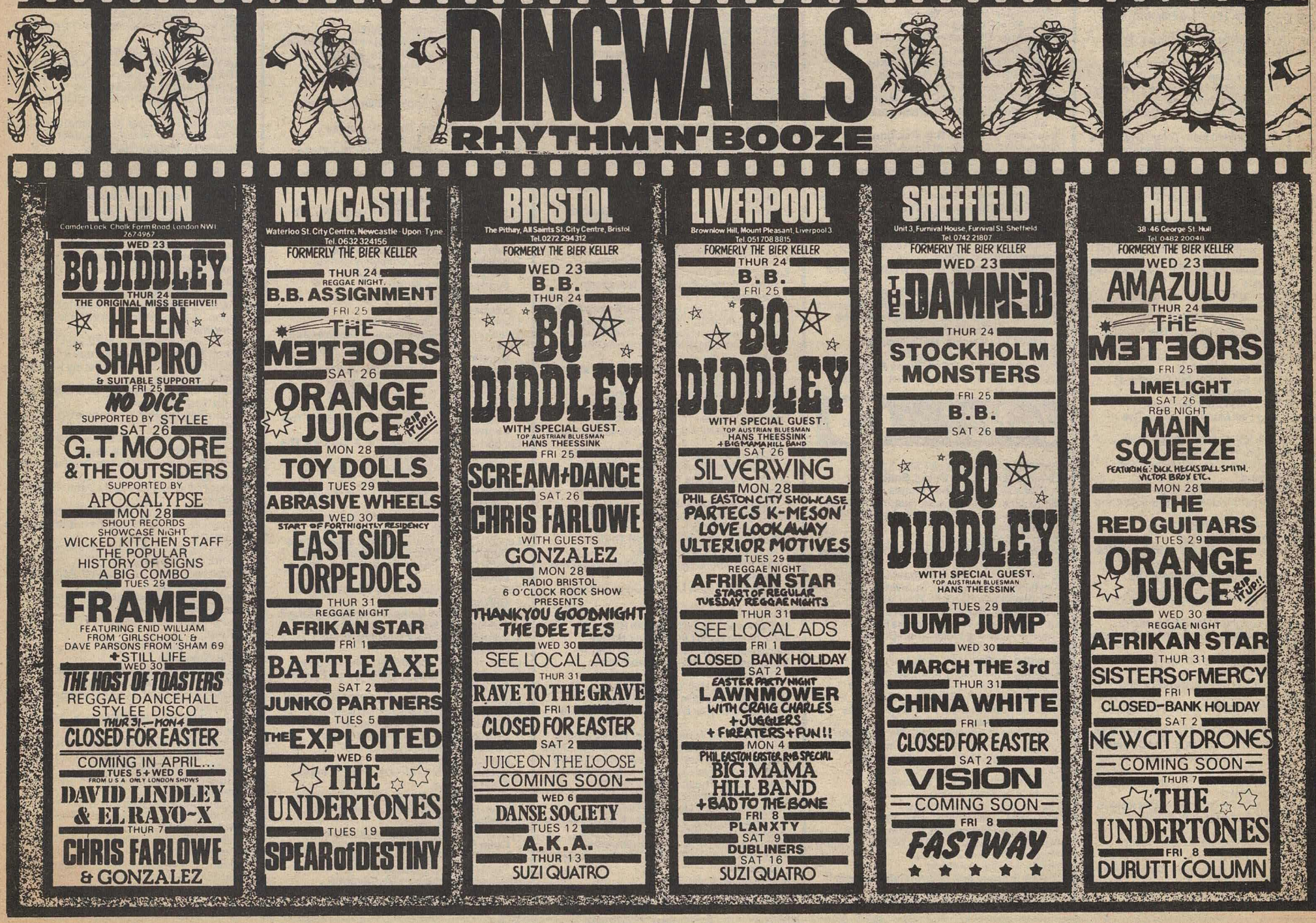
tuesday 29th

Barnsley Civic Theatre: ***Daybreak* (rock gospel musical)**
Belfast Opera House: **Loudon Wainwright III**
Birmingham Hawkins Bar: **The The**
Birmginham Odeon: **10c.c.**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **London Ragtime Orchestra**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **Augmented Johnny Rondo Duo**
Bristol Barton Hill Youth Club (lunchtime): **Exit Stance**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Misty In Roots**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Ti-Na-Na**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Tears For Fears**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Answers On A Postcard**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Pallas**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Hazel Grove Red Lion: **Life On Earth**
Hull Dingwalls: **Orange Juice**
Leeds Brannigans: **52nd Street/The Three Johns**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Bo Diddley**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool (Huyton) Blue Bell: **Hybrid**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Heartbeats**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Ronnie Scott Quintet**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Jamie Rowan**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Alligators**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Framed/Still Life**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Swamp Creatures**
London Camden The Palace: **Killer Wales**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sugar Ray Five/Hearts Agas**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tim Haines Heatwave**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Virgin Dance/Workshop**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Double Vision/Grubstreet**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Palais: **U2**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Stylee**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Marquee Club: **The Enid**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Soundogs**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Exploited/Subculture**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Get Out Of Jail Free**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Dolly Parton**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Snorkels/Pierrots Doll**
London w.1 (Down St) Gullivers: **Denise Black & The London Band/Simon Sanshawe/Ian Kelly/Angwish/Bob Hall/Eden**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Newcastle City Hall: **UFO**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Abrasive Wheels**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Undertones**
Nottingham Vino's Wine Bar: **The Chimneys**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Pontypridd Treforest Estate Club: **Preacher**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Culture Club**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **Straw Dogs**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance/Big Bad Bolsover**
Swindon Brunel Romms: **Kevin Coyne**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Dave Kelly Band**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**
Windsor Arts Centre: **The Seychelles**

THE THE, in the person of the energetic MATT JOHNSON, have been playing a Thursday night residency at London Marquee Club — aided and abetted by assorted star guests. This week is no exception.

wednesday 30th

Aberdeen Valhalla: **Stereo Exit**
Birmingham Odeon: **10c.c.**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Blackpool Opera House: **Kids From Fame**
Bradford Fagins: **The Jazz Hipsters/Surfin Dave**
Bristol Colston Hall: **James Last Orchestra**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Jack Jones**
Dartford Orchard Hall: **Gary Glitter**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **UFO**
Falmouth The Laughing Pirate: **Great Western Jazz Company**
Glossop The Trap Inn: **The Images**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Spandau Ballet**
Johnstone Town Hall: **Significant Zeros**
Leamington Spa Hinton's: **European Sun/Time Tells**
Leeds Brannigans: **Anti-System**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool (Anfield) Sandon Hotel: **Hybrid**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Humphrey Lyttelton Band**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Deirdre Simpson**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Host Of Toasters**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **tokyo Olympics**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gymslips/Pogue Mahone**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **English Accents/The Mugshots**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **It's A Tightrope**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Lynn Thompson**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Studio 2**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **The Enid**
London Norwood Nettlefold Hall (3pm): **Benjamin Zephaniah**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Reactors**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Jazz Sluts**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Sims Dixie Kings**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Mike Carr Trio**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Neapolitans**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Culture Club**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Bo Diddley**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Southern Comfort/Still Life**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club; **The Heartbeats**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Yessir**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Undertones**
Manchester (Rawtenstall) Club Royale: **Victor Drago**
Manchester Savilles: **The D-Notes**
Manchester The Gallery: **Middle 8**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Leo Sayer**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **East Side Torpedoes**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **John Otway**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Breakaways**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **The Exploited**
Nottingham Albert Hall: ***Daybreak* (rock gospel musical**
Poole Arts Centre: **Tears For Fears**
Southampton Concorde Club: **Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
St. Ives (Cornwall) Tyringham Arms: **Omen**
Swindon The Solitaire: **Plus Support**



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Sunday 27th March	OUTBOYS + Fall Out	
Monday 28th March	THE LEGENDARY LUTON KIPPERS + Any Anxious Colour	£1.25
Tuesday 29th March	VIRGIN DANCE + Workshop	£1.25
Wednesday 30th March	THE GYMSLIPS + Short Commercial Break	£1.25

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Sunday 27th March VOLTZ + Fair Warning	£1.00
Monday 28th March BAD DETECTIVE + Pulse	£1.00
Tuesday 29th March IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY	50p
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The Gym Slips THU. 24. MAR. Trio of Girls who deliver a steely pop reminiscent of a head-on clash between the Go Go's & Runnaways.

DAVE KELLY BAND FRI. 25. MAR. The Blues Band sans Paul Jones + sax and keyboards, and with slide player Kelly piloting and assuming lead vocal. Sound though, is closer to Rockpile than Chicago or R&B.

TWO SHOWS: 9.45pm & 11.45pm

THE DECORATORS SAT. 26. MAR. West London's finest and perhaps the town's only true underground Band: turbulent jungle music fit for a miasmic feverish party. Sounds.

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SUN. THE FINAL SECONDS + OPEN CHANNEL D

MON. INFINITY + ESCORTZ

TUE. SUGAR RAY FIVE + HEARTS AGAS

TOKYO OLYMPICS WED. 30 MAR. From Dublin and playing material in the current funk attitude. Tight, convincing, sometimes inventive.

VIRGIN DANCE THU. 31 MAR. Ringing guitar, no-nonsense express beat, and vocals which occasionally develop a ferry-like vibrato, are deftly applied to some engaging pop tunes.

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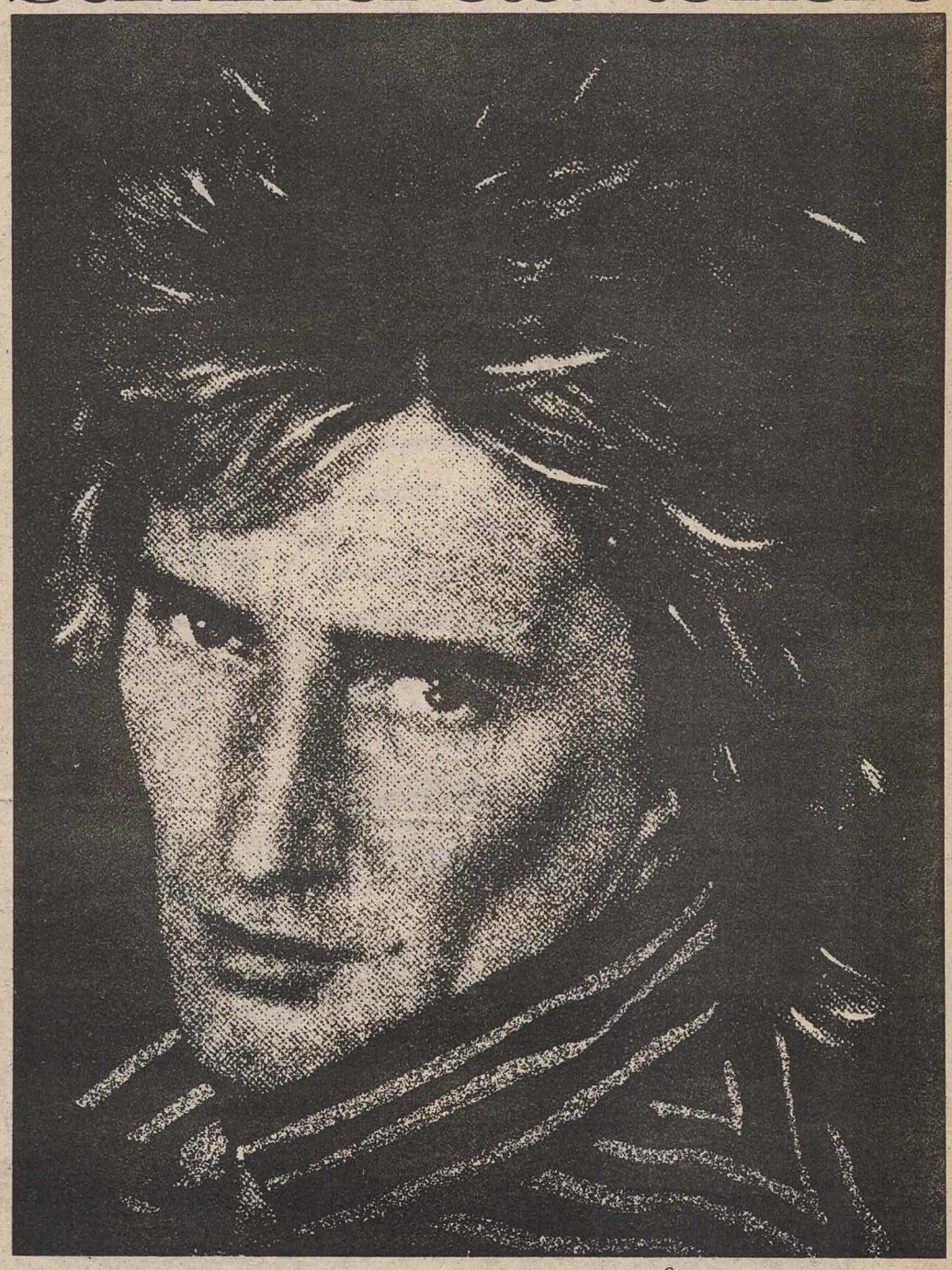

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Rod Stewart

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LONDON EARLS COURT

Saturday 25th June
Sunday 26th June

Number of tickets required:	£10.30	£9.30

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Wednesday 22nd June
Thursday 23rd June

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+ Disco
Saturday 26th March 8.00pm
Tickets £2.00 adv £2.50 door
Broadway, Letchworth, Herts

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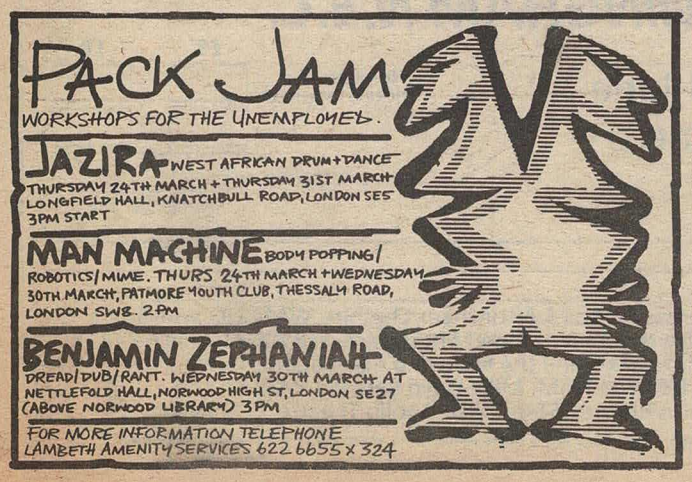
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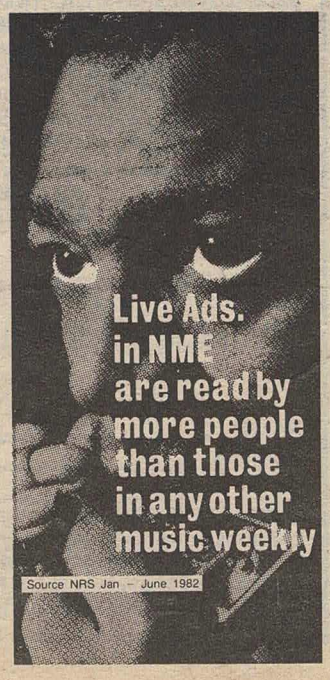


LIVE!

ERROL DUNKLEY

London School of Oriental and African Studies

RESPLENDENT as ever in a shimmering white silk dress shirt, cream cotton bags with elasticated waist and a pair of capacious backflaps, a brown and cream beaver on his napper and some smarter variation of Clarke's bootie on his feet, and with a single sovereign around his neck, a sharp square gold timepiece on his wrist and a single signet ring on his finger, Errol Dunkley the Man takes the stage to some spirited applause from this audience of studious Oriental and African scholars, together with 'nough of their European and Caribbean friends and colleagues too.

Prior to his appearance, Sticky D on drums, Macka on bass, Chubby on rhythm guitar and Mikey Fingers on organ as The Progression Allstars, a sturdy little quartet from Huddersfield and Dunkley's backing band on his recent Switzerland trip, have the dancers dancing and the steppers stepping with their foundation of familiar melody lines solidly executed and culminating with the strains of 'Happiness Forgets' — the singer's cue.

It is a rousing version and instant crowd pleaser, as is the following 'There Is No Woman Like My Woman', utilising the 'Real Rock' rhythm and sufficient excuse for the singer to briefly plunder brother Sugar Minott's *"sensimillia"* chant from 'Easy Squeeze (Make No Riot)'.

"Go in a it my supe!" he declares by way of introduction to 'A Little Way Different', one of his most endearing songs and the ideal vehicle for the accompanying, idiosyncratic Dunkley stage step:

"Go in a it my supes! Go in a it mah bo-ss!"

At this juncture is introduced further regurgitation of 'Full Up', a melody translated by the Man as 'Strictly Sensi' and which is prolonged by such as "then if the Mighty Diamonds were here tonight they'd give you a version like this" — 'Pass The Couchie'...and "if the Musical Youth were here tonight they'd give you like this" — 'Pass The Dutchie'.

"Lord have mercy Mister Percy, how you feelin'?" he asks. "Go in a it my boss!"

'OK Fred'. OK Errol, so now you're a yagga yagga. OK Errol, bully for you.

"Right now I'm bubbling like soup in the pot," he says, "so I want you to come and bubble with me."

And gently paces his show to its close following rendition of this outernational hit with the lovers style 'Only A Smile' and his success of last summer paraphrasing The Stylistics' 'Betcha By Golly Wow'.

Go in a it my supe!

Penny Reel

CERTAIN SMILE

THE THE

London Marquee

Everybody likes Matt *Pic Lawrence Watson*

ONE BIZZARRE character has been turning over 'le rock gig' machine for the last three weeks; the guitar hero *moderne,* Matt Johnson. The The have played through the sweat and the hair of his Marquee moonlights with something akin to stamina and fortitude — and an uncertain smile. Though tonight the smile does not waiver for a second and the teeth snap sharply on the meat of this parody, this morbid prank. It's all fun of course but who else could raise the corpse of the supergroup with such biting precision or such divine rancour?

Odds and songs from Matt's vast catalogue of past designs are the support for what is to come. Often he is alone with himself and his tortured soliloquies, at other times he is aided by a synth or a sax. All are foundation stones for the evening's far grander plans.

For a brief moment the stage is empty and only the pale luminence of the backdrop is all that colours the dank hall. A return to the front and Matt cauterises the slight break with an 'Uncertain Smile', followed by a roughshod interpretation of 'Perfect'. Both songs amplify the innocence that this tousle haired youth has come to personify. Astute, sly and cheeky, he has the sweet candour of Huck Finn or the Artful Dodger; never naive but never armed with a full quiver of answers. Nobody likes know-it-alls. Everybody likes Matt.

However purgative his songs, and however hot his blue soul burns, his ability to catch and frame an instant will remain. That is the nature of his virtue.

The supergroup is assembled for the last assaults on the sanctity of this fortress of rock; OJ's Zeke and photographer Peter Asworth hammer out the rhythm for this perverse jam session. Matt, Foetus and Mal (of Cabaret Voltaire) all end the trip on a bloodied trio of guitars while Marc Almond bangs frantically on an old kitchen sink. Is this Apocalypse Now? No, this is just the horror of the Birthday Party. Another celebration of good times. A guitar hero's dreams.

David Dorrell

SERIOSIBISA

OSIBISA

Birmingham Carlton

AT SOME gigs you take your pleasures seriously, and your troubles lightly. Osibisa, a jazz-disco Afro-Carribean gang of ten, perform music that is both serious and about pleasure. It compels you to step outside your troubles, and dance them away.

Pleasure does have a serious side which consists of working needs into desires — and vice-versa — and transforming tensions into harmonies. Osibisa's jazz style, which is formed through creating, holding and then resolving tensions within a musical form, is about as close to pure serious aural, pleasure as anyone can get. Using African drums, flutes, cow horns and choral dance, Osibisa have pioneered a style of mixing intricate rythmns within a sieve of restless disco intensity. The beauty of their music is born of the fine crafting of drumming pulses against exotic, interweaving, modal harmonies, held within a raw, traditional, framework.

Osibisa also managed to make light of this dingy island's troubles. Their music evoked the mood of the last big collective outcry against inward-looking guilt for our plight — the riots of '81. Their percussion-fat, deeply joyful but extroverted sounds recreated the feel of that time. The jubiliant sense of a newly emergent shared culture of resistance. The gleeful but urgent and intoxicating lure of potential destructiveness. The frightening presence of violence. The heady power of grabbing back public space and making it belong to the oppressed, even if only for a fragment of time.

Happily, Osibisa refresh parts of the body politic that more commercially viable music cannot reach.

Mandie Brown

THIN LIZZY

London Hammersmith Odeon

AFTER A decade of variable rockin' tonight, Thin Lizzy are winding up their farewell UK tour. Packed houses and rapture have greeted each date, and there's no denying my thrill of anticipation in those few moments before they hit the stage. After all these years, the gleaming red lights on black, monolithic Marshall stacks still inflames the adolescent rocker within...

Flashbombs, a flood of light and our heroes are 'Waiting For An Alibi'. Thin Lizzy are no slouches. Their sound is honed down to razor-sharp precision and delivered with the joyful, dynamic punch that The Clash, for instance, haven't managed in ages. After ten years Thin Lizzy *ought* to be tight. But it's an unexpected pleasure to find them doing it one more time with feeling.

Phil Lynott's bass throbs; Brian Downey's solid drums drive. Guitarists Scott (of the Clodagh Rogers hairstyle) Gorham and John Sykes create a warm and crunchy Les Paul noise, and skitter centrestage to dance in the spotlights' crossbeams as they reel off mercifully brief fretboard frazzles. Darren Wharton on keyboards thickens and flavours. A ritual, for sure, but one that's observed with pagan vitality.

Matt Snow

POST WAR

U2
Hammersmith Odeon

YEAH, THEY were good, and maybe even gooder than good. If I had to express a reservation about U2's show this time around, it'd be something about how the intensity isn't what it once was. It's like U2 have won their war now — they've obviously won their audience — and it's time to celebrate more than fight. This was a show which cruised — where once it might have bruised.

'Gloria', raw and roaring, calls up thunder and shouts the odds and this is where it all starts. Being a noise we've all become accustomed to love, we duly love it, and U2 love us for loving it, so we love them back all the more and so on.

'Seconds' and 'Surrender' follow in majestic procession; the latter song is the cue for giant white flags to unfurl somewhere above The Edge's head, and flutter in the wind machine. Jack the Laddishly, Bono takes his lyrics on a detour, diving into a sly slice of Michael Jackson's 'Billie Jean'. Later on, in 'Twilight', he'll again go daft and happy with a few bursts of Kajagoogoo's 'Too Shy' and the Bunnymen's 'Cutter'.

'New Year's Day' now, and now "an old rebel song, a song of disgust" — 'Sunday Bloody Sunday'. But Bono doesn't *sound* especially disgusted; all that stark sadness and anger of the third LP is barely present in tonight's cheery presentation. The nearest we came to tragedy was Bono's precarious descent down a ladder that took him away from the cheap seats, up on the balcony, where he'd just made a dramatic spoilt appearance, the word made flesh and dwelling among us,so to speak.

The "Boy" backdrop is dropped on cue for 'Tomorrow', to yet more loud acclaim. Jubilant fans punch the air (but with forefingers delicately extended, U2 fans being less aggressive than their clenched-fist HM counterparts) and The Edge punches the intro to 'I Will Follow'. We have a great time.

We really did. That was the style of it: blocks were busted, barns were stormed, hell was raised and sent back down again, and, whatever a humdinger might be, a good few hums were surely ding'd this night.

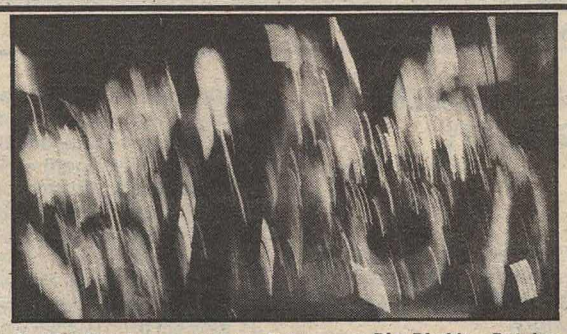
For all that, I hope this tour will close a particular book for U2. Next time, let's see danger again.

Paul Du Noyer

Bono: the fight's gone out of him! *Pic Lawrence Watson*

SEEING THE LIGHT

VAN MORRISON
London Dominion



See Van Morrison and see the light *Pic Bleddyn Butcher*

DATELINE ST Patrick's Day night . . . while we await the Greatest Living Irishman.

Now backing band warm-ups are all very well, part of the blues and soul revue tradition, in fact. But after the second or third introductory number, some audience impatience is forgivable, and the Lone Heckler's plaintive cry, "Is Van Morrison 'ere tonight?" draws a ripple of sympathetic applause.

But he's there soon enough: a squat, gruff-looking character in dark suit and bright tie, un-fussy and straight to work with 'Dweller On The Threshold', Oh, and brilliant to a degree that defies comparisons, and makes a reviewer feel sheepish for all the superlatives he's squandered on acts with a fraction of this man's importance.

I don't believe Morrison shares a word with his audience all night, beyond some clipped name-checks for the various musicians in his extensive and excellent band. But inside this set he communicates more than you dare hope. You know all those words — passion, emotion, honesty etc — which are tossed around now like they cost threepence each, as if merely to say them will summon up the substance of them . . . well, here's the man whose music and voice consign that babble to oblivion.

It's not a show which celebrates the past, although Morrison's got more past worth celebrating than most. It draws from almost the entirety of last year's 'Beautiful Vision' LP, and to a lesser extent from the new 'Inarticulate Speech Of The Heart' collection. Apart from a rowdy encore run-through of 'Gloria' (the greatest B-side in recorded history?), 'Bright Side Of The Road' and 'Tupelo Honey' are among the very few backward glances included. This deep into a career, not even Bowie could get away with ignoring past glories for an hour. Morrison can.

Best of all, here's a performer who's growing *into* his music with age — the way that a classic bluesman does, the way that a rock'n'roller, like Jagger, does not. Losing youth is a cruel process in pop, corrupting greatness into parody. Van Morrison, by contrast — instinctively steeped in soul, folk, jazz, country and blues as much as rock, and all at once — only gains in authority.

As the set progresses, early tense edginess gets smoothed, as singer and group combine with graceful power. 'Vanlose Stairway', 'She Gives Me Religion', 'Northern Muse', and 'Aryan Mist' breathe deep the air of spirituality. Some moments, I suppose, touch on a definition of true greatness — namely, music that doesn't make you feel 'happy' or 'sad', but *everything at once.*

Pee Wee Ellis, as ever, is a tower of strength, whether it's his epic sax in 'Haunts Of Ancient Peace', or gospel-style call and response vocal duet with Van for 'Summertime In England', or even the flute he picks up for 'Connswater'. Morrison himself plays keyboards mostly, a little guitar, and some sax for another of the new instrumentals, 'Celtic Swing'.

Obviously though, it's the voice that provides the highest magic. A new song, 'Rave On, John Donne' (easily the best song title of 1983) offers scope for one of Morrison's growling monologues — an improvised reverie that floats and kicks its way through a trance-like dream of literature, myth, religion and history.

In the end, Van Morrison's total show was an uplifting species of delight, and one that carries a clear and inspiring message for many who would emulate him — give up.

Paul Du Noyer

HOOKED ONCE MORE

THE UNDERTONES COOK DA BOOKS
Sheffield Polytechnic

IN A city where glittering pop has had a formidable patent slapped on it by ABC and The Human League, an appearance by fearless Feargal Sharkey and his Undertones is at once dismissed as a decidedly uncool affair. Here, like The Police and Squeeze and countless others of that ilk before them, The Undertones are regarded more as half-hearted, ex-punk, student material than as purveyors of any pristine pop facility. Looking around at the assembled legions of dowdy academia I figure almost everyone I know is across town drooling over the pathetic but incredibly cool Pale Fountains.

Even though I've followed their progress with little more than passing disinterest since watching a careering, teenage-kicking entrance as warm up to The Rezillos on the wrong end of '78, this was an event I just could not miss. All week the irrepressible soul surge of The Undertones' new album, 'The Sin Of Pride', has been tormenting my turntable with liquid keyboard licks, ebullient horns and gospel ardour. Even when the sprightly bop of Liverpool's Cook Da Books sinks from vaguely attractive to downright prissy in less than three songs, and the heat rises to just over unbearable, my anticipatory high stands unshaken.

But just as The Undertones arrive to a mass salute of clammy, outstretched arms and near hysterical clamour, so my own enthusiasm immediately flounders. There's no horns to helter and skelter, no Sylvia And The Sapphires and no incandescent harmonies: just a clambering, pulpit-mounting Feargal and his rocksteady crew sweating buckets beneath a backline studded with a thousand lamps.

Three songs and a drink later, the seduction begins again from scratch. It begins when I realise that these Undertones are as frantic, as fresh and as unbridled by the pop ageing process as that very first time. 'Love Parade', 'It's Gonna Happen' and 'Teenage Kicks' melt into a rigorous, cohesive and ultimately purging pop, though I still feel that a touch of brass wouldn't have gone amiss as they weave through a lingering 'Julie Ocean', a slightly uptempo 'Wednesday Week' and the punching fistful of puerile-and-proud passion that is 'Get Over You'. The Undertones' purposeful variegation — their rainbow pop — goes a long way towards compensation.

It's raining infectious hooklines as they roar towards completion with the new single, 'Got To Have You Back'. Whatever elixir the Derry boys have discovered, they could be doing this stuff in ten years time and still not look a day older than 17. 'Untouchable' and 'Jump Boys' conclude the set with a display of gritty gymnastics and after a spate of encores The Undertones take their leave.

Amrik Rai

Making a Feargal noise *Pic Bryn Jones*

Flashes LIVE!

THE DANSE SOCIETY
Sheffield Polytechnic

WAXING ALONGSIDE the wave of Brandon/Hate neophytes, The Danse Society's spartan aggression and mesmeric incantations have settled competitively in with the warrior charge and brute slugging of the Death Cults and the Sex Gang Ouigi-boys.

But where the Society's mini album 'Seduction' heralded a future of irresistible passion, their new single 'Somewhere/Hide' sees a Danse singularly shaking off any shackles of humanity in a quest for a crown thorns and post-Joy Division atmospherics: obsessive, moribund and ultimately shallow.

On this occassion, The Danse Society proved to be nothing more than spoilt, starry-eyed brats suffering from intense and unjustified delusions of rock grandeur; flooding the place with clouds of dry ice does not a big band make.

Amrik Rai

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH
Liverpool University

WHEN STUDENTS aren't talking about the homework they haven't done, how Prof told them to pull their sox up, or how many pints of beer they threw up last night, they're out shopping for new liberal-radical hats.

Zephaniah's poetry is an oratorical brute; dramatic, politically demonstrative and funny. His delivery is a ritual threat peppered with humourous relief. He spits and whips with a fascismo any dictator would sell his/her medals for.

But when blacks already know about South Africa, racist police thugs and racist political thugs, you start to wonder where, exactly, Benjamin fit in — who is the poetry for?

Liberal-radical whites get deliriously high on an annual fix of cultural broadmindedness, and the daring trip into political subversion with Benjamin Zephaniah is the perfect excuse for a new hat.

Billy Mann

PIGBAG
LAUREL & HARDY
THE FRANK CHICKENS
London Dominion

PIGBAG STICK a fresh chrysanthemum in the mood music buttonhole, tilt the trilby and blow.

Support slots were filled by The Frank Chickens — a Japanese update of The Beverley Sisters — and Laurel & Hardy (the Little and Large of reggae), with their own version of street soliloquy *"Evening all/What have we here?"*.

Two numbers into Pigbag's set, 'Hit The 'O' Deck' encouraged us to challenge the bouncers and leave our Dominion comfy chairs.

Once in the pit, the band seemed disconcerting: visually, as they moved purposefully across stage mid-number from one instrument to another, and musically, as they lapsed into mayhem ('Can't See For Looking') and back to wobbly loose order with casual ease.

Their latest addition, Angela Jaeger, has added a much-needed extra dimension to Pigbag's sound. Instrumental numbers like 'Six Of One..' seemed lacking in comparison with Jaeger's soul-oriented melodic vocals.

Laurel & Hardy reappeared for the encore, an uptempo thang an' ting with nonsensical lyrics which ended with one blast of the 'Papa's Got A Brand New..' riff.

Regine Moylett

MINUTEMEN
Brixton Ace

OVER HERE with the US crash-bang muscle music Black Flag extravaganza, The Minutemen provide an amusing insight into the American idea of punk rock.

The first impression is of a be-jeaned and sneakered fat man epileptically twitching across the stage in time to his teeth-gritting guitar solo. A couple of kids (roadies?) stage front mirror his movements. Ah, the style, the class — this must be what they call "new wave."

The Minutemen say "hello" with a set of heavy, screeching but heartless tunes that show that they've interpreted the whole 'thing' as mere 'high energy rock music'. And I do mean *rock*; the difference between this be-riffed, be-licked mish-mash and the work of, say, Gillan is minimal.

In the land of the blind the one eyed man is king, thus I can imagine that on their relatively stale shores The Minutemen are lapped up as manna. Here, one person tapped their foot, a couple danced and the ghost of someone or other whispered that "rock'n'roll is dead."

Richard North

LIVE!

LIVE!

THE PALE FOUNTAINS

Manchester Hacienda

THE NIGHT time is, as they say, the right time. In 1983 we're a world away from 'Beat Concerto' and 'Walk On By', but there's still this great need to evoke, like Bacharach and David, the sense, beauty, and contained emotions of a brightly-lit city existence. Or just a need to write a great song, a standard. The future will no doubt judge The Pale Fountains and find them wanting. Wanting too much is perhaps their problem.

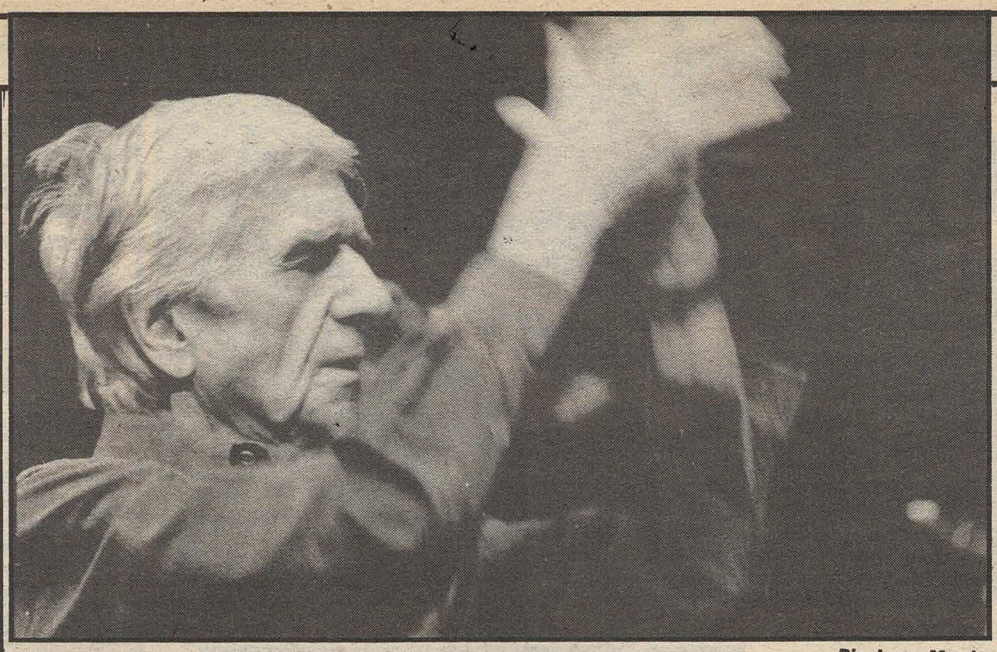
They displayed definite songwriting instinct, as it turned out. That is, they know what they want a song to be like. It's just that whilst they found a good hook here and a subtle verse there, the blank areas still showed through. The songs very soon sounded repetitive. Having been composed in a style that implies poetic concentration, the material ended up getting knocked out in the familiar workaday pop band manner.

And that's what The Pale Fountains are, in fact. A pop band and not a classic songwriting partnership. In covering the work of others — Deniece Williams' 'Free' for instance, they sounded blotchy, adolescent, and just not ritzy enough.

And then there was what sounded like the obligatory atmospheric instrumental — well, almost, apart from the do-do-do vocals. Their intensity was beginning to spread rather thinly.

The nostalgic idealsim the name Pale Fountains suggests was there all right. From it sprang a fluid, nervous energy which got all clogged up and blocked as events proceeded. More appropriate than calling Dyno-Rod would be some beefier inspiration — try Mann and Weill for compsers to emulate, or even Ragovoy and Berns. Otherwise The Fountains will be seen to pale in comparison to the ones they admire so much.

Bob Dickinson



Gil Evans: Celebrating his non-direction — *Pic Leon Morris*

RONALD SHANNON JACKSON AND THE DECODING SOCIETY

Round House

THE KEY music of the week, an unscrambling fit to squeeze apprehension into any mortal coil. The Decoding Society are so *young:* they remember to be *hungry.*

From the first raw sprint from the blocks it was clear that this isn't another pack of running dogs, ragged in the harmolodic maze of jazz crash that has rarified most of this music to date. The players are eager, impetuous cubs, not wizened virtuosi. They tackle diamond hard electric jazz with the chops of sluggers but the complexion is pocked by a quota of indiscretion and wrong alleys — fine. This often shy, burstingly enthusiastic sound is resolutely human. They play like they've just opened the books.

While Jackson makes all the basic shots, whipping the most outrageous contradictions of rhythm from a huge kit, the strongest personality in The Society is Vernon Reid. The guitarist has the muscular flash of Hendrix and the crimson attack of Ulmer hooked up to a most fetching sense of the macabre.

He took solos viciously strangled by fuzz and made them into bubbling elixirs of health, then passed commentaries cleaned of distortion but scabrously misshapen. Gunslinger guitar doesn't come this creamy, this thornily urgent — Reid must be set beside Marsalis and Murray, for this boy already merits a peer group rating.

His horn partners are less brilliant without missing the streak of verve that fires the group. They prickle their rapped messages from the beat with occasional electronic tricks that distract from certain weaknesses — Zane Massey's saxes are a bit too cluttered, looped around favourite motifs, and Henry Scott overworks his smeared high notes.

There were errors in the dynamic: in the moments of respite, Shannon switching to flute and a general scent of rhapsody bracketing the thunder, the writing slipped into a wan harmonic pallor. And sometimes direction went astray and the players bit down on nothing in particular. When all else failed, though, there was always Jackson to watch: he must be the finest drummer the new jazz could ever want to boast. His solo passage shaded a dozen levels of strokeplay into a statement vivid enough to banish all memory of the hours of tedious drum routines I've sat through in the past.

It was touching to see them link arms at the end, these brilliant young cats: *we're not gonna go away!* I'm waiting for the next lesson.

Richard Cook

JAZZ AT CAMDEN

LEADEN SWING!

GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA

Round House

TOO MUCH was missed over these two nights, too many strands in Gil Evans' formulae went unfulfilled or splashily glossed — and still the magic went on working. The harmonious loveliness, sharpened with a dash of bitters, can't ever be ironed out of Evans' music: but it needs winners like Arthur Blythe and Lew Soloff and George Adams to make it live a full life.

The 13 men — plus Evans on pianos — constituted the most impressive group of mainstream and beyond soloists British jazz can muster, and while they had a game try at settling into the translation of the most subtly embroidered orchestrations, it too often swung to a leaden pendulum. Fire would catch in one of the horns only for it to be doused by ill-disciplined section work. Each night grew into a competition, not the sparring of teamsters but a bullying emphasis on volume and density. The sense of occasion eventually prohibited a genuine event cutting through, politeness leading almost to straight rough-housing.

Almost... I'm being too harsh. There were still degrees of spellbinding music. John Surman, perhaps the one real genius in the orchestra, made a rare appearance into a capsule tour de force with baritone playing that trod confidently between paintbox delicacy and unmitigated force. The long theme presented as a new work wrought a cogent new variation on Evans' liquid sense of melancholy, the brass weaving an aching diminuendo, the orchestra swelling and contracting like the breathing of some vast undersea beast.

There was solid, workmanlike filling from majors like tenorman Don Weller and trombonist Malcolm Griffiths. 'La Nevada' appeared as a scrap of structure; the wailing blues dream of 'Variation On The Misery' suffered from imprecise brass understanding but collected an authentic banshee clamouring.

Evans celebrated his non-direction with the most oblique semaphore, swaying into time, pinkying out little runs at the keyboard; sometimes stopping altogether to strike a slumbering giant pose on the Bosendorfer. He acknowledged the ovations with a champ's crowned fist, we did it!

Each night finally took off towards the finale. Monday it was 'Move', the classic stop-go theme given maximum big band crackle; Tuesday, on a closing encore when half the crowd had left, Chris Hunter stood up and blew an alto solo that loosed a pent-up exhilaration nobody else had caught hold of. The breeze! Mostly, an indiscriminate gale.

Richard Cook

Cocteau Twins

Peppermint Pig

▪

Laugh Lines
Hazel

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LIVE!

SADÉ ADU.

London Ronnie Scott's.

Pic Kerstin Rodgers

Sadé by torchlight

SADÉ ADU, a Face face, twinkling torch, with a voice guaranteed to burn a hole in anyone's soul. Showcased downstairs at Ronnie Scott's, home of British Jazz. The A&R types fluttered like moths round a light. The packed house was a 'who's who' of the London music scene, waiting in anticipation for something special.

Sadé's sultry image conjures up smoked bars, jazzy sounds, and memories of McInnes characters of the (Julie) London scene. But, what's all the fuss about? From the opening bars of Timmy Thomas's "Why can't we live together" Sadé's smooth, yet husky voice justified all the attention. She has an almost mesmerising prescence and a vocal style with a range which no-one could fail to admire.

Unfortunately, her three piece backing, made up from members of Pride, were totally inadequate for such a fine singer. Clumsy and heavy handed, they seemed to lack any real feeling for the music. Her set consisted of mainly covers, such as the inevitable 'Cry Me A River', and the wonderful William De Vaughn's 'Be Thankful For What You Got', The slower songs were the best of the bunch, where Sadé had minimal backing and her voice shone through.

Miss Adu has not only been gifted with a beautiful body, but also a pure, powerful voice, which never has to strain and is used with grace and control. She deserves to be heard by a wider audience, not just restricted to a small, trendy music-biz gathering. Hopefully, with a better band, Sadé will be nestling in the charts, and her voice given chance to touch more people's hearts.

Alan Marke.

WAH!

Liverpool Royal Court

THE HEADY grandiose atmospherics of 'Silver And Gold' seem to be typical of the direction Pete Wylie is heading nowadays. Epic wall of sound creations of which only half are as brilliant as their creator thinks they are.

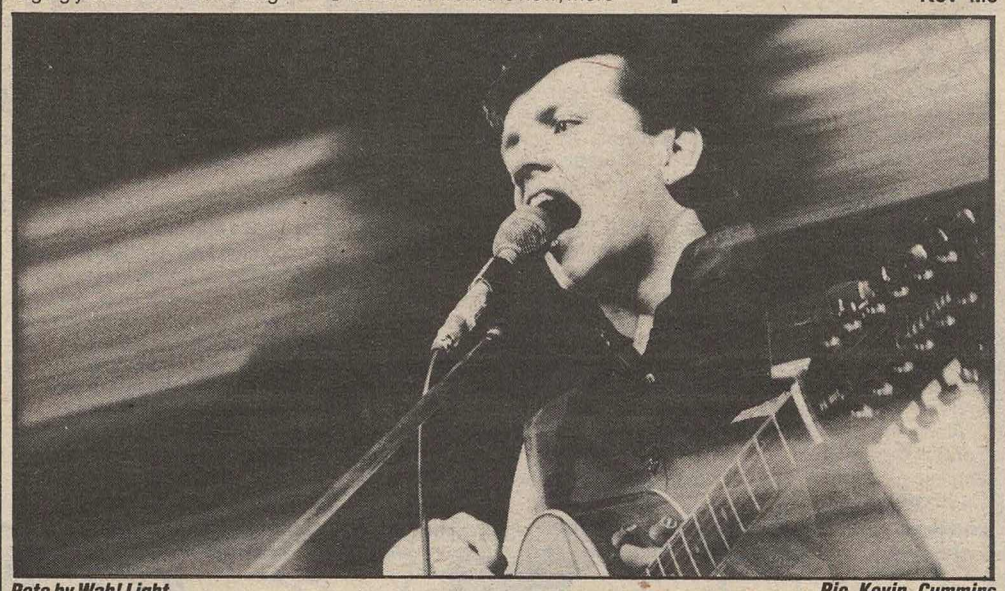
Still, tonight was a triumph of sorts marking the final transformation of Wah! from raging youths with screaming guitars into smooth Spectoresque pop purveyors for the masses.

It sounds like my favourite Liverpool 'face' has been having singing lessons; the voice which used to stumble helplessly over 'Story Of The Blues' and 'Hope' was in total control, doing the songs justice, at last.

There was no 'Somesay' or 'Seven Minutes', but the old faves we got, 'Better Scream' and 'Don't Step On The Cracks' both benefited from the new, more controlled treatment. Passionate as ever while also showing that the songs were stronger than you ever thought. The ragged edges have gone, but Wah! are still a mighty force.

The maverick Wah! leader was strangely subdued (rumour has it that he only agreed to the show under pressure) and he stormed off stage after a magnificently angry 'Remember', justifiably bitter at the lack of response.

Kev Mc



Pete by Wah! Light

Pic Kevin Cummins

THE SMITHS

Manchester Hacienda

"THE THING to be, in '83, is . . . handsome." And so The Smiths' performance began, in suitably confident manner. And from there they went from strength to strength.

Like some harsh collision between the grand design of Magazine, the strange ways of Josef K and the taut tension of Fire Engines, the four Smiths were proud and powerful, pale and angular, a formidable and inventive force. Their sound — a fine, fierce combination of tight drums, hidden walls of guitar and the deepest of bass-lines — proved to be a suitably refined, aggressive setting for the searing wail and majestic poetry of their enigmatic vocalist.

'Miserable Lie', the obvious highlight, seemed to aim at a grandeur, a rare raw power, that perhaps only Magazine have ever achieved, and it seemed that Magazine's magnificent example — off-hand, discomforting, beyond easy comparison — was a major inspiration here.

As commanding and restrained as this, The Smiths should soon be capable of reaching the greatest of heights. Oh yes! The Smiths were HANDSOME.

Jim Shelley

SISTERS OF MERCY

The Venue

ENIGMATIC, PERVERSE, deadpan, the Sisters of Mercy are so black, they're a total eclipse of the art.

Andrew 'Spiggy' Eldritch, 'mother superior' of the Sisters, is a perfect reptilian Rasputin. He coils and recoils his spindly frame round the mike-stand, uttering lyrics in a voice that moves from a deep shakey retort to an ear-shattering scream. He unleashes a torrent of prowling malevolence and brooding sexuality like other Lizard Kings we have known and loved (to death). He's posey as hell.

Against this, you have the subdued mania of Mark, the first guitarist and young Ben, the second who has a look which says, "If I concentrate hard enough, maybe this horrible nightmare will go away and I can retake my Physics 'A' level in peace". Craig, bass, just concentrates and chews gum.

Doom, destruction and Monkee business

You get the same merciful release listening to oldies like 'Body Electric' and 'Alice' and newer songs like the slow and mesmeric 'Burn', 'Valentine' and 'Anaconda' as you might listening to (or feeling) Motorhead. They share the same larger than life heavy metal quality and surreal bad-trip lyrics. They even do 'Gimme Shelter' for chrissakes. How can songs about doom, death, destruction and drugs leave you feeling energised, vibrant, exorcised, even...*happy*.

Probably because it's all a huge joke.

They're definitely forging their own groove, which, while complimentary to other bands (Sex Gang, Death Cult, March Violets) is somehow on a plane of it's own: a superior plane. Could this be because they don't take themselves too seriously?

You decide. Let's just say that they listen to The Monkees on the way to gigs.

Elissa Van Poznak

THE FACE

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Keith Hudson: flesh of his skin. Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez.

STEAMING 'UDSON

DESCRIBED further are details of Keith Hudson's long New York sojourn on the baritone singer's new LP 'Steaming Jungle', a self-produced effort released on his own Disc Disk label.

Featuring vocal accompaniment from his two youth Jabula Hudson and Ricardo (Ricky Street) Hudson, the set was recorded and mixed at Aviation studios with musicians Style, Barnabas, Bingy Bunny, Chinna, Gladstone Anderson and others on a ten track set that features a pair of instrumental titles and a predominance of rock guitar.

OLD ROAD MAN

THE SWEET tones of Eugene Paul are heard on his second solo LP entitled 'That Man' and released on the singer's own Old Road Village label.

If Pat Kelly is the reggae heir apparent to Sam Cooke, then Eugene Paul is closest in style to the late US soul singer. His career began with Pama in 1969 and since then he has recorded as himself, Jimmy Shondell and Ingram Macaba for Jama, Trojan, Empire, Ethnic-Fight, Ensign etc. His 'Why Soca So' cut last year shifted some 15,000 copies and still sells.

Recorded in London, 'That Man' (ORVLP 001) includes two Sam Cooke compositions: the 'Meet Me Over At Mary's Place' song also known as Cooke protege Johnny Morrisey's 'Meet Me At The Twisting Place' and 'Cupid'. Of Eugene Paul's own compositions are included 'Children Go To School', as well as adaptation of 'Farewell My Darling' and 'Never Let Her Slip Away'.

Accompanying musicians on the set include Elroy Bailey (bass); Jah Bunny, Angus (drums); John Kpiaye on guitar, as well as horns and harmony vocals.

Alongside Roy Shirley and Jackie Edwards, Euegene Paul flies to Toronto this week for a three week tour. He says, "all these achievements stem from the tiny village of Old Road in St Mary's Parish where it all began".

A taste of Honey

SINGER AND actor **Honey Boy** emerges with a new LP out on producer Winston Curtis' Diamond label of Stoke Newington.

Entitled 'My Desire' (DMLP 404) and recorded at Chalk Farm, Decibel and Gooseberry studios in London, the record is Honey Boy's eighth album to date and his fourth for Mr Curtis. Included on the set is a recut of his popular mid '70s song 'Sweet Cherry' plus interpretations of 'Take These Chains From My Heart', Dandy Livingstone's 'Let's Talk It Over', Gregory Isaacs' 'Happiness Comes', Barry Ford's 'Can't Take The Pressure' and others.

Also new from the outlet is a bass and drum excursion from **Selassie I Rockers** on the Jah Lion label with '30 Pieces Of Dub', though in fact only ten are represented, plus on discomix: **Winston Curtis** 'Let It Be Me' c/w an update of Joe White's 'Every Night' (World International) and Honey Boy alongside the **Blackstones,** 'The Tracks Of My Tears' c/w 'Is My Love Too Late?' (Empire).

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — you know that your guardian angel is dead you have said . . . the fourth album from Don Carlos in the past twelvemonth is issued on Burning Sounds. Entitled 'Spread Out', the set is a Bunny Lee production which features 'Ababa John I (Father Majesty)' set to the 'Real Rock' rhythm, 'Booming Ball', 'Johnnie Big Mouth' among its ten titles . . . **you say in the world is not in a safe world to be** . . . DJs Captain Sinbad and Peter Metro share a side each on a new Henry Lawes production 'Sinbad & The Metric System' (CSLP 6) released on the CSA label. Little John provides vocal interjection on the majority of the Baghdad seafarer's tracks, including some new variation on the 'Sammy Dead' theme . . . **for all of your trying and all of your crying it seems it's raining outside** . . . new on Greensleeves discomix: Wailing Souls, 'Bounce Back' c/w 'Sweetie' (GRED 115); Meditations, 'No More Friend' c/w Reggae George, 'Walla Walla' (GRED 113); Bunny Lie Lie & Lee Van Cleef, 'Mr Dynamite' (GRED 116) . . . **umbrellas are harder to find** . . . other current disco: The Cool Notes, 'Morning Child' (Mass Media Music — MMM 12-1011); Luie Rankin, 'Dance A Fe Ram' c/w 'Up And Down, (Claypot — CP 009); Beshara, 'Glory Glory' (Home Spun — HS 002) . . .

★ ★ ★

ALL OF THE PAIN IN THE WORLD is outside your bed . . . every Thursday at the Electric Ballroom, Camden High Street, NW1 — 8pm till 1am — dance session with Java sound and the dynamic Roxy (lovers and soul). Licensed bar. Adm: £2.50. Ladies free before 9 . . . **in the shapes of phantom and tapping your window with rhythms of dread** . . . this Friday at Seven Sisters School, Rosslyn Road, N15 Tottenham posse session with live on the dance floor Seven Warriors and City Dred. Refreshments. Adm: £1 . . . **and all of the silver rosaries hung on the door will not drive them away, they are going to stay** . . . a blues session hosted by Scotty, Norma and the firm takes place every Friday night at 100 Chatsworth Road, off Lea Bridge Road, E5 with music by the blues specialist Exedus . . . **you say that the sky people don't even ask you your name** . . . also every Friday night in Scotland is Dreadbeat sound flashing at the Dreadbeat Reggae Club, Brancum Hall, East Kilbride from 9pm till 1am . . . **if it's you or another it doesn't matter, to them it's all the same** . . . onstage at Highfields Community Centre, Melbourne Road, Leicester this Saturday — 8pm to 2am — poet Benjamin Zephaniah and songstress with the hit version of 'Young, Free And Single' Lorita Grahame + Papa Shifta sound. Tickets £2.50 from the Centre. Tel: Leicester 531053 . . . **but we live suspended in each other's minds of bullet proof sanctuary cathedral of eyes** . . . at Downstown youth club in Clapton this Saturday is a benefit for the Colin Roache Family Support Committee — 7pm to 11.30 — featuring Danny Casanova sound + Black Shades. Food and refreshments. At the door: £1.50 . . . **that I offer you** . . . a night of splendour is held at the Peoples Club, 5a Praed Street, Paddington, W2 on Saturday from 9pm until late with sounds by Dragon International . . . **that I offer you** . . . and at the Peoples Club on Sunday in tune to sounds of TWJ and Frontline International . . .

★ ★ ★

YOU'RE TRAPPED IN A WORLD OF ANGELS that no longer care . . . the Nigerian comedian Baba Sala's latest film *Orun Mooru* can be seen at selected screenings in London currently. Featuring the music of King Sunny Ade it is in Yoruba with English subtitles and playing next Wednesday (30) and Thursday at 6pm and 9pm in Porchester Hall, Queensway, W2 . . . **in the space where His hand was my hand is reaching out for you there** . . . a spectacle of sounds and rhythms is James Danton and his band in concert at the Africa Centre in Covent Garden on Saturday at 8.30pm . . . **love is the weapon left after the fall** . . . in town this week from JA is Wayne Jobson with a copy of his group Native's new Nura 45, a Chris Kimsey production interpreting Mr P Rodgers' 'I Just Want To See You Smile' no less . . . **it may not seem like much but girl that's all that there is** . . . upcoming release from Eli Immanuel is 'Gambling Man' on Silver Camel . . . **One Love** . . .

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

From page 24

is forgiven and that nothing further or worse could happen to him. And somehow it's brought into the vision that the mob have poured gasoline onto his head, so his head is now this little flame in the middle of the mob . . .

"That's putting it into a logical format, which it won't be when it's finished. The way this would be written, the way I want it to be read is like someone . . . waking up with a hangover, your mind totally blank but in pain and then one by one all these grisly little memories come staggering back from the night before. Just half conscious, totally vague, conflicting sorts of images drifting back . . .

"For example this character has murdered the county's tiny orphan girl who the community has taken to their hearts and each time he relates it to the reader it's slightly different because he can't really remember how he did it.

"To draw this to the music . . . 'She's Hit' is done in the same sort of style. Lines hint at a catastrophe of sorts, but not enough evidence is given to allow a clear picture of what exactly has happened. But the person who hears it is given to understand that some violent catastrophe has happened . . ."

NICK'S LONGING

"I OFTEN feel nostalgic for Australia, but then I think there's nothing there for me anymore except for a few friends and my family . . . But I really would like to go and live with my mother for a while to tell you the truth . . ."

CREDITS: EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITY

ROWLAND S. HOWARD/LYDIA LUNCH; 'Some Velvet Morning' (4AD 12")
EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN/ROWLAND S. HOWARD/LYDIA LUNCH: 'Thirsty Animal' (X 12" — German import)

FORTHCOMING

NICK CAVE/LYDIA LUNCH; *50 One Page Plays* (if and when they find a publisher)
ANITA LANE (Nick's friend) backed by various members of The Birthday Party: 'The Fullness Of His Coming' (on a Monogam compilation — Berlin import).

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continued from page 21

but the way Trev Howard and Celia Johnson play it you feel these wartime streets and railway stations smoulder with a doomed passion. Umissable. **(BBC2)**

SUNDAY MARCH 27

The Avengers: You Have Just Been Murdered. Full-scale lunancy as the team try and nail a nutcase millionaire killer. **(C4)**

Wonder Man (Bruce Humberstone 1945). One of Danny Kaye's best vehicles — he plays a bookish type who has to step into his nightclub comic brother's shoes. Some excellent funny business from a talent Hollywood largely misused. **(C4)**

The Fugitive. It seems everybody's digging back into their archives. Now LWT have revived David Jansen's wry loser Kimble — a role he never stopped playing — we may as well have McGoohan's *Danger Man*, the best of all the enigmatic loners. **(ITV)**

This Happy Breed (David Lean 1944). Another look at This England from Lean, although his slant on a family seen through the grey prism of two wars has a lot more starch in it here. Celia Johnson makes her third appearance of the weekend. **(BBC1)**

Opening Night (John Cassavetes 1978). A characteristically splendid cast including Gena Rowlands, Ben Gazzara and Joan Blondell run through another of this director's agony columns, with Rowlands as an actress facing a breakdown during rehearsals. **(BBC2)**

MONDAY MARCH 28

The First Ninety Minutes. Profile of Bobby Robson, filmed during his final season at Ipswich. **(C4)**

Whatever You Didn't Get. With Flying Pickets, Undertones, Eddie And Sunshine, The Thompson Twins, Orchestre Jazira and Wah! **(C4)**

Writing On The Wall (Armand Gatti 1982). The Troubles seen through the medium of speculative fiction — a teenager's death and the symbolic ripples through a heritage of doctrine and folklore. Seen and applauded at Cannes and London last year. **(C4)**

The French Connection (William Friedkin 1971). Another one that age has sullied somewhat — the '70s hammered out too many explosive cop thrillers for Friedkin's brutal assault course to stay at full impact. But the best moments — the subway chase and some of Doyle's lowbrowed asides — stick fast, laced by a humour rare in this genre. **(BBC1)**

Pop Carnival. Repeat of Bow Wow Wow at Liverpool's Sefton Park. **(BBC2)**

TUESDAY MARCH 29

The Dick Van Dyke Show. More of a *really* seminal sitcom — unlike the other revivals, this wasn't just a quirky one-off, siring everything from *Rhoda* to *Lou Grant*. **(C4)**

The Day Of The Locust (John Schlesinger 1975). A rather mixed handling of Nathaniel West's vicious slapdown of '30s Hollywood — a cradle of cynicism which Schlesinger slightly misreads as alternate misery and surrealism without real subtlety. The cast are Burgess Meredith, Don Sutherland, William Atherton. **(C4)**

Wonderful Life (Sidney J. Furie 1964). A Harry Webb spectacular. **(BBC1)**

The War Of The Worlds (Byron Haskin 1953). Gene 'Don't Call Me A Burke' Barry holds off a Martian invasion single-handed. The silly humanist ending is a spoiler although there are some punchy effects along the way — watch the Eiffel Tower go down! **(BBC2)**

WEDNESDAY MARCH 30

The Munsters. Herman and Lily have one of their little tiffs. **(C4)**

Manila: In The Claws Of Darkness (Lino Brocka 1975). A Philippine parable of tragedy — a young fisherman searches a city for his missing girlfriend, falls into conflict with the urban lowlife. **(C4)**

Summer Holiday (Peter Yates 1962). Yates cut his directorial teeth on Cliff's vacation epic and it is fairly amusing. I stand by 'Foot Tapper' myself. **(BBC2)**

The Last Day. . . . is the wrap-up in Vietnam. John Pilger's first TV play promises to be a cold scalpel into diplomatic flesh, the concluding machinations of Washington's 'peace with honour' laid bare. **(BBC1)**

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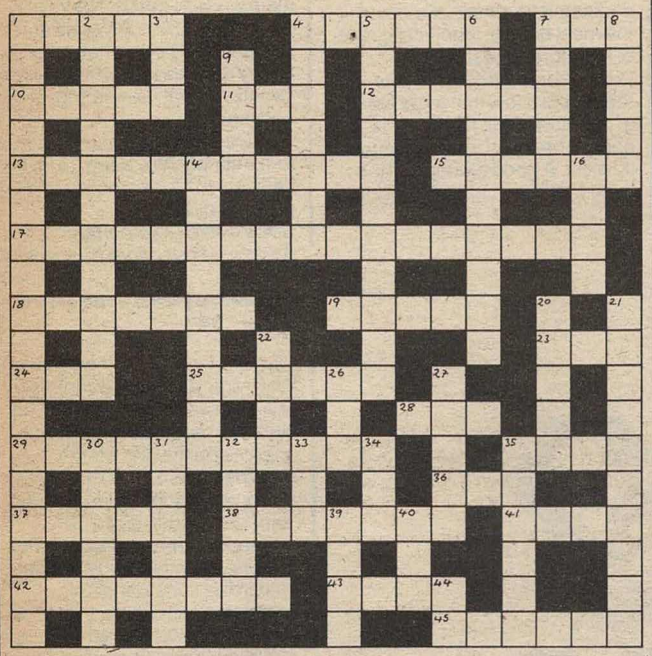

compiled by **Trevor Hungerford**

CLUES ACROSS

1 and 4A. Where are they now? Perhaps they could turn up in a big sales box (5,6)
7. See 21 down.
10. John, ex of Fischer. (5)
11. See 41 across
12. See 45 across
13. ....which is definitely not what Lene Lovich sang about (5, 6)
15. Time to find Candi Staton on Broadway (6)
17. Ian Dury single — ambitious on being a ruler or just a neat short? (1,4,2,2,8)
18. 1981 single which was subtitled 'It's Just A Story' (7)
19. Neil's was made of gold, Debbie's of glass (5)
23. Initially, now defunct blues-rock band featuring Alvin Lee (1,1,1)
24. Little Locomotion lass (3)
25. Curtis ——, black singer whose 1968 albums 'Get That Feeling' and 'Strange Things' featured Jimi Hendrix (6)
28. They even lead the fab Beatles for the greatest number of hit reissues (3)
29. *"Hong Kong is up for grabs, London is full of Arabs,"* 1979 hit (7,4)
35. See 38 across.
36. Type of Muzik from M (3)
37. Neil Diamond's got a beautiful one! (5)
38 and 35A. Recorded by many MOR artists, made into a hit by Terry Jacks (2,3,2,4)
41 and 11A. Their albums included 'Dub Housing' and 'The Art Of Walking' (4,3)
42. Magazine's first album from 1978 (4,4)
43. See 20 down.
45 and 12A. Blues singer and guitarist born in 1928; formed Blues Incorporated, CCS, helped to form Free, now a Radio One DJ (6,6)

CLUES DOWN

1. *"I can get a train, I don't need no suitcases, 'cos truth loves to go naked"* 1982 song (2,4,2,3,7)
2. Act me a craze in a way for a Scottish band (5,6)
3. TV show now hosted by Peter Powell (in a bid to save it from the same fate as *TV AM?)* (3)
4. Leader of the early '60s Stingers (1,6)
5. Be rest taker — get the big hit from 1978 (5-6)
6. Clash music! Sounds like sister outside and in (10)
7. Soft-Dura-Cells battery light number (5)
8. US backstabbers (5)
9. Siouxsie album full of charm (4)
14. Number One hit from 4 down (3,6)
16. Otto forms a band (4)
20 and 43A. God's warts, perhaps, get exposed by SLF (5,4)
21 and 17A. *"I'll have a shower and then phone my brother up, within the hour I'll smash another cup"* 1981 hit (5,5,3)
22. Miss Weymouth (or was it Bognor Regis?) (4)
26. Rupert Holmes single from 1980 (3)
27. Swedish singer who had a hit here with 'Movie Star' (5)
30 and 34D. Korgis hit from 1979 (2,1,3,3)
31. The Brothers who hailed from Kentucky, and scored 29 UK hits (6)
32. Inflexible record label (5)
33. Harper, Wood, C (3)
34. See 30 down.
35. Carmine ——, ex of Vanilla Fudge and later to team up with Jeff Beck and Tim Bogert (6)
39. '—— and Sods', Who album (4)
40. Some concerts just a bit of a giggle? (3)
44. Initials only of the band who brought out 'The Boiler' with Rhoda last year (1,1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1+9D Get The Balance Right, 10 Ice, 11 I Go To Sleep, 13 Gig, 15 Lovich, 16 Topper, 20 Nat, 21 Sara, 22 See 51 Across, 24 Phil, 27 Week, 28 Inch, 31 Nico, 33 Gather, 35 C(arl) P(almer), 36 Ian, 37 We, 38 I Do, 40 Ed, 41 Noir, 42 Caan, 43 Eagle, 45 Gent, 46 Ord(er), 47 Taste, 49 CS&N (Crosby, Stills & Nash), 51+22A Fool's Game, 53 Once, 55 Carmel, 56 Children

DOWN: 1 Gristle, 2 Thompson Twins, 3 See 6 Down, 4 Bill, 5 Ace, 6+3D Lee Hooker, 7+50D Ne Neh, 8 See 33 Down, 9 See 1 Down, 12 Plug, 14 ICA, 17 PA, 18 Rap, 19 Raincoats, 23 A Wonderful, 24 Me, 26 Lip, 28 I(an) A(nderson), 29 Cher, 30 He, 32 Anderson, 33+8D Genetic Engineering, 34 Rice, 39 Dance, 44 Ado, 45 Gene, 48 Tom, 50 See 7 Down, 52 Our, 54 C(leo) L)aine)

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My feelings at this moment in time can only be described as confused anger, confused because as we sit here on the abyss of blowing ourselves to bits, sitting here while our so-called democratic countries (Britain, America) sell arms and give advice to third world countries whose governments are so fascist they make Hitler look like an amateur.

Sitting here while millions starve to death every month, sitting here while our upright politicians organise thousands of peoples' deaths indirectly.

We sit here and watch newsreels of people getting butchered in El Salvador, Nicaragua, Honduras, Chile, Turkey — you name them we sell them arms.

It's about time the newspapers with a little humanity left, including the *NME*, began to bring out the truth.
Martin, Leeds
No Martin, you're wrong. None of it is our fault, it's these nasty Marxists you see... — DW

You are quite right Julie to be a little bashful ("most Marxists, *moi* included") about your Marxism, when its adherents wiped out 26 million in China, 6 million in the USSR and its secret police agencies, like the Hungarian AVO disposed of victims in acid baths.

You don't have to be a right-wing Reagan or living in the 1980s to figure out that Marxism stinks. The anarchist Bakunin predicted in 1872 that the Marxist Dictatorship of the Proletariat "would be the rule of scientific intellect, the most autocratic, the most despotic, the most arrogant and the most contemptuous of all regimes".

Exactly. But according to Julie, Marx's ideals "lead what is now a whopping three quarters of the world out of the carnage of the capitalist cul-de-sac". A carnage that Julie still struggles to survive in, reviewing Breakfast Time TV for *NME* and records by the "blonde daughters of the grande bourgeoise", Marianne Faithfull and Olivia Newton-John.

Yeah Julie, know what you mean. It's a hard life. Why don't you give yourself — and the rest of us — a break and go on a cane cutting course in Cuba? I'm sure they've got excellent creche facilities out there.
Pete Grafton, Isle of Arran, Scotland
Julie, Bashful? That's a new one. — DW

Dear Julie Burchill, If you ever bothered to read Marx, then you would realise that the clasic hallmarks of a capitalist society, ie. generalised commodity production, wage labour etc. exist in every supposed Communist country the world over, including the Soviet Union. Stop flaunting your bolshevism, it's all very shallow.

Yours, for the (Communist) revolution,
PO Lissagaray, Somewhere in South London.
What about hereditary property then? Answer me that. — Yours (also for the Communist revolution), Karl Marx, somewhere in a North London cemetery.

Dear Julie, I wish Karl had kept his ideas to himself.
Ivan Denisovich, Gulag Archipelago.
Dear Ivan, I frequently wish the same about Uncle Sam — Frances Farmer, State Mental Institution.

I have bought your paper for the last three weeks. I regularly buy *Smash Hits* and *Record Mirror*, but I thought I would see how you covered the music scene. I am particularly interested in Boy George, being a firm fan of his. In your *T-zers* column you have mentioned him each week. The first point was about his Valentines, which was nice, but over the last two weeks the comments have not been. First vou printed only part of a quote. I am sure George went on to explain the remark about his image being like a tramp, and then this week you accused him of lying!

Boy George is honest about *everything*, he would not bother to lie about his taste in music, which I am sure (like his taste in other things) is very wide.

I will not buy your paper again, unless there is something about George which I want, as I collect everything about him. I was a potential reader, but you lost me because of those stupid remarks. Just wanted you to know.
Mick, Newport.

Morley — with reference to your boring, scathing, cynical and pseudy attack on Mr Townshend's persona and contributions to 20th music and thought, akin to the puerile contempt a child has for his father — if you're so clever, how come you ain't rich?
Louis Jordan, Southampton.
You see Joe, people who point to an idol's clay feet always end up getting stoned. — DW Rubbish, i was just feeling tired and emotional. — Paul Morley
As for Townshend, I have a sneaking suspicion the fatalistic old git would be more likely to agree with Paul's analysis than kick him in the balls for it. — DW. Talking of such matters...

Whether or not the powers that be at *NME* have any sympathy for the recent 'right of reply' Press proposals, Pete Townshend should be invited to interview Morley International forthwith.

The resulting centre-spread epic would hopefully be packed full of glib, pseudo psycho-analytical observations, with the obligatory condescending Corrie analogy (Morley, perhaps, as Mavis enthusing about her O.U. Philosophy course, while Emily (*NME* readership) politely stifles a yawn).

People who had previously admired Morley for his undoubted talents would wonder whether they hadn't been mistaken all along, such would be the callousness of Townshend's heartless invective. After reading the piece, the impressionable would marvel at Morley's utter worthlessness. A mangled leech on Rock's Grubby Tablecloth, leaving a nasty but removable stain.

Alternatively, Townshend could simply give Morley a sharp kick in the balls. As it were, of course.
W. Walker, Falkirk.

Re. Your recent review of Flux Of Pink Indians' LP 'Strive To Survive Causing The Least Suffering Possible'. I quote: "It's not violence but mindless violence that's the problem". Are we therefore to presume that the waste of millions of human lives in war, the torture and slaughter of millions of acres of the Earth's rich lands and seas, not to mention the violence committed by this and every other government against its subjects behind closed doors (prisons, mental hospitals, police stations, etc) are not part of the problem because they are premeditated as opposed to 'mindless' acts of violence ? On the contrary, I think it is far more probable that these acts of violence in fact ARE 'The Problem', or at least the symptoms thereof.

Perhaps your review was suggesting that those who see violence as a legitimate means of putting right 'The Problem' are justified in that belief.

Violence is ugly, painful, destructive and disgusting and, as history has shown, will achieve nothing worthwhile in the long run. Is the violence of 'The Oppressor' (the bombing of Hiroshima, the murder of Blair Peach, H Block) substantially any different from that of 'The Righteous' (IRA bombs in Hyde Park, police injured by bottles at Toxteth, "Revolutionary Justice" in the Soviet courts of 1919)?

It is impossible to build a better world when the foundations consist of blood and pain. Peace cannot be achieved through force and strength, the means will always corrupt the ends beyond all recognition.

Flux are not the only group of people to hold this 'petty world view', their 'simplified, misdirected, anachronistic' dreams of a decent and peaceful world achieved by peaceful means have been and are still shared by thousands of others: Martin Luther King, Ghandi, the women at Greenham Common and other peace camps, the supporters of the German 'Green' party and all the rest, be they 'hippies' 'punks', or just human beings who want to live in a worthwhile world.

The cause of peace, which your paper claims to support, is gathering strength daily, and would blossom into reality even faster (perhaps even in time!) without your ill considered derisory comments towards those bands and individuals ("The Likes Of Crass" as you love to call them) who are attempting to offer a message beyond the shallow escapism of "Ignore the bomb — dance 'til it drops" or the party political vote catching cynicism of "Jobs not bombs — vote Labour"

You are responsible journalists; please stop undermining the work of those who are trying to begin the building of a better world.
Graham Burnett (New Crimes Fanzine), Southend On Sea, Essex.
I appreciate your point about premeditated acts of violence, you're certainly right that so-called 'righteous' acts of violence are often misdirected. The press coverage of the Greenham protests have also forced me to re-evaluate the significance of non-violent protest. In a world in which violence exists, though, non-violent protest has its limits. Ask Martin Luther King. — DW.

With reference to Neil Spencer's article slagging Ranting Verse and the likes of Seething Wells.

I must point out that Ranting Verse is a lot more direct and makes much more sense than Neil Spencer's pathetic articles. In the future he should concentrate hard on his own editorial grounds, on improving *NME*, before continuing to slag other people's works.
Gavin, Hull
If you think Attilla The Stockbroker makes any sense at all, you've got a problem. I must also point out that the ranters you rave about spend a lot of their time in pointless, boring, in-crowd slagging of other poets. Muse on that. — DW.

NME seems justly proud of its lack of prejudice on most subjects but for some reason, on the subjects to which it is supposedly dedicated, ie. music, it is about the most biased, jaundiced piece of literature to be found.

I feel it is important for your readers to know that other types of music than the fashionable ones to be found in these pages do exist. A good example is the band Marillion (cue, one million the blinkered, prejudiced views I know I will find therein.
Alan Ness, Edinburgh.
We must apologise for concentrating on such passing fads as John Coltrane and Sun Ra at the expense of truly enduring artists such as Marillion. Are you so insecure in your own tastes that you can't bear the expression of a view opposed to your own? — DW.

NME is a breath of fresh air in this stale world of music. I have the misfortune to live in Wales and I get force fed heavy metal and heavy rock and even fantasy rock (whatever that is) morning, noon and night.

I love *NME*'s metal-less attitude — it's simply *brill*. Keep up the keep out the heavy policy and I'm yours forever.
Sue Wilcox, Unimportant Address, Even More Unimportant Country.
And we're yours. True love at last. — DW.

With regard to Gavin Martin's review of Tears For Fears' 'The Hurting', I seemed to get the impression that Mr. Martin regarded those of us who listen to and enjoy Joy Division as being "morose" and "fucked up".

Speaking as somebody who considers himself fairly normal (within the constraints of normality) and ordinary (no self delusions), with no real hang ups, and as somebody who has a wide range of musical tastes, I can say that listening to Joy Division hasn't made me into some kind of manic depressive.
A Normal Functioning Person Who Isn't A Student, Pontypridd, S. Wales.
I agree, Joy Division's art, like that of Holliday or Simone, was in the expression of despair in a manner which conversely inspired hope in the listener. Tears For Fears on the other hand. — DW.

I'm glad to see that Don Watson and Paolo Hewitt have got some guts. It's about time that this Wimp Gothic stance was exposed for what it is — the rock group trying to introduce their fashion.

These little infant Goths are just too boring to mention. It's a form of Crèche Punk and about time everyone turned two blind eyes to it. The nearest they ever got to the occult was to listen to Killing Jokes, a paper maché Gothic band at the best of times.
Ed Savage, Wolverhampton.
Shucks, it was nothing. — DW & PH.

It seems to be that a great number of *NME* readers hate The Jam. I hate them too. Could it be that their record company (judging by their previous hyping of Jam singles — two versions of the same song on same catalogue numbers etc.) buy up thousands of poll-issue *NME*'s and fill them in themselves?
Teddy.
Doubt it. This correspondence is now closed (some hope). — DW.

I wish you guys would let us know when things are gonna be hip for a fortnight . When my local folk club got clogged up for two weeks with lurex smocks, styrofoam tankards and hands in each other's pockets (rather than the regulation fingers in the ears) I assumed it was a last despairing attempt by EFDSS to hot up the image. Now I know it was X. Moore and Don Watson.
John Simms, Somerset.
It wasn't me, I wouldn't put my hand in his pocket, not until he gets himself a proper pair of Levis anyway. — DW.

Anyway, me and Suzanne (grammar) were down in London at New Year, thought we'd like, y'know, take a walk down the old Carnaby Street, and what did we find but acres of bleedin' head shops! I am now convinced that the *NME*'s offices are really an enormous hippy commune.
Leslie, Fife.
Burp! Pardon me, heavy indigestion vibes from that last lentil burger "Oh spare us the butter/ Give us another slurp of the potion." Which way to the Equinox celebration? — DW.

CHAIN MAIL

Illustration: Marc Arundale

DON WATSON unfetters readers' letters

Make your Marx on paper and send them in to GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, W1V 1PG.

Fresh from the filming of Scorcese's **King Of Comedy** *are Robert De Deerhunter De Niro and drinking pardner, Jerry De Patsy De Lewis seen here reliving the film's Ginger Rodgers — Fred Astaire dance routine, a shuffle originally intended for The Clash. De Niro later told T-Zers over a venison steak that The Clash refused the part after they'd been asked to wear 'suits' . . .*

Pic: Bill Bastone/Star File

T-ZERS

AND SO it came to pass that the inside back page of the world's most self-aware rock weekly began to ponder that crucial question that has besieged the mind of mankind since the dawn of time, namely Who Am I?

It was fair enough to look upon oneself as just so much wood-pulp, just so many droplets of black ink on a yellowing page, but surely there was something more. Was everything else just a void? What lurked beneath the *T-Zers?* Was it, as the shrink had suggested, just a "person fond of teasing others" or was it something deeper, something that reached down to the very depths of the teasing psyche and soul?

Maybe one *was* just a teaser, one who "vexed with jests" and became a petty annoyance. Maybe one was the type who "dressed with teasels" as the *Oxford English Dictionary* would have it. But where do the **Dots** come into the scheme if that is the case? What does the inside back page really stand for? And, if so, why are you reading it?

The answer to these and many other questions, unfortunately, will have to wait for another week for reasons of space and the need to get down to the nittier grit of this week's column . . .

WHICH BEGINS with a virtual rerun of a *T-Zer* which originally appeared in this very space two weeks ago. Yes, it's **Chris Bohn's** faithful old **The The** at the Marquee snippet, now also available as a full length film or videocassette. This week's slight variation on the central theme finds **Mal** of **Cabaret** 'Cabs' **Voltaire** joining forces with **Matt Johnson's** supergroup along with the usual cast of **Zeke** 'Zeke' **Manyika, Foetus** and **Almond** . . .

Renowned literate scally **Alan Bleasdale,** meanwhile, not only jammed with up-and-coming rock band *The Grauniad* sports pages on Saturday with an article on the Mersey soccer derby, but also cropped up on Sunday night's BAFTA awards ceremony. Bleasdale won a British Academy award for penning the smash hit inner city sit-com *Boys From The Blackstuff* and promptly donated it to the "four million on the dole". Token royal personage **Princess Anne** looked well miffed as the playwright cut the customary gushing tributes to cameramen, sound technicians and assistant sound technicians and presented his trinket to social security scroungers everywhere . . .

Away from the bright lights, however, those good old punk ideals live on. And what a pleasure for everyone at The Palace to find **Johnny Boy Lydon,** he of the horrid reputation, and his old sparring pardner **Paul Cook** enjoying the ambience of the Camden nightspot's 'star bar' cocktail lounge. 'Those Good Old Punk Ideals', incidentally, will shortly be made available as a K-Tel compilation album, as advertised on televison . . .

Talk of cocktails, naturally enough, brings us to the current activities of that crown prince of pina-colada consumers **Paul Weller,** who supped last Sunday's dose of fire-water down at **Ronnie Scott's** for an **Everything But The Girl** bash. So intoxicated was the one-time paragon of human virtue that he spent the night rowdily bellowing for various **Jam** songs like 'Going Underground' and 'Funeral Pyre'. **Ben** and **Tracie** responded (*respond,* geddit?) by dedicating 'The Girl From Ipanema' to him. They also included a version of **Rocker's Revenge's** 'Harder They Come' in their typically hard-hitting, high-raunch, all-action folk-revival set . . .

Following last week's premiere of *Raid On Phonogram* (Cert AA), starring **Stevo** as **Moshe Dayan** and **Marc Almond** as **Monachim Begin,** the inevitable sequel is already in the can. In *Raid 2* (Cert U), Stevo finds himself in a blazing row with the Phonogram press office at a **Bill Nelson** show and then demands a renegotiation of the **Soft Cell** recording contract. As is usual, the negotiating meeting took place in an unlikely location, namely the Tate Gallery on a Thursday afternoon. Will such contractual entanglements ensue with **The The?** Who-who knows-knows? (And-and who-who the-the hell-hell cares-cares?) . . .

Intent on moving to the big screen, via the small one, **Leee John** of glam rock disco band **Imagination** appeared as a futuristic space pirate in the Beeb's psychedelic *Dr Who* series. Obviously hoping for a BAFTA award for best newcomer, Leee-hee-hee camped up his best **Blackbeard** routine with a dozen yo-ho-hos but was sadly upstaged by the stuffed parrot perched on his shoulder . . .

Our own terribly overexposed graphic artist **Ian Wright** is one of the featured brush-beaters in the 'Pieces Of Art' exhibition opening at the Association of Illustrators in London. The show commences at 1 Colville Place next Wednesday, March 30th. Be there or be square (cubist joke) . . .

The **Fun Boy Three** augmented their female backing band with a guest vocal spot by **Bananarama** for their second Hammersmith Palais gig in London last week. They were also joined by the very famous guitarist **'Keith'** on the encores of 'You're Wondering Now' and 'Gangsters', the latter included no doubt as a reference to **Al Capone. Jerry Dammers** was in the audience, but didn't bother getting up to 'jam' onstage . . .

The bard behind the beehive; **Mari Wilson's** master of ceremonies **Hank,** has left **The Wilsations** to pursue a solo career producing videos and is currently working with **Bucks Fizz** . . .

Lover's rock quartet **U2,** meantimes, are celebrating the chart topping success of their fine and mellow 'War' album — Island's first number one LP since 'Rock Follies' in 1978. **Bono Vox** marked the occasion by practically flinging himself from the balcony during the band's recent bash at Hammersmith Odeon. We here at the *T-Zers* desk dig the stylish gymnastics, **Bones,** but we're not so sure about the new haircut . . .

MEANWHILE back in clubland . . . the pace is hotting up once again in the heart of Soho's Greek Street (did it ever cool down?) as Le Beat Route announce one of their wild and wonderful 'party nights'. A vertiable bonanza of drink and dance, it takes place this Friday night with the usual team of **Steve Mahoney, Dean** and **Carlo** at the controls. And taking their places in the celebrated School Of Funk deejay console are disc-spinners **Plug,** a Beat Route regular, and new *wunderkid* **Carol.** Ignore any information to the contrary: it's still the place to head for on a Friday evening . . .

And is this the supergroup we've all been waiting for since the demise of the **Rich Kids? Bruce Foxton** and **Jake Burns?** Watch you don't jam those little fingers, boys . . .

Recently declared bankrupt in New York under his real name of **Marvin Lee Ady** — cute, huh? — one **Meatloaf** admitted debts of over a million bucks and blamed his misfortune on the success of new wave music from Britain . . .

And at the other end of the multicoloured rock and roll spectrum, **Aztec Camera** are currently encoring with a version of **The Clash's** 'Garageland' . . .

High jinks and low jokes ruled on location for the filming of **The Style Council's** 'Speak Like A Child' video. While filming aboard the Magic Bus, assorted members of the council had to keep ducking overhanging branches and trees, which eventually became so much of a health hazard that Mr **Weller** instructed one of the camera crew to stand guard at the front of the bus to shout "duck" at the opportune moment. When several takes ensued, all with no cries of "duck" and many a clobbered councillor, Weller was heard to call indignantly at the cameraman, only to find him out cold, concussed, zonked on the bonce by a passing branch . . .

OLD MYTHS die hard. In the age of **Reagan** and the return to old values, is it any wonder that **Gary Crosby,** son of crooner **Bing,** is finding it impossible to get his book turned into a film. The book tells of how his father was, in fact, a raging tyrant who would thrash said son with a coat hanger until blood was drawn. When he made his will, Crosby made sure his wealth was held in trust until his son reaches 65. Good old homespun Yankee generosity.

Fact! *Avenger* **Patrick Macnee,** now a youthful-looking 60-year-old, puts his fair complexion down to a course of injections he took a couple of years ago. The injected substance that gives this secret of eternal youth? Why, the placenta of unborn lambs of course . . .

Tony Prince is attempting to revive the glories of the Speakeasy of the '60s with a series of gigs by **Brian Poole, The Pirates** and **Ten Years After.** Proceeds to the **Billy Fury** memorial research fund . . .

Nile Rodgers, not content with twiddling a few knobs on the **David Bowie** album, is now set to produce the **Gang Of Four** . . .

And finally, our congratulations to newly weds of the week **Simon Underwood** and **Angela Jaeger,** both of **Pigbag.** The two spliced their troth in a touching ceremony at Hammersmith Register Office last week. An assortment of **Dots** lurched along to the reception, which was awash with Pigs, Bags, Papas and half of what was once the **Sex Pistols,** yes, **Lydon** and **Cook** making their second *T-Zer* appearance of the week. Since they've taken up about ten per cent of this week's column, we might as well get a couple of quotes. "I know I'm not meant to be in England but I am," quoth John, adding that the premiere of his film had just taken place in Rome. "It's certainly no **Sting** or **David Bowie,** no two-dimensional cardboard cut-out characterisation of homosexual prisoners of war. The film score is by **Enrico Morricone,** though, and it's ruined the film. Awful!" So what brings him back in contact with **Paul Cook?** "I was down Piccadilly looking for a nice young boy and who should I bump into but him. Mine's a pint of lager," said Johnny in truly inimitable stylee . . .

For now, though, back to the more important stuff. Like who am I? What are we doing here? And why are you reading this? Answers next week. Maybe . . .

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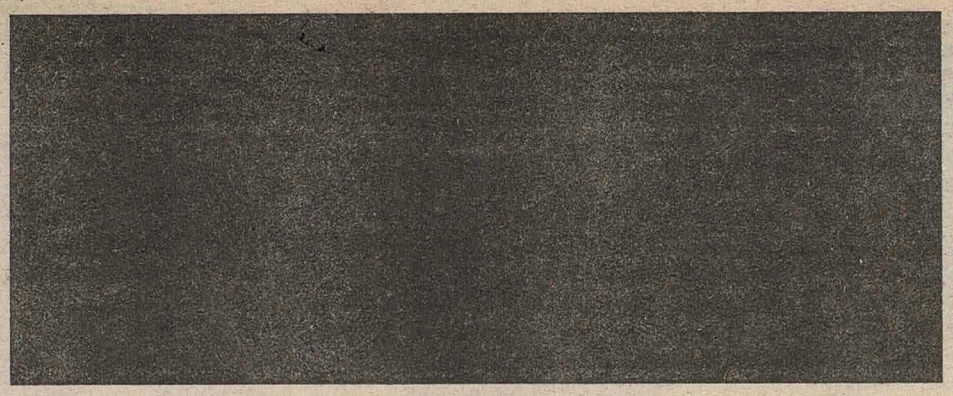

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